THE

LIFE OF A BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH.

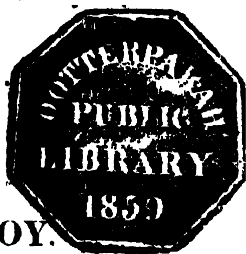
"And he shall be like a tree planted by the river-side, that shall bring forth its fruit in due season."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE

LIFE OF A BOY.

CHAPTER I.

Like a shadow thrown softly and lightly from a passing cloud, death fell upon him.

The Abbé breakfasted at Woodfield on the following morning, and as Lady Seymour was understood to be engaged till three o'clock, there was no breach of etiquette in Fanny's returning with him at the early hour of ten. The fresh breeze of morning was loaded with the rich perfume of the hawthorn, whose silver blossoms whitened the extended park, and, amidst the exhalations of a lovely May morning, the balsamic odours of the sycamore, luxuriant in verdant foliage and bloom, first met the charmed sense of Fanny.

As they crossed the bridge, at the entrance of the park, they leaned upon its balustrades, and watched a few moments the impetuous water that foamed and eddied below.

"That little wave," said the Abbé, with pensive accent, "that little wave, that now dances and

sparkles in our sight, wafted by the winds along, may wash the shores of France! Beloved France! Ah, what ocean of waters can cleanse thy polluted soil? God alone is the fountain from which thy purification can flow, and I humbly trust he will not withhold it long."

Arrived at the Hall, the Abbé led the way to the library; it had been greatly enriched by an uncle of the late Sir Charles, the youngest brother of his father, a literary man, and a bachelor, who living in the most private and unostentatious manner, devoted the residue of an ample competency to the purchase of books and valuable pictures: the latter were placed in a room entirely appropriated for their reception, and lighted from the dome of the ceiling. Flowers in a vase, by Baptiste, engaged Fanny's first attentions; the fine colours of the back ground, in which the flowers were so richly blended with its dark shades, appeared beautiful in her sight, and she continued to gaze upon them with unwearied pleasure. A group of sheep, upon a plain black ground, about twelve inches square, by Cuyp, struck her unexercised judgment with surprise and admiration, the former heightened by the information the catalogue afforded her of having cost three hundred pounds.—"A hundred pounds a piece," said she to the Abbé, "what would our farmers think of so much a head for their originals?" But emotions of a different nature were excited by the contemplation of a large picture to which the Abbé led her; it was the Dead Soldier, by Wright

of Derby, the undisputed chef d'œuvre of that celebrated English painter, uniting the most beautiful display of landscape scenery, with the fine feeling of sentiment it conveys. Calculated as it was to meet the test of criticism, criticism was suspended, and sympathy; with the woes of war alone prevailed. The excellent grouping, drawing, and colouring, were felt without being analysed; the artist, all was forgot in the overwhelming subject; the unconscious babe grasping the finger of the more sadly unconscious father; the unabstracted grief of the wife that seemed to have forgot she was a mother, was so forcibly expressed, that Fanny involuntarily folded her fingers, as though they sought to grasp the lifeless one of the soldier, and shuddered at the cold touch that her fancy had conjured.

"I hope to see it again, but I can see it no longer now: Monsieur le Abbé, if you please, we will return to the library; I feel as though I wanted air."

"Ah! dear young lady," said he, "scenes more sad, more horrid than this, are reflected in my memory, but I grieve that even the representation of sorrow should wound your gentle heart; we will look over the folio engraving of your Shakespeare, and obliterate this melancholy subject."

The commiserating Abbé was sorry to see how deeply she felt the pictured sorrow, and opened to one of those plates where broad comedy is so inimitably delineated by the pencil of Smirke, which though it could not obliterate the recol-

lection of the tent, and its affecting group, diverted her attention from it. A quick perception of the ludicrous was inherent in her nature, but it was always under the control of good sense, and good temper; neither forbade the indulgence of her humour, as she contemplated the importance of office in Dogberry, and the impression his self-imposed elevation made upon his coadjutor Verges; observing, "that she thought no other painter could thus convey the expression with which his own name assimilated."

A finely illuminated MS. Bible was next shwon to her, the initial letters of every chapter richly emblazoned, and ornamented with the figures of different saints on gold and colours, extending over the greater part of the page, which was of the finest vellum. This treasure in the literary world had been preserved by a friend of the Abbé in France, and when the tumults of the revolutionary tempest had subsided, was sent over to England, and by him presented to Sir Charles Seymour, in grateful acknowledgment of his protection and kindness.

"You, my dear Mademoiselle, will not condemn this lavish display of ornament upon the Book of Books; a grateful heart thinks no tribute too rich to express its sensibility, or that talent can be more suitably employed than in exerting its powers in honour of Him who gave it: you will remember, that our blessed Lord did not consider the box of precious ointment as wasted; he looked at the heart, and accepted the offering for the sake of the motive. The hand that emblazoned

this book might so obey its dictates, as to be stretched out in love, and aid to all that needed."

"Me condemn it! sir," said Fanny, "oh no. No external ornaments can add to the value of this book, but they may prove the humility and gratitude of its owner, even as Solomon enriched the temple with all the treasures of the East, which the Lord Almighty deigned to inhabit."

They were now joined by Lady Seymour, who, after receiving Miss Bonville with more than usual attention, said, "Do, Mr. Abbé, inquire what yonder woman wants, who stands in the small court; there seems to be a sort of bustle amongst the servants I don't understand."

Fanny wished that she could have saved the amiable man from complying with so ungracious a request, which, coming from Lady Seymour to one in his situation, became a command, and the hectic of a moment passed his cheek, not altogether of pride, but of wounded delicacy; but his nature was so subdued, he was one who in suffering all things so suffered nothing, that he meekly, as was his way, crossed his hands upon his breast, and complied with the request, by which his after benevolence was exercised, and his heart acknowledged he was more than repaid.

"It is a long tale, my lady," said he, "but I am prepared to relate it if you please."

"I hate long tales," said she, and paused; "but tell it—and pray shorten it as much as possible."

"The poor woman lives in the village; her husband is a sailor in the Greenland ships; he is just returned from a voyage, and lies ill at Hull:

she wishes to go to see him, and is raising a little subscription to help her on her way, and enable her to pay her neighbours a trifle, for taking her children, which they are willing to do."

"She will bring a fever into the village; she ought not to be allowed to go!"

"I believe there is no danger of that, madam; her husband's complaint is a contraction in his limbs from being exposed to excessive cold; Mr. Bonville and Mr. Conyers have contributed very liberally, and, as every poor person has given her something, she has presumed to come here to ask your ladyship's servants, some of whom are her acquaintance, to assist her, and I am very glad to tell your ladyship, they all have done so according to their ability."

"Has not Mrs. Granville given any thing?" asked Lady Seymour; "I thought she was the Lady Bountiful of the place!"

"I did not ask any particulars, but I am sure she is never wanting in the kind heart and deed."

Fanny was pained by Lady Seymour's sarcastic tone, but was silent, till she said, "I think the woman would have mentioned Mrs. Granville if she had given her any thing; those sort of people like to parade the charity they receive; do not you think so, Miss Bonville?"

"Gratitude will lead them to mention the kindness of their benefactors, my lady, and that of Mrs. Granville's is as certain as the day."

"I believe she has not much to give," replied Lady Seymour.

"But," said Fanny, "she possesses so excel-

lent an understanding, and such true charity, that she can benefit others without giving money?"

"Very convenient!" interrupted Lady Seymour.

"Both riches and understanding," said the Abbé, "are the gifts of God; in his dispensations they are frequently divided, but in the use of each his creatures will be called to an account; happy it will be for those by whom neither have been abused!"

Mrs. Granville and Lady Seymour alone, of all those creatures, were before the mind's eye of Fanny, that very quickly decided which was the most richly endowed, which had received the most distinguishing gifts of the Creator.

There was a cheerfulness of spirit and an independency of manner in Fanny Bonville, that relieved Lady Seymour from the weariness of self; and when she departed, she was very pressingly invited to repeat her visit soon.

The Abbé accompanied Fanny to Mrs. Granville's cottage, where Mr. Bonville had engaged to meet her; with more than usual promptness, she took the hand of her beloved friend; to look then upon her, to be with her, was like raising her eyes upon the freshness of verdure, after having long seen only an arid waste.

"But what is that?" said she, listening; "surely I heard the cooing of a baby?"

"As surely, my Fanny," said Mrs. Granville, "as there is one. Peggy has got a new office, and you shall see how she acquits herself." She obeyed the summons, and brought in a fine healthy

peasant's child, about ten months old: whose it was, flashed upon Fanny's mind.

"Did the fairies leave it you?" asked she.

"No, my love! I received it from one whose heart was heavy with earthly cares, but which Peggy has somewhat lightened by taking charge of this little one; its mother is on her way to Hull to see its suffering father. Our dear Mr. Conyers has sent James with her the first stage on horseback, who has orders to see her upon the coach before he leaves: poor thing! she never was five miles from Ashhurst before; you perhaps do not know who was her best friend at the Hall?" "But I can suppose," said Fanny, looking towards the Abbé; "and also who can do good without giving money," she thought.

"I was afraid of making my story too long," said the Abbé, "or I should have added, that the poor mother's care was the heaviest for this infant, finding it much easier to provide a situation for those who could go to school or play, than the one that required constant nursing: She then knew not the extent of God's goodness; who mercifully inclines the hearts of his creatures towards one another. Even babes and sucklings shall bless *you*, my daughter—*yours* is the purest essence of charity."

"It is neither cost nor sacrifice," said Mrs. Granville, "but pleasure in its highest degree; for never, oh, never shall I forget the expression of that mother's face, when I said I will take the youngest child: we are told what affords joy in Heaven, and if there is a joy above all others on

earth, it is to relieve the full bosom of an anxious, fearful, and almost despairing parent."

Edgar's letters fondly anticipated the approaching commencement, a period of prolonged holiday, which in the beautiful autumnal months would give him the rich and magnificent scenery of Teesdale, its parent river, rushing through its marble channel, for the dull and sluggish Cam, that, fed by the drains from the neighbouring fens, glides between its marshy banks to join the Ouse, in which its name is lost; and what was still sweeter, the celibacy of his chambers, and the uniformity of his college life, for all the sweet endearments of home, and the happy variety of affectionate intercourse with friends, and woods, and hills long loved: July commenced, and Edgar was at home.

The following week, Sir Charles arrived from London, and was joined by several of his college acquaintance: Lord Edward Fairfield, and a young man who had just received deacon's orders, and who, in the hopes of gaining preferment through the young lord's interest with his father, was his most obsequious and constant attendant, repaying himself for his present subserviency, by winning much larger sums of him than it was convenient to pay, but served the purpose Wilmot had in view, of keeping Lord Edward in bonds that he could not throw off. Bustle, if not gaiety, ensued at the Hall; the park presented an epitome of Newmarket; matches, races against time, pedestrian feats, hopping upon

one leg, and crawling upon all fours; nothing was too absurd that served to fill up the time, and to hazard or to gain money; but amidst these sports, Sunday would come in its due course, and the young baronet had not reached that height of effrontery to the laws of God and man as to pursue the same amusements on that sacred day. By rising at a late hour, visiting the stables and dog-kennels, and forming plans for the ensuing day, the long morning passed.

In compliance with Lady Seymour's wish, Edgar accompanied her from church, after the evening service, to dinner, and soon as she retired from the table, all restraint ceased: cards and dice were ordered into the room, and wine was sent rapidly round the table. Edgar heard the order with silent indignation, which when obeyed, he rose to depart.

"Oh! do not go! why would you leave us, Bonville? don't be so out of the way and squeamish?"

"Excuse me, Sir Charles, I must leave you—you cannot think of expect I should stay!"

"Oh! let him go," said Lord Edward; "let the parson go: Jack Wilmot has not so many qualms, and I'll bet ten to one, when he comes to preach, he'll beat him hollow."

Edgar took no notice of his lordship's speech, but said very seriously, "My dear Sir Charles, for the sake of him who used to sit there, offend not his memory, by permitting what he would not have allowed."

Charles felt the truth of his appeal, but he was

no philosopher, and therefore could not brave the world's dread laugh; the present party was his world, and he wore its chains.

"Why, Seymour," said Lord Edward, "if you mean to keep a domestic chaplain to affront your friends, and govern your house, I am off!"

"I am never here but as the friend of Sir Charles," said Edgar; "how true a one he knows: I now leave him with regret, because I leave him with company I cannot respect."

He then withdrew, and avoiding the room where Lady Seymour was, crossed one of the back courts, amongst grooms and stable-boys, playing at fives, and tossing up halfpence, with the keen spirit of plebeian gamblers. "More in pity than in anger," he surveyed them, and thought how wide the ruin spread, and upon whom the reproach rested. He passed the throng in silence; he remembered he was yet a boy, without authority to enforce his disapprobation; he proceeded homeward pensive, and full of reflection; when he was overtaken by Philip.

"Ah! Master Edgar," said he, "this is strange work for Sunday nights; I am sure it has driven you away. I wish you would talk to him as you did at Cambridge: thanks to my old master, I am provided for, but if I was not, I would not stay to take the wages of sin; though it would go nigh to break my heart to leave Sir Charles, I will not set out a card-table on Sundays."

"Be patient, good Philip!" said Edgar; "all things will come round, and something will occur to convince Sir Charles who are his real friends;

I have not disguised my feelings, and he knows why I have left his house so early."

They now reached Woodfield, and Edgar invited Philip to sit an hour with Robert. Walking round with him to the back front of the house, at the entrance of the court-yard, they met one of the maids, who, with patient steps, was leading home her infirm mother, whom Edgar kindly greeted as he passed them.

"Ah, sir," said the old woman, "I have passed a blessed day with my child; I am not able to get to church, but Miss Bonville has read me the evening prayers, and I am going home so happy!"

Within the court, Robert was seated under the shade of a large tree, with his two motherless boys, one of whom was reading the Bible aloud, whilst the other female servant was feeding a lamb, whose leg had been broken. The whole pressed upon Edgar's heart with all the sensibility of its moral beauty, filial piety, paternal love, youthful attention, and tender mercy! Philip sat down without interrupting the young reader, and Edgar proceeded to his family, who were seated in his arbour, listening to his sister reciting Adam's beautiful evening hymn. To him it seemed paradise regained. The evening glowed in all the beauty of the consummate year; it was scarcely figurative to say, the meads laughed, and the hills rejoiced; the one was enamelled with flowers, and animated with flocks and herds; the other raised their heads, and caught the bright beams of the glowing west. They remained in the arbour till these lovely objects became gra-

dually indistinct, and nature sunk into sweet repose, until daylight died away, and stars succeeded one another in the firmament, when the floods of rosy light, which had obscured their brilliancy, were withdrawn. The recollection of the recent events at Seymour-Hall, the increasing influence of Sir Charles's present associates, and the probable alienation that would ensue with himself, depressed the spirits of Edgar; the remembrance of former happy sports, amidst the objects by which he was now surrounded, and the comparison with those which occupied his youthful companion, pressed heavily on his heart, but he was silent.

Fanny was just going to remark the abstraction of her brother, when the servant of Mr. Conyers appeared: he was in great agitation, and requested Mr. Bonville's immediate attendance at the parsonage.

"He did not know why,—but the housekeeper had sent him off without any explanation. His master had gone to bed as well as usual, but rather earlier. Jesse had passed him on horseback, as he came to Woodfield, going for the doctor; he feared his master was ill."

Edgar rose to accompany his father, promising to return immediately, or send information to his anxious mother and sister. Mr. Bonville proceeded with the greatest expedition to the rectory, whilst his son called upon Mrs. Granville, requesting her to go to Woodfield; a fearful feeling hung upon his already saddened heart, and he wished to collect those he loved together.

He overtook his father as he reached the rectory, and Mr. Fraser rode into the court at the same time. They went up stairs together, leaving the alarmed and agitated boy to the most restless apprehensions: their reappearance confirmed them too fatally; he was convinced by the manner of Mr. Frazer, and his father, that his revered friend was no more; but he could scarcely yield his conviction to the lamented truth. His faithful weeping attendant was called in to give her relation of the last hours of her honoured master, and her grief seemed awhile suspended by speaking of her then living friend.

"He had returned from the evening service," she said, "apparently well, after tea, had visited his garden, and appeared to notice the flowers more than usual; he had called in the stable, stroked his old horse, and told Jesse to use him well, and be merciful to his beasts: as he crossed the yard, his old blind dog heard his voice, and crept from his kennel, and so whined and fawned, that the dear good gentleman said, 'he should go with him into the house,' and so he did. After he had eat his morsel of supper, I went in, as I was always used, to receive his orders for to-morrow.

"'Sally,' he said, 'I feel rather tired to-night, and shall go to bed: send a loaf, a white loaf, and a bottle of cowslip wine, to old Williamson's daughter. He told me as he came from church, that she declines fast; I will see her myself to-morrow.'"

The poor woman's tears almost interrupted her

narration, which was listened to with that sort of feeling that seemed to suspend the sad certainty they dreaded to hear confirmed.

" 'Send Jesse down to Meadow-field,' he said, 'the first thing in the morning, to see if all the joiners are at work; and when that poor sickly child of Tomkins's comes for the old milk, give him a basin of new, with a piece of bread, and let him eat it here.'

"As he went up stairs, poor old Triton would follow; I tried to put him away, but my dear master said, 'Let him come up, poor fellow; he will lie at the door:' he patted his shaggy head, and said, 'Our race has been run together for some time, and we are both almost at its end.' I left him at his chamber door, and James assisted him to undress; he talked to him as mildly and cheerful as usual: about half an hour after, I had to pass his door, and not seeing Triton there, thought he might have slipped in unknown to James; I opened the door very gently, and heard my master give two or three quick sighs; I went near the bed and spoke to him, but he did not answer. I went nearer and spoke again; all was still, but the low whining of the poor dog, who was lying by the bed-side: I was very much alarmed, and sent off James to you, sir, and Jesse for Mr. Frazer. I raised my master's head, and rubbed his temples, and did all I could."

"You could not have done any thing more," said Mr. Frazer, "and if I had been here then, it would have been of no avail; he suffered no pain in his departure; his features are quite composed,

and he lies upon his side like one asleep, just as James left him."

"We will see him, my dear Edgar," said Mr. Bonville, "we will see him before death usurps its further power over his mortal remains."

They ascended to his chamber; Mr. Bonville, holding the hand of his son, drew near the bed, whereon their beloved friend was lying in all the appearance of a serene sleep; the beatitude of his spirit seemed to rest upon his placid countenance, and his silver hairs shaded his pulseless temples.

> O'er all the scene a holy calm repos'd;
> The gates of Heaven had open'd there, and clos'd!
>
> MONTGOMERY.

The old dog was lying at the foot of the bed, but raised not his head at their approach.

"Farewell, my friend!" said Mr. Bonville; "thou art too blest to be lamented, but thy christian graces will never be forgot!"

"Farewell, my second father!" was more the ebullition of Edgar's heart than his voice; "thy departure is a dark cloud over my hitherto happy life, but thy precepts have taught me submission."

Mr. Bonville charged James and Jesse to remain all night in the room, and to let the sacred form remain untouched till morning, and then departed.

On entering his own house, he was met by its mistress: "My dear Fanny, my two dear Fannys, be grateful that our beloved friend was spared the

pain of separation from those so dear to him; that his departure was more like a translation from this life to a better than death, which never approached a human being in a more gentle form."

Mrs. Bonville wept, but her tears, like those of her daughter's, were not of an agonized spirit. "Be more composed, my dear Fanny," said the collected mother: "I do not forbid your tears; Jesus wept, and we are not forbid either by his precepts or example to mourn for our departed friends; but you must not indulge this gracious privilege too far: Mrs. Granville will share your room to-night; her heart mourns for her friend: do you be her comforter, think not of me; your father is my consolation, and your brother needs all that we can bestow. Good night, my love; be resigned, and grateful that so many blessings are spared to you."

The tender, sympathising, but firmly-minded Mrs. Granville, took her hand, and after leading her to her father, mother, and brother, who tenderly kissed and blessed her, accompanied her to her chamber, and occupied its additional bed.

How materially the sudden death of Mr. Conyers, under the circumstances that had so recently occurred at Seymour-Hall, might influence his future life, Edgar had not once reflected.

On the following morning, he related to his father the cause of his early return the preceding evening, and received his entire approbation. "We will leave ourselves in the hand of God," said he,

"who does not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground unregarded; but surely Sir Charles will not so far forget what is due to his father's memory, and his early friendship, as to sacrifice his duty and his honour to such unworthy influence. I must see Lady Seymour this day, and learn how far she, or Sir Charles, may choose to interfere with the interment of one so dear to their best friend." Mr. Bonville found Lady Seymour alone; Sir Charles and his companions had left the Hall early in the morning, and were gone for several days, preparatory to the shooting season, which was near approaching.

The melancholy intelligence had just reached its inhabitants; the Abbé was in his own little chapel, offering up, with true sincerity of heart, the prayers of his own church for the departed spirit of his christian brother, and his dear friend.

Lady Seymour appeared greatly shocked at the suddenness of Mr. Conyers's death, as bringing the uncertainty of life so immediately into her presence; but when Mr. Bonville submitted to her opinion the arrangements he had made with his family for the interment, she desired he would take all upon himself: "She knew little of Mr. Conyers's affairs; he gave a great deal away to be sure, but he had no family, and no doubt possessed something handsome; she thought it right there should be a handsome funeral, but that was an affair she should not choose to interfere with in any way."

Mr. Bonville's heart collapsed at this common-

place frigidity; he only wished her to meet his desire of paying every personal testimony of respect to the memory of Mr. Conyers.

"I should expect," said he, "that Sir Charles would wish to attend his father's friend to the grave: I propose sending off an express to inform him of his death, and that he will be interred on Thursday."

"I do not see the necessity," said Lady Seymour.

"There is no necessity, my lady, but there is propriety and decorum; these I hope will influence Sir Charles, if no more tender feelings do: I shall therefore certainly give him an opportunity to act as they may impel him."

"Very well, Mr. Bonville; but you must excuse me from speaking or hearing farther upon this subject; these sort of things are very hard upon my weak nerves." Ah! thought even the candid Mr. Bonville, "where there is a head, and a heart, little will be said of the nerves; where the one is alive to the joys and the sorrows of humanity, and the other disposed to be active in its service, the nerves perform their appointed use with tense alacrity, and are not the scape-goat on which all its duties are laid."

Mr. Bonville's messenger returned in the night. Sir Charles and his party had left their first rendezvous, and were gone on a fishing-party amongst the dales, meaning to take a circuitous route home.

"It is enough," said Mr. Bonville; "we are not in need of mourners, the whole parish is filled with them." Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, Edgar and

Fanny, M. de Plessis, and Mrs. Granville, with a long train of his sorrowing parishioners, followed the remains of Mr. Conyers to the grave; every pew in the church was occupied by its owners and their families; not a labourer went into his field, not a mechanic raised his hand, not a matron turned her wheel on that day; and so universal were the feelings of solemnity and respect it inspired, that not a farmer, or a master, withheld the full week's wages. Old Triton was the only one who returned not; he stretched himself upon the grave of his *master*, from which no enticement could withdraw him. The worthy clergyman of a neighbouring parish read the funeral service, and joined the general sorrow.

When the hour of rest arrived, Edgar turned from his chamber, and silently left the house. He sought the church-yard, not to nurse and cherish his grief, which he had offered up as a sacrifice at the altar of pious resignation, but in careful regard of the poor old dog. Upon the yet fresh mould that covered his revered friend, beneath the spreading trees that in life he had protected and admired, the faithful animal was stretched, no longer sensible of the kind hand that patted his head, or the compassionate voice that called upon his name: his exhausted frame was worn out by age, and his affectionate spirit broken by sorrow. Whilst Edgar was hanging over this touching memento of instinctive affection, he heard the approach of footsteps, and raising his head, saw Samuel Cuthbert.

"Is it you, sir?" asked he: "I come to see if I could get the old dog into my cottage before I

went to bed, but I see it is all over with him. —Sir Charles is come back, sir; they all went through just at dusk: their servants soon heard our sad loss, and told their masters; I heard that Sir Charles seemed sadly grieved at the minute; but Reuben Tomkins told me he heard that young lord say, 'Wilmot, we must mind our hits; you'll keep your word if I keep mine!' and that was all he heard: I don't know what it meant, but I hope no harm to you, sir."

Honest Samuel Cuthbert knew more than his respect would let him say; he had been in the servants' room that night at the Hall, having been sent for by Sir Charles, and its gossip had betrayed some of the designs of its master and his guests.

Lord Edward's groom said, "I'll bet you a guinea to a feather, as my lo'd says, that young Master Bonville is not your new parson."

"No," replied Cuthbert, "I know that; till he is ordained we shall have one out of Craven."

"I've a notion Parson Wilmot's the one ordained for you, or my lo'd will be thrown out o' his reckonings."

"I know nothing of gentlefolk's reckonings," said Philip, "but I know old Sir Charles always intended Master Edgar to have Ashhurst living when Mr. Conyers died."

"Ay!" replied the knowing groom, "but I know old Sir Charles, and young Sir Charles, are different men. My master told him what he thought of his behaviour last Sunday, that it was abominably affronting to them all; and Sir Charles has quite taken a turn against him."

"I don't think," said one of the little stable-boys, "he has ever liked him so well since he brought that grand horse with him from Cambridge."

Fortunately, Cuthbert retained this cause for his apprehensions, for Edgar would have recoiled from any forebodings that were excited by the suggestion of servants, though in spite of his better confidence in Sir Charles, he must have felt them ominous.

"Early to-morrow morning, Cuthbert, dig a grave, a deep one, for this poor animal, at the foot of the great oak in the rectory garden. I will be with you before you cover him up; my father will be greatly pleased with your thoughtfulness for him to-night."

"I will, sir; good night, sir: bless me! how tall you are grown; why, I remember you but the height of yonder head-stone: I hope, sir, you have almost done at the college, for we shall sadly want you, now our good old master is gone."

CHAPTER II.

It is not friendship, "that, like the world, its ready visit pays where fortune smiles," but selfishness: when the sky lowers and the storm gathers, when the flowers are turned into thorns, and the garden becomes a wilderness, then love is tried.

The fears and surmises of the old clerk were not without foundation. The artful insinuations of Lord Edward Fairfield had not failed in their

intended effect. He had discovered how much Charles had wished for L'Orient, and had fomented the desire, by taking every occasion to observe what a fine creature it was, and to insinuate how much it would improve his stud, frequently irritating his feelings by putting him up to request from Edgar what he knew he dare not ask for. He then took occasion to advert to the contempt with which he had treated him, when he paid for the wine he would not drink; of the favour he had gained with Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, to the exclusion almost of himself; and of his insolent behaviour on the Sunday, when he left the Hall so rudely. These insidious animadversions were not wholly malicious; a deeper interest was involved than the gratifications of malignancy; Lord Edward was deeply in debt to Wilmot, far beyond his power to exonerate: thus does the art of gambling prove but the beginning of its guilt, but the stepping upon the threshold of every bad passion, that it excites, and fosters, and impels to the commission.

The possession of Ashhurst living, if gained by the influence of Lord Edward, was to cancel all. The sudden and unexpected death of the late incumbent was a most favourable circumstance towards its attainment, happening at the time they both were present, and Charles at variance with Edgar.

" Now, Seymour," said the worthless young man, " now is your time to be revenged of Bonville; Wilmot will be a famous neighbour, the best shot in the country; knows horses and dogs,

and all the tricks of jockeys, better than the deepest of them; can beat us all, but yourself, at billiards, and will sit you the clock round at whist. Give him the living of Ashhurst, and let that squeamish fellow Bonville ride away upon his bright bay to seek another." The climax so artfully pointed reached its mark, and when L'Orient was brought in aid of his purpose, Lord Edward was victorious, and Edgar almost hateful in the sight of Sir Charles. It was not the power of a strong mind over a weak one, which Lord Edward possessed, but a wicked over a selfish one.

"He cannot wish for Ashhurst living more than I have done for L'Orient," said the upgrown baby, "and Wilmot shall have it."

"But," said Lord Edward, anxious to fix him to the point, "if Bonville comes preaching to you, and talking of your hoops and marbles, and *former days*, you will change sides again."

Thus braved, Charles exclaimed, "I'll forfeit a thousand pounds if I do: Wilmot shall have it, and that directly."

Whilst these events passed at Seymour-Hall, Edgar was devoting the day to tender recollections at the rectory; he had seen Triton deposited beneath the favourite tree of his master, and had superintended the workmen at Meadow-field, impressing them with the anxious desire their late pastor felt for its completion. He called upon old Williamson's daughter, who was in the final stage of a consumption: she was the last of three daughters who had been its victim ere they

had reached their twentieth year. Her large dark eyes appeared to possess seraphic brightness; her cheeks glowed with the deepest carnation, and her frail and delicate form scarcely bore the semblance of mortality.

"As soon as I get better, sir," said she, "I will go and see where they have laid my best friend. I feel quite strong to-day, but they will not let me go; my cough is quite gone, and it was the worst thing I have had so long."

Alas! Edgar saw she would indeed soon follow him, but could only say, "God Almighty grant we may all meet in Heaven!"

Mr. Bonville sent a note to Sir Charles, requesting his company in the evening at the rectory, where he purposed reading the will of Mr. Conyers, that had been in his possession since the death of Sir Charles Seymour; the answer pleaded an engagement. "Then," said Mr. Bonville, "my own family alone will attend the last words, for such I ever consider those of a will, of the best of men." Mr. Conyers had nearly lived up to his income; he had no family but the poor and his parish, and his delight was to be a witness of the good he dispensed.

It was such aims his heart had learnt to "crave,"
More skill'd to raise the wretched, than to "save."

The purchase of Meadow-field had made a considerable inroad upon his small store, and what remained served to show his tender remembrance of his friends. He bequeathed one

hundred pounds to Mrs. Granville, for the express purpose of assisting her friends in America, for he had never seen a want she had of her own: fifty pounds to M. de Plessis, to enable his kind heart to assist his more distressed brethren in exile; the same sum to his young friend in Craven, with his books and linen. His old crop mare to Mr. Bonville, with poor Triton, and his gold watch, a present from the late Sir Charles Seymour, when his tutorship had expired. His plate to Mrs. Bonville, and the wedding ring of his wife, and all the little tokens of love given by him to her, and preserved by him for her sake, with all the infirm, old, and feeble young, in Ashhurst, to his dear Fanny, whom he desired to be also the protectress of every tormented ass in the village. The trust of Meadow-field to Mr. Bonville, who was to be jointly succeeded by Edgar and Sir Charles Seymour, after which was written, "My dear Sir Charles, I have nothing to bequeath to you worthy your acceptance; you are rich in this world's good, richer in the inheritance of a fair name, and in the possession of excellent friends; long, and whilst life is lent you, may you maintain the one, and preserve the other! My blessing I leave you; may God Almighty bless you, and visit upon your head the reward of your father's goodness!"

"I shall send Sir Charles a copy of this," said Mr. Bonville, "and wait upon him in a day or two, before I send to Mr. Manners for instructions respecting the church of Ashhurst. Sir Charles, though a minor, may present an advowson; yet it would be wanting in proper re-

spect to Lord Fitz-Erin, and Mr. Manners, even to act in conformity with their wishes, without previously consuting them. In the afternoon of the following day, James came up from the rectory, and in evident agitation asked to see Mr. Bonville.

"Sir," said he, "I am in great trouble; Sir Charles's own servant came down to the rectory this morning, and he said, that some Mr. Wilmot would bury poor Lucy Williamson, who died last night, for that the church was to be his; for that Sir Charles had given him the living, and that we were all to be off as soon as the presentation could be made out. I was beside myself, and asked him what he meant.

"He said his meaning was plain enough; Sir Charles had a right to do what he would with his own; that young Mr. Bonville had behaved very ill at the Hall, and that Lord Edward had persuaded him to give the living to Mr. Wilmot, who is a free hearty gentleman, and had nothing of the parson about him but the gown.

"I had heard enough, sir, and left Mr. Saunders to himself, to come and tell you; but sure enough, I bring you nothing but trouble now-a-days."

"I thank you, James, for your attention, but I must hear this from Sir Charles himself, before I rely upon it."

Conduct so derogatory to the honour of a gentleman, and the duty of a son, Mr. Bonville would not suggest even to his own family, until he was assured there was no misrepresentation, though

his mind was full of sad forebodings; he went up immediately to the Hall, where he learnt Sir Charles was from home. He sent in his name to Lady Seymour, and was directly shown up to her room; feeling it impossible to return under the load of uncertainty that oppressed him, he did not hesitate to express his apprehensions, arising from the intelligence he had received. With more sensibility than he ever saw her ladyship evince, she regretted the circumstance, and by so doing, confirmed its truth.

"But she hoped Mr. Bonville, and his son, would continue to visit the Hall as heretofore."

"We shall indulge no resentments, madam," replied he: "my services shall always be at your desire. Whatever proof I can give of my respect for the late Sir Charles Seymour shall know no abatement; but our intercourse with the present one must cease. The mind of Edgar Bonville is not constituted by nature, habit, or education, to cherish resentful feelings; but the respect he owes himself forbids him visiting at the house of which Sir Charles is master."

"Sir Charles, I think, will seldom be here, and the house is mine yet: I hope I shall see you as usual."

Mr. Bonville bowed, and retired.

Lady Seymour was really sorry for the result of her son's caprice: her own repose and advantage was the latent cause; her social feelings ever originating in her selfish ones. She did not like Sir Charles's associates: bold and boisterous, their familiarity disgusted her, whilst their neg-

lect offended her. It was from contrast that she now appreciated the gentle manners, the respectful attention, and the polished courtesies of Edgar Bonville: these, beautiful and estimable as they were, had been unacknowledged by Lady Seymour, till she found the want of them in those connected with herself.

The surprise, the shock that Mr. Bonville's family received from his intelligence, were succeeded by more indignant feelings; and, as the capricious, the worthless, and the wicked, were ever considered by the high-minded Mrs. Bonville beneath her consideration but as objects of pity, she would not allow herself to lament this unexpected and unmerited disappointment. When unassailed by self-reproach, a feeling that her well-regulated mind seldom incurred, she possessed an elasticity of spirit that rose above weak regrets and fruitless lamentations; and, as undeserved misfortune never humiliated another in her estimation, so irremediable disappointment never subdued her fortitude, or weakened her confidence in the future.

The energies of Mrs. Granville's mind assimilated with those of her friend; and the feelings and principles of Fanny had been cherished and founded on the same solid basis. The characteristic qualifications of the sex appeared reversed; for Mr. Bonville and his son contemplated the demolition of their hopes with sorrow more than indignation: not alone the possession of Ashhurst Rectory had vanished, but the intimate association, the early endearments of

youthful friendship, were dissolved; and the seriously pensive demeanour of them both was expressive of the deep commiseration each excited from the other.

The rumour soon spread around the village; and upon the succeeding day, when many of its inhabitants were assembled at the funeral of Lucy Williamson, the occasion and the place could only have secured Mr. Wilmot, who had remained for the purpose of interment, from becoming the object of their marked disapprobation. His horses were waiting for him at the church-yard gates, from whence he hastened to join Sir Charles, who had pledged himself to hasten the requisite forms of induction.

In the evening Edgar walked down to the church: the door was open, and he entered "the dim and shadowy pile," whose stillness was only broken by the few eddying leaves that the autumnal breeze had driven there. Fond and tender feelings were mingled with his bosom grief: the hope that in youth even rises amidst disappointment seemed not to rise for him. There was not another Ashhurst in the world. He loved the place—he loved the people—he had lived amongst them—he had hoped to die amidst them. He looked upon the blank and silent pulpit (its black drapery just moved by the passing air), as though it was the spectre of his departed friend. From thence the mildest, the most benevolent of human beings, had preached the blessed doctrines of his divine Master, "to love one another; to bless them that persecute;

to pray for them that despitefully use you." His spirit seemed to pervade the hallowed place, and his doctrines to diffuse tranquillity over the bosom of Edgar. He thought of his family, by whom he was so beloved; of the esteem and regard of his noble friends; the affection of Mr. and Mrs. Manners; of youth, health, and virtue; and, with pious resignation, he offered up his present regrets upon the altar of gratitude and pure religion.

Edgar had ambition (worldly ambition), but it sought not its gratification from pomp or power: it was to maintain the station in life to which he was so happily born with unimpaired respectability; and that his attainments and pursuits should entitle him to participate in that society which talents and virtue distinguished.

His sister met him on his return. "Come, my brother," she said, "we all languish for you: mamma is spiritless without you, papa dull, Mrs. Granville wants her knight, and I the whole world in my brother."

"I am, dear Fanny, yours and theirs in all the changes and chances of this life, devotedly as ever."

Edgar found cheerful countenances, and a most inviting little supper prepared for him: after which, his mother, with those intuitive feelings that met his, had the fire lighted, as though by supernatural aid; the pure flame of domestic comfort and cheerfulness brightening the evening gloom, and genializing the coolness of an autumnal evening.

"And now, Edgar," said Mr. Bonville, "we will not be afraid to look disappointment in the face, or, like cowards and children, turn away from the objects that are painful to us. Mr. Wilmot is now rector of Ashhurst, and it is my determination to let no suggestions of disappointment or pique influence my conduct towards a minister of the church, or withhold the respect his situation exacts, so long as his conduct gives no offence to his profession. I know nothing of Mr. Wilmot: I hope to know nothing ill of him. I hope he will deserve the regard of his parishioners; and it shall be my care to inspire them with it, if he does not counteract my endeavours. I will not immediately dismantle the rectory, but let all the furniture remain till he has time to supply himself: and, though Mr. Tynedale is not now required to fulfil the wishes of Sir Charles in holding the living for you, I am sure Lord Fitz-Erin and Mr. Mankers will consider him justly entitled to the legacy destined for him on its resignation. It is now September: next month you will resume your college life: the world before you, but with God your guide, what have you to fear?"

"For my part," said Mrs. Granville, "I do not consider the disposal of Ashhurst as so unfortunate to any one as to Sir Charles: I contemplate with pleasure a young man of talents, spirit, and virtue, *with* the world before him—where to choose they will dictate. I honour the man who is the maker of his own fortune, and who inherits from his Creator the power, and

from his own energy the will, to stand upon his own ground. I love Ashhurst—ah! in whose eyes can its summer woods be more lovely? But 'all places that the eye of Heaven visits are to a wise man ports, and happy havens.' It will be the protector of such an one, and he will make an Ashhurst wherever his haven is found."

"With Minerva for my Mentor," said Edgar, "I ought to be that 'wise' one; I am perfectly tranquillized, and acquiesce with all that my friends and father say."

"Well, then," said Fanny, "we now have only to treasure the memory of our sainted friend in our hearts, and tread in his ways, and to pray," said she, more archly than charitably, "that wisdom may cry out in high places."

On the ensuing Sunday Edgar joined Lady Seymour after morning service, and attended her to her carriage. She appeared sensible of his respectful consideration, and pressed him to accompany her home, which he declined.

Philip followed him from church—"Master Edgar," said he, "pray let me speak a few words with you. Sir Charles has no care for me now; he says I am a troublesome fellow; that I may live at the Hall, but he has no occasion for my service: however, I shall not stay there; I can board in the village, and if I come to see you at times you will not call me a troublesome fellow."

"This must not be, my good Philip; I fear your regard for me has moved you to speak too freely to Sir Charles. You must not se-

parate yourself from him. You know what the wishes of his father were."

"Ay, I know that well enough, sir; it was that affronted him so. I only said it was enough to make my old master come out of his grave to think you was not to have Ashhurst living."

"I thank your zeal, my good Philip; but I should be very sorry if the consequences of my disappointment should extend beyond myself. When does Sir Charles return?"

"They are all to come back to-morrow; that scarum young lord, and that jockey parson with him. I am sure my heart's almost broke among 'em; but, sir, you will let me come and see you?"

"Whenever you like, Philip, unless Sir Charles forbids you: remain at the Hall, and take every opportunity of making yourself useful, unless you are formally discharged."

In the evening the Abbé de Plessis called to make his adieus for a season.

Edgar had written to him a simple statement of the late events; and had added, "that he knew the sincerity of his regard; but, situated as he was in the family, he requested the subject might never be adverted to in their subsequent meetings."

The Abbé had looked his sorrow—nay more, his reproach, but kept the tacit agreement. He was now going to pay a pastoral visit to the community at Durham; and he parted from his friends at Woodfield with mutual benedictions.

Edgar wrote to inform Mr. Manners of his recent disappointment. No spirit of resentment

mingled with his mild regrets; and grateful remembrances of the late Sir Charles's kind intentions seemed the solace to the dereliction of the present.

A fortnight had elapsed without any intercourse between the two families. Sir Charles justified his conduct to himself, by affecting to believe Edgar had behaved rudely and ungratefully, and tried to think himself the aggrieved person.

> Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
> They never pardon who have done the wrong.

The spirit of resentment was artfully encouraged by his companions. Sir Charles Seymour, an easy credulous young man, in the possession of a very handsome allowance, and in the certain prospect of an immense income, was a very convenient acquaintance for Lord Edward, who had very little either in possession or reversion, and who, like those who generally have an inclination to spend the most money, was the least acquainted with its true use; alternately mean and profuse, as the occasion was presented. He was the son of an earl, whose fortune had not kept pace with his dignities. His mother, a vain supercilious woman, was absorbed in frivolous dissipation; whilst his father was immersed in political speculations, but who was still anxious for his son's advancement in education, and spared no expense to fight against the wind in its attainment. From the time

Wilmot entered upon a college life, he entered upon patron-hunting, and by joining their pursuits, and flattering the vices of those whom he foresaw could serve him, he had at length succeeded. Servants riding over children, and alarming females, first announced the return of Sir Charles and his friends in the village, but their names were not even mentioned at Woodfield till Mr. Frazer, calling to pay his respects there, expressed his serious concern for the situation of the young baronet. A cold caught upon the moors had brought on all the prognostics of an alarming illness. Soon as it was known the complaint was fever, Sir Charles's visitors had all hastened away; and Lady Seymour's fears of infection were such, that she had left the house that morning for Harrowgate, where she intended to remain till all danger of return was over; that he had sent off for Dr. Bentley, and should go up again to the Hall before he returned home.

"Sir Charles is now under the care of servants," said he, "upon whom I have little reliance, excepting Philip, whose judgment is not equal to his assiduity. Lady Seymour appears to satisfy herself by laying extraordinary charge upon my attendance, which was wholly unnecessary. I know what is due to Sir Charles, and also to myself, but the necessities of others are not to be neglected, and I feel very sorry and very apprehensive for our young Laird."

During this relation Edgar was much agitated;

and when Mr. Frazer had ceased speaking, requested his father's permission to attend upon his former friend.

"This is rather an extraordinary kindness, my dear young sir, considering all things," said Mr. Frazer; "I am sure more than he deserves from you; but it is my duty to inform you there is great risque in seeing Sir Charles at this time."

"Ill, and left alone with heedless servants! My dear father," said Edgar, "I am sure you would not wish me to be intimidated from the performance of my duty. Had Sir Charles fulfilled our expectations, I should have been under an imperious obligation to have afforded his deserted state all my attention. I now owe it to myself, and to his necessity for it; let me go and assist Mr. Frazer in preserving the son of our good Sir Charles. I will be very cautious, and expose myself to no unnecessary danger."

Mrs. Bonville and Fanny were silent; but the feelings of proud affection and fearful apprehension succeeded each other in their faces. Mr. Bonville looked towards them for assent.

"I cannot forbid," said the fond mother, "what I so much approve. Heaven will preserve my boy in his path of duty. The living of Ashhurst is irrecoverably gone by, and no sinister motive can be alleged for his exertions; but, if it could, I am sure Edgar is superior to such influence—'the conscious mind is to itself a world.'"

"But," said Fanny, "will not Mr. Frazer give my brother some instructions that may counteract the danger he apprehends?"

"Be so good as to enforce the servants to pay particular attention to the ventilation of the house and purity of the room," said Mr. Frazer; "and do you, sir, perform as many ablutions as a Mussulman; live as much as you can upon fruit, and change your clothes after you have visited Sir Charles: but I shall be at the Hall as constantly as I can be spared; and I will watch over your brother, Miss Bonville, as I would over my own."

Edgar immediately departed for the house, from whence he had been banished for conscience-sake a month;—in that little month how many incidents had occurred with which his life was importantly connected! As he approached it, reflecting upon the present situation of his former companion, his tenderness overwhelmed him, and he hastened forward with all the promptness and solicitude of affection; but its object was insensible to this affecting proof of his regard.

Day after day passed without any recognition of those around him. Edgar and Philip never left him, but to take that rest and refreshment that were absolutely indispensable; whilst his own servant, Saunders, kept almost aloof from the room of his master.

After a night of dreadful delirium the poor patient sunk, apparently exhausted, into quiet in-

sensibility. He scarcely appeared to breathe, and the watchful, anxious Edgar, feared that life had indeed escaped from the disease-worn form. After six hours of intense anxiety his cares were repaid, his hopes revived, by hearing a deep sigh from Sir Charles; and, in a low feeble voice, Philip heard his own name. He started up, but was withheld by Mr. Frazer, who motioning him and Edgar to be still, approached the bed, and speaking slow and concisely to him, said—

"Sir Charles, you have been very ill; all our hopes now depend upon the composure of your mind; you must repress all impatience, and I will answer for your recovery."

Philip was now sent for suitable refreshment, which was administered under the superintendance of his medical friend, and by the happy and attached servant. After observing him considerably revived, Mr. Frazer ventured to satisfy the anxious inquiries he saw his patient was inclined to make; for, along with the most competent knowledge of his art and profession, he possessed that judicious discrimination of the mental affections that so frequently influences the physical ones, and proves the superiority and skill of him who is conscious how much they act upon each other.

"Where is my mother?" said he; for Mr. Frazer and Philip had alone been seen by him. It was the first time that Edgar, who was in the room, had heard him apply that endearing name to Lady Seymour for many, many months.

"By the advice of Dr. Bentley she left home at the beginning of your illness, as he considered it infectious; she went to Harrowgate, where she now is very well in health."

Insensible of the time that had passed, he asked for his friends.

"Gone," said Mr. Frazer, "more than a fortnight ago; soon as they were acquainted with the nature of your illness they left the house."

"Did Wilmot go?" asked Sir Charles.

"All went together."

He sighed deeply.—"A fortnight did you say, Mr. Frazer, and no one with me but servants? how much I am obliged to your care."

"There was one faithful friend," said Mr. Frazer, "who came the very moment he heard of your dangerous and deserted situation—one worth them all. He has never left the room, and now longs to rejoice with you upon your amendment."

"Who was that?" asked he eagerly.

Mr. Frazer put up his hand, and Edgar was at the bed-side. The languid pulse of Sir Charles beat with quicker motion—a hectic flush passed over his pale cheek, and he drew the linen of the bed over his face: one hand remained uncovered, and Edgar pressed it, and gently removed the interposing veil.

"Can you forgive me, Bonville?"

Edgar wept his assent with tears of joy.

"To be sure he can, my dear sir," said Mr. Frazer, "or he would never have come here at

the risque of his life. But I have indulged you enough; you have nothing now to ask—we have nothing more to tell. I intend you to have a quiet night of refreshing sleep, and to-morrow I will allow you a little more of Mr. Bonville's society. I must now insist upon his retiring to comfortable rest, which I know he has not had these many nights. I am luckily out of request to-night, and I will stay with you myself. In a few days more I hope to give you into the hands of the cook and housekeeper, to whose culinary medicines I shall gladly resign you."

During those few days, Mr. Frazer had given orders for a large apartment to be prepared in another part of the house, where every object that had met the eye of the patient, both under the delirium of fever, and the weakness of convalescence, would be removed, and a small, but clear and bright fire cheered the room, and lightened its atmosphere. To this renovating apartment Sir Charles was removed in a sedan chair, along the galleries, who felt its reviving influence so sensibly, that he said—"He thought he had left his malady behind him."

"And so you have, my dear sir; and as I ride home to-day, I will send the work-people to whitewash and paint it out, so that you may invite my lady home as soon as you please. Dr. Bentley has given you up in the best sense of the word; and I shall only call as I ride by with a how do ye do? but be sure, sir, you take care of Mr. Bonville, and drive him out of doors this

fine weather: we must not return him to Woodfield without the good looks he brought from thence."

The recovery of Sir Charles was as rapid as his disorder had been violent; and never had Edgar's powers to amuse, delight, and instruct, been so evidently felt, or so gratefully acknowledged. Lady Seymour returned to her house. Philip was as happy as he was faithful; and the satisfaction of Mr. Frazer was such, as every benevolent man experiences in the triumph of his art, and the ultimate success of his attention and skill.

Amongst the plans for the future that Sir Charles suggested, when recovered strength allowed their fulfilment, was the dismissal of his former companions; for his pride and self-love were most sensibly wounded at their open neglect of him; and it was the mortification that impelled these resolves Sir Charles thought was virtue.

Edgar feared such resolves, "like vows made in pain, ease would recant." "Do not," said he, "encourage resentment against Lord Edward and his associates; they acted in character; when you ceased to contribute to their amusement, they sought it elsewhere. Do you ever recollect an instance when they sacrificed their own enjoyments to the feelings or the pleasure of another?"

"But," said Sir Charles, a deep blush suffusing his face, "but Wilmot, for whom I had done

so much, for whom I had——." He paused, for he could not find the words of self-condemnation he felt was merited. "He might have shown more gratitude, more feeling. I will never speak to *him* again."

"Oh say not so, my dear Charles," said Edgar. "In all probability he is destined to live near you; and it is a lamentable circumstance, when the clergyman and the principal gentleman of the place are at variance. Its people too often, preferring their temporal interest to a higher one, join the party, right or wrong, of their landlord, which not only serves to bring the office of the church into disrespect amongst them, but encourages the promulgators of new doctrines and divisions amongst the people.—You may decline admitting Mr. Wilmot to your friendship, but I hope you will subdue your just resentment so far as to treat him with decorum whom you have appointed to his station: admit Lord Edward when he visits you again; but, when he finds no gaming or cock-fighting, the most barbarous and brutal of all kinds of gaming, he will withdraw himself, and you will avoid the imputation of inhospitality or caprice. When your servants observe order and propriety in your house, they will feel its comfort, and be sensible of its advantage, not daring to break that sabbath which their master hallows. My dear Sir Charles," continued Edgar, with tears of affectionate solicitude rushing to his eyes, "there is so much real happiness in this world in store for you, if you persevere in the right, that

you will have cause to say it has been good for you that you have been afflicted."

"Oh, Bonville! when I think of the past, what is to make you amends?"

"Your forgetting the *past* as far as concerns me, and in my witnessing your future happiness and enjoying your present affection."

Though a constant intercourse had been observed between the Hall and Woodfield, Edgar had not been home during his residence with Sir Charles; he now sent to inform his sister that Mr. Frazer allowed an airing, and that the first visit would be there, expressing an earnest hope that it would be received with wonted kindness; and his full assurance that the penitence of Sir Charles, raised as he was from the bed of sickness and the approach of death, was sincere.

Mrs. Bonville and Fanny were less sanguine in their confidence; but when they saw his enfeebled form, and his self-upbraiding consciousness, they almost believed his contrition flowed from a heart determined to offend no more; and they received him, not alone with kindness, but tenderness.

Edgar, who knew his mother's high-minded contempt for weakness and turpitude of conduct, felt most grateful for her condescension; and his amiable nature felt so happy in the restored harmony of the families, that he almost forgot the cause of its interruption. Lady Seymour was very glad, on returning to her home, to find her son restored to health, and Edgar Bonville self-reinstated at the Hall: as she ad-

vanced in years, the glare of life abated—the insufficiency of riches became more evident, and she began to feel the value of affectionate attentions.

Unhappy woman! to have let the spring-time and summer pass by without sowing the seed, or cherishing the blossoms, in their due seasons! Scanty and bare must be the harvest, and kind indeed the hand that will receive the few gleanings, when there might have been many sheaves and full garners to have cheered and supported the dreary winter. Such were Mr. Bonville's family, who were ever prompt to dispense the genial affections of the soul, and only in *their* dispensation to find their reward.

Edgar Bonville was the only young man that paid Lady Seymour any voluntary respect: he considered her as the wife, as the relict, of one whom he had loved with almost filial regard,—as a woman advanced in years, without the friends that should accompany old age—"Honour, love, obedience." In Edgar's society she again saw her son engaged, without having her house filled with boisterous mirth, or more silent, more pernicious dissipation; and she considered him as the author of her present tranquillity; but she never reflected how much that son had lost in respectability, and Edgar in happiness, by the mal-administration of his power, so contrary to his father's intentions, and so derogatory to his own honour. But the vacation was expired; and, preparatory to his return to college, he gave the remainder of the interval to his own dear

family; whilst, by every domestic at Seymour Hall, and every inhabitant of the parish, his recent behaviour was considered as approaching evangelical virtue.

During the week that preceded his departure, a packet arrived from Mr. Manners. The concern that the illness of Sir Charles excited was but secondary to the indignation felt and expressed at his conduct, respecting the disposal of Ashhurst living.

"I fear I shall despise my ward," said he; "and contempt is of all feelings the one I dread most to experience, for it is the most difficult to obliterate; but my sorrow for your disappointment, dear Bonville, is somewhat alleviated by the receipt of a letter from the Earl of Fitz-Erin, to whom I immediately transferred yours. I hope you will receive it as a cordial drop that will sweeten the bitter draught presented to your hand by your youthful companion. You, I trust, will recover more than Ashhurst; but what shall restore Sir Charles to his friends?"

Edgar presented Lord Fitz-Erin's letter to his father, which he read aloud:—

"My dear Manners,

"I am not surprised at the reprehensible versatility of Sir Charles Seymour, or that our young friend has met disappointment with so much equanimity, for just as the 'twig is bent the tree's inclined;' but I trust the ultimate advantage of Bonville rests upon a more certain basis. He will now prove in experience what

he has hitherto known only in abstract, the uncertainty of human expectations. I should not have advanced this self-evident truth, if I had not a consolation to bestow; for I consider condolence alone, from whence alleviation may be hoped, but as mockery to a feeling and wounded spirit. Dunmeath is prematurely returned from school, grown beyond our wishes, and, though cheerful and uncomplaining, yet with an eye too bright and a cheek too flushed not to alarm our readily awakened anxieties. We will not wait till these indications of illness are more apparent, or malady more confirmed, but with the concurrence of Dr. Smithson, leave England early in the spring, and endeavour to make our excursion as pleasant as advantageous; whether Lisbon or Madeira is to be our port of health, is not yet determined. The dear boy's regular studies and school discipline must be suspended; but Lady Fitz-Erin, Sophia, and myself, shall devote our whole time and attentions to his improvement, which, along with his health, is the first and most interesting pursuit of our lives. In this, to us delightful task, we hope our much-esteemed young friend, Mr. Bonville, now that circumstances do not press his uninterrupted attendance at college, will co-operate, and that he will accompany us, as the friend of Dunmeath, the preceptor, without the form and name. Will you, dear Manners, present Lady Fitz-Erin's compliments, with mine, to Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, along with our wishes on this subject, saying that I shall consider their son in all the

attentions and contingencies of his absence as my own, and that I hope the pleasure he will receive from visiting other countries will compensate to them for the deprivation of his society.

"Yours ever,
"FITZ-ERIN."

The tone of Mr. Bonville's voice, as he read, the expression of Mrs. Bonville's eye—of Edgar's, as they listened, signified the pleasurable assent with which his lordship's proposal was received.

"It is just what I could have most wished," said Mrs. Granville; "it will lead to other Ashhursts."

"If it would lead to Lambeth," said Mr. Bonville, "it would not lessen my estimation of Ashhurst."

"I hope it will lead Lord Dunmeath to health," said Mrs. Bonville; "the only son of such parents, and the heir of such honourable dignities, is a possession, for which a heavy, though a pleasing, weight of anxiety must be incurred—the successor of such a man as Lord Fitz-Erin is a national possession."

"Yes," said Mrs. Granville, "and the pillars of the state, by which its mighty fabric is to be upheld, ought to be solid as well as polished. A young man, also, like Edgar Bonville, ought to see the varied world of man and nature; land where he may, he never will visit a better country, or a sweeter home than his own, but it

is actual observation alone by which this feeling will be confirmed."

Mr. Bonville wrote immediately to Mr. Manners, signifying his pleased and grateful acquiescence with Lord Fitz-Erin's wishes, and the intention of Edgar to return to college, and avail himself of the interval, to keep one or two more terms.

A few days before Edgar's departure Sir Charles expressed a desire to pass the winter with him at Cambridge, for whose sake, he said, "he wished to go."

"For your own sake, my dear Sir Charles," said Mr. Bonville, "it is desirable; though *you* are bound to keep no terms, yet a further application to reading and study is very much to be recommended, and I consider myself authorised to promote it: apprise Lady Seymour of your intentions, and I shall be glad to see you and Edgar depart together."

They travelled on horseback, attended by a single groom, Philip's office of "taking care of young master" having now become a sinecure: when the last view of Ashhurst was to be seen, they each turned their horses' heads round, to take of it a parting look. They had ridden a few yards too forward to catch the village, but a partial view of the church, with its grey tower arising from the consecrated grove, stood full in view; their eyes involuntarily met, a thousand blistering shames rushed to the face of Charles, feelings of tenderness and deep regret spread over Edgar's, but which were subdued,

when he observed the self-condemnation of his companion.

"Seymour!" said he, "for the sake of the two dear beings who rest beneath the roof those trees shade, let all that is painfully connected with it be from this moment forgotten." Then, as if to combat mental feelings by the exertion of corporeal ones, he wheeled round, put his horse in full speed, and darted forward as though the goal of his wishes were before him. Seymour's horse wanted no spur to keep pace with him, and the groom, who had observed, what to him was the pantomime of a race, the preparatory wheel, pause, and start, followed after with all his speed, and though alone, betting from habit upon the issue.

"Six to four upon Lorio," said he; "but who'd ha' thought o' Mr. Bonville racing?"

A gentle acclivity checked their further rapidity, which whilst ascending, they commented upon the different qualifications of their fine animals, whilst their attendant thought it a very flat ending.

CHAPTER III.

The immortal progeny of painting, sculpture, and rapt poesy, and arts though unimagined, yet to be, with all that tempers and improves man's life.

Resuming his college studies, the attention of Edgar was unremitting, but the leisure they allowed was devoted to Charles; he dreaded his

becoming subject to that vacuity of mind that leads to its perversion or paralysis. He remembered Mrs. Granville's remark, "that even light reading, so that its tendency was innocent, was better than no reading; the habit was acquired, that time might more judiciously direct; that even the seed thus sown by the road-side might grow up to further increase:" therefore, Edgar read aloud during the winter's evenings to Seymour, at each other's rooms, with nice discrimination, applying the powers of the panacea to the strength of the patient's mind.

"We have a mine of entertainment in store," said Edgar, "when we begin Don Quixote, who, amidst all the extravagancies of his delirium, is the mirror of the finished gentleman, who, whilst his humbler companion deals out his straight forward morality, displays in his own sentiments its most refined maxims." Its humour delighted them, and their room re-echoed the mirth it inspired. "I will some day begin to learn the Spanish language," said Edgar; "I have a most noble and venerable precedent in the late learned Earl Camden, who acquired it after he was eighty years old, that he might read this inimitable work in the true spirit with which it was written."

"Do you think," asked Charles, "you will enjoy Don Quixote at eighty?"

"I will not presume to compare my powers of appreciation with those of his lordship's, though I do not feel disposed to yield to any one in these of enjoyment; but, I trust as long as I may live, my heart and fancy at least will never grow old,

and that I shall also keep them both within such bounds, that they will not run out of the course with me, but carry me gently forward, delightful companions, to the end of my journey."

Dear youthful enthusiast! you have still to learn, that disappointment, unkindness, and ingratitude, more than time, contract the heart, and chill the fancy; the regulation of your passions, the government of your temper, may and will promote the peace of others, and your own repose; but for confidence abused, affection unreturned, and friendship 'remembered not,' for those wounds that fester as our life proceeds, where is the balm? The hopes of enjoying a higher state of being in a world more pure, a firm reliance upon those assurances that have promised a Heaven hereafter to those who have lived after its precepts, and died in its trust, is the Christian consolation; proceed therefore, gentle pilgrim, in the pursuit of that peace which passeth understanding, before which the woes of humanity shall subside as the waves of the sea, at the voice of their mighty Creator.

Edgar devoted his mornings to study, whilst Charles sought amusement wherever it was to be found, yet keeping the past sufficiently in remembrance to avoid those associates who might lead him to the repetition of its errors. Passing an auction room, where various beautiful articles were exposed, he entered, and soon caught the spirit of competition that resounded in the room, exulting in the power to gratify those desires that the more prudent or the more circumscribed

thought fit to resign; he was the last bidder for a very fine intaglio of an Alexander's head, which he was pre-determined to possess, not from his perceptions of its exquisite perfection, but because he saw it the admiration and desire of so many others; for he was apt to swim the straw of every stream, and even in his judgment of

"right and wrong,
Was rul'd by the almighty throng."

Sir Charles bore off his prize in triumph, and hurried to show it Edgar. "I gave a great deal of money for it," said he.

"It is worth it," replied Edgar, "and money thus expended, dear Seymour, where it can so well be spared as with you, is honourable to the taste and liberality of a gentleman. This will be a very great ornament to the cabinet at Seymour-Hall."

"I think it would be an addition to Miss Bonville's museum."

"No one can deny that," said Edgar, with an involuntary smile, "and she will be very glad to take an impression from it, which I am sure you will allow her to do."

"Surely! but go with me to the auction to-morrow; there are some fine paintings to be sold; I heard them highly commended."

Edgar readily assented, for he loved the art, and was always happy to promote Seymour's innocent pleasures. The pictures were very fine, but the subjects did not please; the sufferings of the Martyrs, though painted with the sublime

grandeur of Domenichino's pencil, found no sympathy in Seymour's taste, but he examined the pictures, caught the technical terms of the connoisseur, and the animated ones of the amateur; spoke of their value, and raised their price, by joining the first bidders, thus gaining a name amongst the many for a judge of paintings; and Seymour's taste, spirit, and fortune, was the chit-chat of the day; so easily is fame obtained amongst the superficial and the trifling! The young friends passed the evening together at Seymour's rooms, where the recent purchase was again admired.

"How fine is the brow," said Edgar, "how capacious! space and verge enough to admit all the lessons of his great preceptor!"

"I remember something," said Charles, "that Weston read to me about his breaking a famous horse, called B— B— Bellisarius, was it not?"

"Dear Charles, this is affected ignorance; I am sure you know better."

"Indeed but I do not, Bonville; I never took any notice what that poor fellow used to say or read; what was the name?"

"Bucephalus."

"Well, I came within the letter."

"And that was something," said Edgar, laughing, "when it was twenty-three to one against you: do you recollect the letter written by Philip of Macedon to Aristotle, on the birth of his son?"

"No! but I do remember that Philip was the father of Alexander; so let me have all you know about them."

"No; I will turn you over to Quintus Curtius for better information; but the letter, which I have always considered as comprising the most elegant terseness in composition, with the most excellent judgment in sentiment, united with that condescension that conferred distinction alike on him to whom it was addressed, as on him by whom it was written, I have by heart; so, as the head of Alexander lies before us, will you hear in what terms the monarch of a mighty empire solicited the man of a mighty mind to furnish it within?

"'*Philip* to *Aristotle*. Health!

"'A son is born to me; I thank the gods, not so much for making me a father, as for giving me a son in an age when he can have Aristotle for his instructor. I confide that you will make him a prince worthy to succeed me, and qualified to govern Macedonia. I should prefer being the last of my family, to having children whose education and conduct were not to reflect honour on their ancestors.'

"What a noble lesson for fathers!" continued Edgar; "whilst a king could thus address a philosopher, we may suppose how he would conduct himself towards him. Not as a being of an inferior order, whose qualifications could be commuted for by pecuniary returns alone, for such an one would be unworthy the sacred trust of education, but as possessing the only real dis-

tinction of man, a pre-eminence in intellectual endowments, which no adventitious circumstances can rise above, or the want of them diminish."

"Well," said Charles, "I will read the life of Philip's son, that I may know something more about him than the outside of his head."

A few weeks afterwards, Edgar was called upon by a tradesman of the town, whom he had occasionally employed, to ask the favour of being introduced to Sir Charles Seymour, who he understood was a great judge and purchaser of pictures, for that he had one in charge to dispose of, and wished him to see it the first. The request was readily acceded to, and an hour appointed that day for the picture to be brought. Edgar did not encourage this growing tendency of Seymour's without due consideration. He knew that his fortune was very large, and that, led by the impulse of whim or folly, he would sometimes spend it with profusion; that if he purchased fine pictures, rich gems, or exquisite works of art, their value remained, his house was ornamented, and they became their situation. If occasionally he was the dupe of dealers, he gained experience, his presumption was corrected, and the money, of which he had too much, was all that was lost; no better faculties were degraded; no vicious habits acquired and bad pictures were better than bad company. Nor one of the least advantages that accrued was their consequent connexion with intellectual acquirements, for the head of Alexander had made Sir Charles a temporary historian.

Seymour waited at Bonville's rooms with the greatest impatience for the arrival of the picture; its bearer was punctual to the appointed time, and brought it carefully enveloped. Throwing off the covering, the attention of the spectators was transfixed by admiration of its exquisite beauty: Seymour withdrew his gaze from the picture, to read in Edgar's face its character, who, though possessing no knowledge of the rules by which to criticise its peculiar merits, felt that internal conviction of its excellence, which leaves those behind. It was a Magdalen, whose eyes were raised to Heaven in weeping penitence: one tear had fallen from its lucid orb, and rested on her cheek, whilst the humid lustre by which it was suffused appeared arrested by the powerful feelings of her soul. The hair, that beautiful hair with which she had wiped the feet of her Saviour, parted with elastic lightness on her upraised brow; like the beams of the sun, its golden tints threw their radiance upon every softened feature, falling from the fine turned head in rich luxuriance, but disregarded negligence, and deeper shade upon her shoulders. The nose and half-opened mouth were in perfect symmetry; whilst the lovely supplicating hands rested upon an open book, and were pressed together with such an apparent intensity of feeling, as to indent the rosy point of each finger into the folded hand, combining the same expression of penitence, grief, and adoration, as did the eyes and features. Edgar had seen the paintings of Guido and Titian at Weston, under the discriminating taste of Lady Fitz-

Erin; he well remembered the sweetness of the one, and the rich colouring of the other, and thought this inimitable picture possessed their beauties, with that divine expression Raphael alone could give. He forgot that it was to be sold, that it could be bought, and giving himself up to the sweet abstraction of gazing upon it, lost sight of the other objects by which he was surrounded. His heart rose to Heaven with that of the penitent Mary, and like hers, humbled itself at the feet of Jesus.

" What," asked he at length, " can induce the owner of this picture to part with it?"

" Necessity," said the person mournfully.

The warm blood in Edgar's veins turned to icy coldness, as the idea of worldly want obtruded upon his glowing feelings.

" And what does he ask for it?" inquired Seymour.

" More I fear than he will get, less than it is worth; I am authorised to take fifty guineas: it must be disposed of privately, and its owner would rather a gentleman should obtain it than a picture dealer."

A silence of some minutes ensued; Seymour paused to think whether he *would* have it or no. Edgar was sympathising with the unknown, the distressed owner; Mr. —— feared the hesitation was unfavourable to his mission.

" Gentlemen," he said, " I say nothing of its merit, you are the best judges, but its purchase will be doing a great kindness; and thus far I may say, without betraying my trust, the owner

is a lady, whose husband was the captain of a ship that traded to Leghorn, who brought this picture from Italy. He died before he had made any provision for his family, and left one son, a very studious youth, and it is to enable her to send him to our university that she wishes to dispose of the picture."

Edgar drew Seymour aside, and after speaking a few words to him, desired the picture might be left, assuring its nominal owner a definitive answer should be sent to him that evening. Soon as the door was closed, Edgar ejaculated, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow! Oh! Seymour, now the blessing of riches is indeed yours;" but unfortunately, the curse of avarice was at work in Seymour's bosom at that moment, and a capricious fit of parsimony had succeeded one of profusion.

"I was thinking," said he, "that as it must be sold, they would perhaps take forty guineas."

The fire of indignation flashed from Edgar's face; it was the excess of virtue at which the flame was lighted, but quickly recollecting that all excess was wrong, and ought to be subject to control, let its tendency be ever so laudable, restained himself, yet "still severe in youthful beauty," said, "My dear Charles, would you condescend to barter like a petty dealer behind his counter? would you, as a gentleman, degrade an art, whose sublime efforts money may purchase, but cannot accomplish; and more than all, would you traffic with distress?"

The feelings of his overcharged heart swam in his eyes, and to hide the feminine suffusion, he turned aside. "The meddling fiend" had been completely frightened away from Seymour, by the lightnings of Edgar's eye; and so superior is virtue, that he felt abashed in Bonville's presence.

Laying his hand upon his averted shoulder, "Edgar," said he, "what would you do if you was me?"

"What would I do, if I was you!" replied he, turning round with quickness, for the first time his imagination dazzled by the contemplation of the wealth of another, the benevolence of his heart realizing the bright visions of noble liberality that illuminated his fancy: "What would I do if I was you, Charles!" but pausing, he delicately refrained from saying what he would do, because he feared it was what Charles would not do, that *he* would not say, "The picture shall delight the eye of its owner, in the absence of her son, and if more is required to accomplish the wishes of her maternal heart than the sum asked, she shall not want it."

"What *must* I do, Bonville?" repeated Seymour.

The question was now put in a more answerable form, and Edgar said, "purchase the picture without any more negotiation; inclose sixty guineas, and offer your services to assist 'the widow and the fatherless in their affliction,' if they choose to avail themselves of your address."

"Well," said Charles, "I will—I will, Edgar:

but how do I know they are really distressed, and how can I serve them?"

This cautious forethought appeared more out of character than season. Edgar had often witnessed the most profuse waste of money without a moment's reflection from Charles; now he was become prudent, where generosity and confidence would be so graceful, and christian charity so lovely. "If they make any further appeal to you," said Edgar, "they must make themselves and their situation known; and as to the means of serving them, is there not Lord Fitz-Erin, Mr. Manners, my father, most ready and willing to be your auxiliaries? Never will you see the picture without feelings of self-approbation, my dear Charles; and Mary Magdalen may prove an intercessor for the sorrows of others, as for the sins of herself."

"Well, Bonville, you saved my life once, you will perhaps save my soul at last."

"To save that," said Edgar, "is gain, though the whole world should be lost, but its security depends on more than the aid of man; you know its value, and its price."

"I know little about those sort of things, Edgar, but this I do know, for it was a lesson my father, Sir Charles, gave me morning, noon, and night, that nothing was so pleasing in the eyes of our Creator as being good to one another; but how must we go on about this picture? Shall we make up a packet, send it to Mr. ——, and tell him I keep the Magdalen? But it will take the last guinea from my purse."

"Mine is not a long one," said Edgar, "but it is at your disposal, till we can receive a remittance from Woodfield."

"Then if I send the sixty guineas to Mr. —— how shall I know he gives more than fifty to them?"

"By confiding in what human nature should be, and relying upon the integrity of a man, who is apparently just and true in all his dealings, respected and trusted by his neighbours and townsmen: but from whence, dear Charles, did you acquire these suspicions? I hope not from your own experience, for I should be very sorry to think you had fallen amongst those whose conduct justified them; however, you had best seal up the inclosure, as it must pass through the hands of a third person; both your delicacy, and that of the receiver, will be more sacred."

Charles would rather have had the credit of his generosity with the very person whom he had degraded by his suspicions, but these feelings were not such as he could avow, and were therefore suppressed; the sealed deposit was given to Mr. ——, with the assurance, "that it contained fifty guineas;" but Sir Charles could not refrain from saying, as he left the room, "I assure you, sir, there will not be found less than fifty guineas;" with an emphasis upon the word less, that led to the expectation there was more. This small tribute to his selfish feelings may perhaps be allowed, in atonement for the humiliation he had endured from Edgar's reproving countenance on his parsimonious suggestion; so

easily are narrow minds conciliated, whilst more noble ones are spared from such debasements. The picture was hung in Seymour's room, where the admiration it received, and the envy its possession excited, repaid him for its purchase. But a few days elapsed, when a post-letter, addressed to Sir Charles Seymour, was given to him in Edgar's rooms. He read it with apparent pleasure, and passed it over to his friend.

"SIR,—The blessings of those whose hopes were ready to perish be upon you—hopes, in which the peace and fondest expectations of a mother's heart were involved! That she remains unknown to her generous benefactor is not the indulgence of a proud or an ungracious spirit, but to save the quick feelings of youth from those wounds, that a thoughtless or a malignant world too frequently inflicts upon its less fortunate brethren. The hand of misfortune never falls so heavy as on those who cannot dig, and are ashamed to beg; and benevolence is never so pure, so beautiful, and so generous, as when it veils the obliged and grateful sufferer from the inefficient pity of those who would look on, and hurry to the other side. The time, I humbly trust, will arrive, when the talent you have nurtured will be multiplied ten-fold, and that it will be the pride of its possessor to acknowledge, that the benevolence of Sir Charles Seymour averted misfortune, restored hope, and laid the foundation of present happiness."

"Thus may your name be ever associated, my dear Seymour!" said Edgar, with the most ingenuous animation; "I am sure your present feelings are worth sixty guineas, so you have the picture for nothing; but be assured, its intrinsic value exceeds that. When we return to Seymour-Hall, we shall never look upon it without delight, and possess a secret enjoyment in its contemplation, with which no others will participate."

"My mother," said Charles, "is very teasing for my return, but I do not know yet what I shall do."

"I shall be very sorry to lose you," replied Edgar, "but cannot urge any thing against the wishes of a mother; I shall stay till the completion of the present term, and then wait at Woodfield, for Lord Fitz-Erin's summons, after which it may be long before we meet again, but your intercourse with my dear family will keep up the remembrance of your friend." Sir Charles still lingered at Cambridge, which he only left a few weeks before the Easter vacation, at the commencement of which Edgar left college for home, where he found its beloved inhabitants claiming as ever his sweetest admiration, and his fondest love. The seasons there, "as ceaseless round a jarring world they roll'd," still found them happy; but Ashhurst parsonage, how was it changed! During Mr. Wilmot's non-residence, he had let the house and land, and had engaged a young man as curate, who resided with its occupants. Mr. Jones was the son of a respect-

able farmer in Wales, and his domestic habits associated with those whom he resided with. He was well endowed with scholastic learning, and possessed great sobriety of character, but considering his present situation but initiatory in his profession, he sought no intercourse with his hearers, and knowing how his patron had acquired the living, rather avoided the kind attentions of Mr. and Mrs. Bonville. At Seymour-Hall he was totally disregarded; thus the flock that Mr. Conyers had so tenderly drawn together were again dispersed from their shepherd. More pleasing reflections were presented at Meadowfield; three of the houses were finished, and inhabited, and the whole in an advancing state. The infant shrubs and spring flowers were sweetly promising, and it was there, amidst the result of his pious cares and affectionate labours, Edgar seemed to meet the spirit of his departed friend. The grateful inhabitants of the three cottages were Catherine, Nancy Smith, and the poultry woman from the Hall. Their establishment had been superintended by Mrs. Bonville, her daughter, and friend; who following the impulse of their own kind hearts, and meeting what they knew were the wishes of its benevolent founder, and its subsequent friend, had considered the feelings and limited enjoyments of its inhabitants, along with their necessary comforts. Catherine's cottage, the first in the line, was perfumed with the fragrance of the richly scented lilac, delicious violet, and blanched paradise, that were transferred from the Woodfield gar-

den to its windows, which though unseen by the humble cottager, dispensed to her "the purest joy of sense;" whilst a little terrier dog gave instant information of an approaching foot to its sightless mistress, and along with a tortoise pussy, whose soft purring, as it rested upon her lap, was music to her ear, formed the family of poor Catherine. In the house of the discarded poultry woman, a couple of turtle-doves, that had long been the objects of her care, hung in her sight, and her guinea fowls perched in the high trees that shaded the houses, whilst all the lesser denizens of the air flocked to the little area behind the house, for the crums she threw them, and they formed *her* in and out of doors family. Nancy Smith, who lived in the third house, was an orphan girl, who had received all the advantages that the old established system of education in the north of England afforded, where plain work, reading, and spelling were taught at an expense, which the labouring peasant, who had no ruinous habits in himself, could supply, and whose laudable pride was to attain; where the scholar receives instruction that does not withdraw him from the pursuits suitable to his station in life, and by which it is to be maintained. She had subsequently supported herself by sewing, and was beloved and respected in the houses of her employers. A young man, to whom her innocent affections were given, and whom, on his return, she expected to marry, perished in Spain. When her injured health and broken spirits would allow, she continued her industrious habits;

but to provide against her future inability, Mr. Conyers appointed her a home at Meadow-field, where she might take her employ, and in the retirement of her own fireside escape the inadvertent remarks, and ill directed, though well-meant, jokes of her employers.. Over her little chimney-space the print of a soldier hung, which bore no other resemblance to him she lamented than that both were young, and tall, and had a military air; this was a home-endearing enjoyment, that gave added value to its more substantial comforts. The tender indulgence of Mr. Conyers had supplied her with the public journals, and so deeply had every circumstance connected with his warfare impressed her affectionately attached heart, that few could give a more accurate account of the campaign in the Peninsula than she. Yet she remitted none of the simple duties of her life; she was kindly attentive to her two aged neighbours; grateful to her benefactors, and charitable to those poorer than herself, by receiving the smallest recompense she possibly could for the work she did them. Happy is it for suffering humanity, as for over-weening pride, that there is no station in life but what has the power to serve its fellow mortals, or to be above their aid!

CHAPTER IV.

Ever wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.

The inclination Sir Charles Seymour had imbibed at Cambridge was not without its use; a desire to embellish his house by his own acquisitions created an affection for it. The beautiful Magdalen was hung in the breakfast-room, and the whole household admired the magnificent frame in which it was inclosed. With Edgar, no after-time, no familiarity with it ever weakened the impression its first view excited; it seemed to throw a spell over the apartment wherever it was destined to hang; and as he contemplated it, his heart rose to those "brighter worlds," to which the soul of the penitent aspired. The combination of pleasure it inspired was the genuine triumph of expression and sentiment; for in the picture there were no receding columns, no scarlet drapery, no association with worldly pomp to attract the attention; it proved the union that exists between dignity and simplicity; the unadorned woman in simple vesture, under the influence of feeling, was, by the inimitable skill of the painter, an object not alone of beauty, but of sublimity.

Sir Charles Seymour was daily at Woodfield; "though he was not the rose, he was permitted to dwell with it," and the result was alike favourable to his happiness and his virtue.

Letters arrived there from Lord Fitz-Erin, re-

questing Edgar to join his family at Portsmouth the first week in May, and April was half gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Manners wrote their farewells, and reiterated assurances of regard; and in his own emphatic language, the affectionate heart of Augustus strove to express its tender regrets.

"You go away from Madua, who love you so much; he see you no more again. Mrs. Manners, Mr. Manners, Madua, all go to de great sea-side; now bad man come no more to de broken house; Madua look; long look; all over; see no moder; no Bonville; great ship sail away; no take Madua to them; come home; look no more; mine eye all dark; my heart all grieve; me live; me die; me still love Bonville."

"Dear, ardent, enthusiastic, but I trust not prophetic being," said Edgar, pressing the letter to his bosom, "when we are once more restored to each other, we will not be thus estranged."

During the preparation for his departure, Mr. Bonville said, "I propose accompanying you to Portsmouth, my dear boy, and that your sister may see there really is a world beyond our hills, and other beings than those she sees at Ashhurst church, I mean to take her with me."

"Dearest of fathers," said Edgar, "you have anticipated our wishes. Mrs. Granville and I have been meditating an attack upon your indulgence this very day, to that effect; I think mamma was in the secret, for when we asked her confederacy, she smiled upon us in silence; but where is the dear girl? does she know? Oh! how much I shall love to show her the sea; and more

than all, to show her to my noble friends." At that moment, the unconscious girl appeared at the extremity of the lawn; Edgar bounded out of the room, and quickly joined her, when drawing her arm within his, the happy parents saw him unfolding their indulgent plan to the pleased and animated girl.

L'Orient was given in express charge to Robert—Viper was Fanny's own; the parting with all was tender, but cheerful. Mrs. Bonville controlled every feeling that would sadden the separation, in which she was supported by her confidence in Edgar's virtue, and her trust in the protection of Heaven; whilst Mrs. Granville, exulting as she did in the advantages it promised, was almost subdued by the sweet sorrow.

The carriage stopped at the Hall. "Be an Edgar to my mother," said his young friend to Sir Charles.

"And a Fanny too," said his sister.

"Woodfield has a double claim upon me," replied Sir Charles; "but do not let Lady Fitz-Erin run away with Miss Bonville, Edgar!"

"Oh, no, "said Mr. Bonville, "I dare not see Woodfield again without her."

Lady Seymour appeared much agitated when Edgar took his leave, for she knew his influence over her son, lamented his proposed absence, and thought it very needless;" but Lord Fitz-Erin, said she, in a murmuring accent, "carries all things his own way."

Philip stood at the gate of the park through which they drove. "God bless you, master Ed-

gar, and send you safe amongst us all again, for you are a jewel of a young gentleman."

"Thank you, my good Philip; I hope we shall all meet again; Sir Charles will make you happy!"

"God grant it," said the blunt old servant; "but if he had made you so, as he ought to have done, you'd not have been a going to leave us."

The rapidity of the motion, the succession of objects that were presented, and the happy protection that accompanied Fanny on her journey, were delightful to her animated and affectionate nature. They did not rest in London; but in passing through its apparently endless succession of streets, the young traveller thought their termination would never arrive, and that the movement of the carriage could not be progressive, but bound in a mighty circle, from which there was no escape. As she looked upon the multitude of people, and the throng of carriages that crowded the leading streets, she wondered not that the gentle spirit of Cowper was frightened at the great Babel, but she acknowledged she should be very glad to contemplate its more particular objects on her return. After crossing Westminster bridge, and passing the populous "belts" of the great city, she was refreshed by seeing the fine road, bounded by luxuriant hedgerows, extended cultivation, rich patches of wood, and the gently rising hills of Surrey. Mr. Bonville did not let her pass through the pleasant villages of Mitcham and Merton without remarking the former, as having been distinguished by

the residence of the brave, the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; vestiges of which yet remained: and the latter of Lord Nelson, a small, and merely ornamented farm, but which he fondly loved:

> And to which his spirit over "foaming waves,"
> And from "distant shores," sought its repose.

"I think," said Fanny, "it should be made national property, and for his sake held sacred: it might always be the life estate of some brave sailor."

"There," thought Mr. Bonville, "spoke the genuine enthusiasm of youth, which, however necessary to be modified to the prudence and experience of the world, is generally the most just and generous impulse of nature and of feeling."

"The magnificent mansion that the nation is projecting for the family of Nelson," said Edgar, "will indicate its gratitude and its sense of his services; but I would rather visit Merton, the roof under which he reposed, amidst the flowers that grew under his eye, and the little farm-yard of the true-hearted Englishman; there we might identify his living form, and mingle with his pleasures; the other, palace-like as it may be, can never be considered but as his mausoleum—splendid as his actions, but the dark cloud of his death hanging over it."

"I," said Fanny, "should have loved most to have seen him upon his throne, the quarter-deck of the Victory."

"His throne truly," re-echoed Edgar, "and we shall soon see his great dominions, my dear Fanny, which from east to west he rode over in triumph. The glorious achievements of Nelson," continued he, "and his lamented death, have excited many beautiful effusions of the Muse, but the *most* beautiful tribute to his name I ever met with, I copied from a provincial paper*, intending it for you, my sister; it unites the simplicity and the sublimity of oriental writing; and I have it now in my pocket-book."

"What is good in itself," observed Mr. Bonville, "is always better for being in season: pray let us see it, Edgar."—He presented the paper to Fanny, who read aloud its contents.

"Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte, was born at Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk, on the 29th of September, 1756. On the 21st of October, 1805, he once more, and for the last time, fought and conquered the united foes of his country; but he fell in the meridian of victory, and in one moment became immortal in both worlds. At the battle of Aboukir, he rose like the sun in the east; and, like the sun, after a summer day's glory, he set in the west, at the battle of Trafalgar, leaving the ocean in a blaze as he went down, and in darkness when he descended. For ages to come, when the stranger who visits our island shall ask for the monument of Nelson, the answer shall be, 'Behold his country which he saved†!'"

* The Sheffield Iris. † Montgomery.

"It is prose to the eye," said Fanny, "but poetry to the ear, and to the heart. I think every English pupil should commit it to memory, as a specimen of the harmony of the English language, and an epitome of the life of the English hero."

At that moment the carriage stopt, and the postilion, turning round, said, "Please you, sir, this is where Lord Nelson lived."

The house was not visible, but the gates and a small lodge adjoined the high road. Mr. Bonville and Edgar took off their hats, and Fanny threw the flowers which her brother had purchased for her at a nursery garden by the way, on the very spot where the hero's foot must have trod, when he entered the gates of his "dear home."

"Forgive me, Edgar," said she; "it was the only tribute I could offer: you know I would not have parted with them wantonly."

The postilion appeared to understand their feelings; he said, "the sailors that came up to London on the Portsmouth coach used always to cheer the House as they passed, but they hang down their heads now, and go quietly on."

"He was their pride, and their glory," said Mr. Bonville, "and possessed the happy art of enforcing his authority by love rather than fear. As we return I will endeavour to procure you a sight of the house at Merton, my dear Fanny; you ought to visit the domiciliary shrine of one who has done so much for England, who secured from the invader the sacred hearths of its daughters."

Though it was evening when the travellers arrived at Portsmouth, Edgar immediately addressed Lord Fitz-Erin; requesting his lordship would appoint the time when it would be agreeable to him to receive himself and his father.

"To breakfast at eleven o'clock on the following morning; when a servant should attend to conduct the two gentlemen to Lord Fitz-Erin's hotel," was the purport of his lordship's letter.

Edgar never had a prouder feeling than when he presented his father, in whose open countenance frankness and good sense were strongly marked, and whose whole appearance was that of the handsome English country gentleman, to Lord Fitz-Erin.

"Mr. Bonville," said the Earl, "I have been long desirous to see you. The active interest you have taken in Sir Charles Seymour's concerns, and your kind compliance with my present views, I consider a great obligation; allow me to introduce you to Lady Fitz-Erin, who entertains the same feelings as myself."

"We consider your arrival, sir," said her ladyship, after the first introduction, "as the accomplishment of our hopes on this side the sea; we know the value of him whom you have entrusted to our care, which he shall share with our own beloved boy. But I have a welcome in reserve for you, Bonville, beyond ours. Lady C. is here; Sophia and Dunmeath breakfasted with her two hours ago; when we have taken ours, they will join us."

"But why, Mr. Bonville," asked Lord Fitz-Erin, "did you not come here direct? our family association cannot commence too soon."

"I thank your lordship; but to enliven my solitary return equally as to afford her pleasure, Miss Bonville has accompanied us to Portsmouth; and I hope your lordship will excuse her brother's occasional absence whilst we remain here."

"A more powerful reason," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "why you should reside here; I should be sorry to antedate the separation of brother and sister. We shall drive out this morning; in the meantime I request you to inform Miss Bonville we will call upon her at two o'clock."

"And you, sir," said his lordship, "I hope will make your arrangements to dine with us, and be our guests until we sail."

The Countess of C. now entered, accompanied by, as she fondly called them, her two supporters, Lord Dunmeath, and Lady Sophia Cavana. She received the two visitors with that kindness, yet high-bred manner, that had been so grateful to Edgar at Weston. Her young grandson was a fair tall boy of fourteen, whose countenance expressed the most amiable propensities; he was gentle, affectionate, and unassuming, but indicated less talent than his sister, who inherited from her mother and grandmother the highest gifts of mental superiority. When Edgar presented his sister to Lady Fitz-Erin and her family, he saw at a glance she was accepted. Her edu-

cation had been so correct, the society she had shared so untainted with vulgarity, even of opinion, as of manner, her understanding was so good, and her nature so wholly unsophisticated, that Lady Fitz-Erin saw the result and introduced her to her daughter, with a degree of conscious pleasure, arising not alone from her own graciousness, or her regard and respect for Edgar, but from her internal appreciation of her character, which though time more accurately develops, yet feelings and sympathy will instantly acknowledge.

Lady Sophia received her with gentle kindness. Assimilating in age and virtue, though differing in character, they were mutually pleased with each other. The frank, yet perfectly correct manners, the tempered vivacity, united with dignity of feeling, that distinguished Fanny Bonville, were sweetly contrasted by the timid, yet wholly unaffected nature of Lady Sophia. But no one was the sister of Edgar Bonville more qualified to please than the sensible and discriminating Countess C. The books she had read, and the habits to which she had been accustomed, were such as marked the well-educated of her own youth. Her clear and melodious voice expressed her ideas in elegant and perspicuous language, free from fashionable phrases, half expressed sentiments, and words perverted from their original meanings; and in powerful aid of these recommendations, she played Handel's music and sung Handel's songs.

"Music which," said her ladyship, "the present age does not appreciate." Banished from the music-room at home, where she alone could participate in its enjoyment and its sanctity, soothing and awakening every passion to which it was addressed; this music, so dear to her heart, and vibrating to every tender recollection of her primal and maturer life, Miss Bonville played to her, not with a half reluctant compliance, pronouncing it with the affectation of modern manners, "out of fashion, or herself out of practice," but with promptness of heart and spirit, such as its great composer would have felt his due, and his delightful tribute.

In the interval of sailing, Lord Fitz-Erin and Mr. Bonville visited the Guildford, and inspected its accommodations; those were eminently satisfactory, and his lordship was greatly pleased to find the manners of its commander, Captain St. John, such as distinguished the gentleman, and honourable to the high professional character he maintained. The ship was one of the most commodious in the India service, and all was ready for the reception of Lord Fitz-Erin's family and retinue. Captain St. John requested his lordship would hold himself in readiness, as he thought the wind was coming favourable for their embarkation, and he might be compelled to give sudden orders for sailing.

Lord Fitz-Erin recommended his family to be prepared for a momentary separation with the Countess of C. and the propriety of these ar-

rangements was evinced on the following day, when his lordship received Captain St. John's wishes that all might be on board that evening, expecting the wind would be fair in the night, when they should immediately put to sea. Lord Fitz-Erin tenderly embraced the venerable parent of his beloved lady.—" May Heaven preserve you, my honoured madam, in health and happiness, until the object of our travels is obtained, and we are again united."

Lady Fitz-Erin pressed her mother to her bosom in affectionate silence; and their dear children kissed the lips, the hands, the forehead of their tender and revered grandmother, with passionate fondness.

Bonville approached, to whom she held out her hand, and extending the other to Lord Dunmeath, said—" You are lovely in your lives, and by death only may you be divided! May God bless and preserve you, my children, and my children's children! morning and evening shall my prayers ascend to Him for you; may He comfort you in every distress,—preserve you from every danger, and aid you in every difficulty! Farewell! farewell!"

Mr. Bonville and Fanny accompanied the beloved emigrants to the Guildford. It was the middle of May, which was beautiful as the poets love to represent it. The officers and sailors were all dressed as though they wished to leave the fairest impressions upon the minds of those who were assembled to take their leave. The ship, new painted and gilt, shone in the re-

splendent rays of the setting sun. A fine band of music was playing those national airs that find an echo in every British bosom, whilst the jokes and light-hearted mirth of England's brave protectors resounded on the decks. But for one predominant feeling, this would have been the gayest hour of Fanny Bonville's life; but those breezes that so lightly curled the shining waters —those white sails, glittering in the sun, were to bear away her beloved brother—her noble, new-found friends, to probable danger, and to certain distance. Whilst Captain St. John attended to Lady Fitz-Erin, a young midshipman showed and explained the different parts of the vessel to Mr. and Miss Bonville. They now learned that the signal would be given in half an hour for all visitors to leave the ship; and, in that short time, they took their grateful and respectful leave of Lord Fitz-Erin's family, their tender confiding farewell of the hope of their hearts, the joy of their lives, the pride of their proudest wishes. Captain St. John attended them to the gangway; and, observing the tender struggling sorrow of the fond sister, assured her she should have a letter from her brother, from Madeira, in two months, and that he would make a sailor of him before he had crossed the Bay of Biscay.

Edgar pressed the dear girl to his bosom, and resigned her to his father, remaining immoveable till the evening shut out the view of objects so dear. Fanny's attention was absorbed by the moving lights on board the Guildford, till she landed at the pier, where Lady C.'s carriage

waited to take them to their desolated hotel. A calm and composed evening ensued: Fanny's lucid eye, at intervals, expressed the vacancy of her heart, but she retired early that she might rise with the morning's dawn, and accompany her father to the pier to take another view of the Guildford.

The expected wind had arisen in the night; and, far out at sea, "her sails all full, her streamers at their length," the fine vessel, so richly freighted, was speeding o'er the ocean; its restless flashings caught the bright beams of morning, and appeared one vast expanse of dazzling splendour. The passing vessels glided upon the surface of the waters; the protecting fleet was lying at Spithead, its towering masts rising like a leafless grove. Fanny's ear, for all her senses were comprised in eye and ear, caught the music from a ship under weigh; the air it played was—"May be, to see Lochaber na mair!"

"Oh, my dear father," said she, "by what insensible, by what sweet ties, are we bound to one another! I know not a single being on board that ship, but my heart is in sympathy with every one of them, who feels in that affecting air the sentiments of their own."

The Guildford was yet in sight, and Fanny's eye followed it, like that of Imogen's, who looked till the diminution of space pointed it sharp as her needle, till it melted from the smallness of a gnat to air, and then turned her eye, and wept.

"Dear boy!" said Mr. Bonville, "may He, whom the winds and waves obey, be thy pro-

tector and guide; and, by inspiring thy bosom with never-failing confidence in his power, infuse serenity amidst all the terrors and dangers of the ocean!"

The Countess of C. was acquainted with Mr. Bonville's intention of staying some little time in London, to which she was returning. "I cannot," said her ladyship, "travel with the expedition you propose, but I shall hope to find you, sir, and Miss Bonville, in Hill-street, when I arrive."

Mr. Bonville acknowledged the kindness with all due respect, but said, that as his stay in London was for the express purpose of showing its different amusements to his daughter, he meant to reside at an hotel in a central part, from whence they could pursue those objects more conveniently; but would do themselves the honour to attend her ladyship as soon as they were assured of her arrival.

Lady C., possessing that genuine politeness which, whilst paying every attention to the pleasure or accommodation of others, leaves them at liberty to accept or reject at their wish or discretion, acceded to their arrangements, and engaged their subsequent visits.

As they approached Merton, Mr. Bonville ordered the carriage to stop at the gates of Lord Nelson's house; a young woman from the lodge answered the bell, who informed Mr. Bonville the family were from home; but, on hearing his application to see the house, she added, "that it was not shown to the public." At that instant

an elderly person approached from the road. "It is the housekeeper, sir," said she; "you can speak to her if you please."

"Will you have the goodness," said Mr. Bonville, "to allow this young lady a view of the front of the house? she will not intrude further."

This request was very civilly acceded to; and Fanny accompanied her a few steps within the gates, along a broad gravel walk, inclosed by tall shrubs; its turning opened upon a small lawn, from which "the modest mansion rose." Fanny surveyed it with intense feeling, and thick-coming fancies pressed upon her mind; she thanked the attendant with so much sweetness, and turned again to look at the house with so much interest, that the housekeeper said—

"Do you come from London?"

"Oh no! a great many miles off, almost from the other end of the kingdom."

"Then you shall see the house."

Fanny ran back for her papa, who immediately joined her.

"We have orders," said the attendant, "not to show it, because living so near London, we should never be free from visitors; but, as you do not come from there, and the young lady seems to have such a desire, I am at liberty, upon particular occasions, to do as I like about it, and so I will not disappoint her."

Fanny thought her a very discriminating matron, deserving the trust reposed in her, and looked and spoke her thanks. They proceeded, and ascended several steps that led to a narrow

terrace, from which folding glass doors opened into a small square apartment, the walls of which were of bright yellow, and the floor covered with marbled oil-cloth. A few beautiful plants were placed upon gilt tripods, and a fine white marble bust of Lord Nelson stood upon a pedestal amongst them; the head of which was encircled by a wreath of laurel, which Fanny observed "was fresh gathered."

"It was put on this morning," said the attendant, "by one of our dear lord's nieces; they always do it before they go away."

A door on the left led to the dining-room. The walls scarlet morocco: it had no other ornament than pictures, and a fine diamond cut lamp over the table in its centre; three large sashes to the ground formed a projecting window, which were covered with transparent paintings of a sea view; the horizon and distances defined by various vessels.

"The Guildford is not in view," said Mr. Bonville, smilingly, "but we might almost suppose ourselves in its state cabin."

Over the fire-place, that faced the entrance, hung a very fine whole length figure of Lord Nelson in uniform, receiving from the hands of a midshipman the French colours; the upturned face of the boy was exquisitely handsome, and full of expression; on each side a half-length portrait of Lord Nelson's ather and mother, with those of other friends, were placed around the room; a plain side-board, in a deep recess, from which there were doors of communication to the

offices, fronted the windows; from the right hand door of the vestibule, a long and twilight passage led to the breakfast and drawing-rooms, which were at each extremity. The former was a beautiful room: its walls pale rose-colour, and surrounded by ottomans, covered with the most delicate Indian chintz; Venetian blinds of the lightest construction softened the glare of light that the large windows at right angles of the room admitted. Vases of exquisite workmanship, from Italy, filled the corners; and gilt cages, containing singing birds, were placed upon gilt stands just the height that allowed their familiarity with the hand; a grand piano-forte and a splendid harp completed the ornaments of the room; but its princpal attraction was a picture over the fire-place—a fair-haired little girl, apparently six or seven years old, robed in a simple white vest, was kneeling at the foot of a column, on which the name of Nelson was inscribed; upon that her humid eye was fixed, towards that her folded hands were extended, and the tear upon her pale and innocent face told the tale of sorrow no heart could misunderstand. Fanny wept as she gazed upon the picture, and the housekeeper, seeing her emotion, said—

"It is Miss Nelson, whom my lord loved so much; it is as like as her very self. I was in the room when he turned back from the carriage door to see her once more, and I slipped aside when he came in: she was asleep, poor thing; but he knelt down by her bedside, and prayed God to bless her, and make her a good Christian.

Those were the last words I ever heard him speak; and I do not doubt but she will be one: she goes, by his desire, every week with the children of the village to learn her catechism at the church. Bless her, *she* has had a great loss!" She then led them to the drawing-room, fronting the road, by which they had entered. Two superb pictures, large as life, of the King and Queen of Naples, presented to Lord Nelson by their Majesties, along with one of Sir William Hamilton, were in this room; and upon gilt tables, in the recesses of the windows, the finest specimens of Mechlin and Dresden china, from the sets presented to his lordship by the Empress of Germany, daughter of the Queen of Naples, to whom he had rendered such important services. Recrossing the passage, Fanny's eye became more familiar with its dimly-seen objects. Sofas were placed on each side its whole length, and its walls covered with paintings, that could only be seen when the lamps from its roof were lighted; from it the stairs ascended, which were wide, and of easy ascent, the steps entirely covered with pale blue cloth. The dubious light becoming brighter as they ascended, Fanny observed it was like stepping among the clouds, and that the beautiful pictures that adorned the walls, with angel faces, contributed to the association. An Eolian harp, placed in one of the windows of an upper gallery, blended its aerial sounds with the magic of the scene. The sleeping rooms were spacious, and handsomely furnished, more for use and

comfort than display: across the foot of one bed a smaller one was placed; it was hung with white muslin, tied up with navy blue ribbons, and a fine miniature of Lord Nelson, surrounded with brilliants, was pendant above the pillow.

"It is Miss Nelson's bed," said their attendant; "there she was sleeping when my lord saw her last: perhaps you would like to see his bed-chamber; it is in the roof, but he preferred it to any other."

"Oh," said Fanny, bounding before her guide, "there, if you please."

It was a small apartment, containing a couch bed, one chair and table, over which a small mirror hung. "It was here," she said, "he fancied himself in his cot, and his cabin, and therefore most at home."

"It is like his character," said Mr. Bouville, "simple, unpretending, and unadorned, but possessing all the requisites for which it was ordained."

"I shall remember it," said Fanny, "when all below may have faded from my memory."

"Here is one yet," said the housekeeper; "I think, ma'am, you will not forget; I have kept it for the last."

Descending the stairs, and passing from the deep shadow of the intervening passage to the small apartment they had first entered, she opened the folding-doors, that fronted the entrance, and they followed her into a long apartment, the whole extent of the house, of which the vestibule formed a continuation; the walls

and floor-cloth, and ornaments, assimilating; at the opposite end similar glass doors opened upon a spacious and elevated platform, that descended by steps to an extensive lawn, surrounded by evergreens: the balcony was covered by an awning of sailcloth, impervious to the weather; and shaded in front by scarlet drapery, that only admitted a view of the green expanse to the room within, which, uniting with the entrance, formed a long gallery, opening to the grounds on each side the house, by which they were divided. In this room the family always resided when Lord Nelson was at Merton; it had every requisite for the comforts and the enjoyment of constant residence in any season; contracted by closing the intermediate doors, or extended by admitting the balconies to its length, it was the dancing-room for a small or large party, the breakfast-room for a family, or an extended circle. Grecian lamps descended from its ceiling, and its walls were covered with very fine drawings of Italian architecture and cabinet pictures; upon the tables, that on each side occupied its length, with intervening sofas, various articles of beauty and curiosity were placed; amongst which was an exquisitely wrought figure of Britannia in silver, with all her ensigns, placed on a pedestal of the same, upon which was an inscription to the Lord of the Nile, to whom it was an offering; the whole standing about two feet high; two very fine alabaster vases, filled with clusters of flowers, enamelled in their natural colours, once the ornaments of the toilette

of Marie-Antoinette, Queen of France; fine specimens of china, and treasures, from Herculaneum. One glazed picture particularly arrested the attention of Fanny, more interesting than the section of an Italian palace; it presented at a glance the interior of the minds of those whose names are destined to live along with Time, till Time shall be no more;—it was a letter from Bonaparte, written by his own hand, and taken amongst some intercepted papers, which were sent to Sir William Hamilton at Naples. He therein asserts his determination to destroy the English fleet, drive our army out of Egypt, and retake Malta. Lord Nelson was present; and Sir William passed it to him: he returned it in silence, after having written with a pencil upon it, and which remained very legible in his own peculiar writing, "Mark the end!"

"It was there," said the housekeeper, pointing to the platform, "on which Lord Nelson used to walk, and call his quarter-deck; there he would often turn in, and play with his nieces, showing them how to splice a mast with two bits of stick he had in his hand. He was the life of the house," said she, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand; "I wish he had not left Merton the last time!"

Fanny was going to echo the wish, when, in a blaze of effulgence, the radiant word "Trafalgar" shone before her mental view. "He died as he lived," said she, "for the good of his country!"

After making every proper acknowledgment to the obliging domestic, Mr. Bo ville and his

daughter took leave of Merton. As they descended the lawn, a small mulberry tree, surrounded by a palisade, was pointed out to them. Lord Nelson had planted it! Upon the lake within the boundary of the grounds, a fanciful little boat was floating, on which the name of Horatia was painted.

"It is hers," said the affectionate attendant. "It is all hers; may she live to enjoy them! had she been at home, you would have been entertained better, for young as she is, she has a noble heart, and would honour those who honour the memory of my lord."

CHAPTER V.

London, opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London! Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

Fanny's retrospective pleasure kept her silent till she entered London. Passing over Blackfriars-bridge, they drove to an hotel in Bridge-street; where, after having passed a day of so much occupation and exercise, repose was as delightful as it was restorative. The morning "cries of London" recalled Fanny to her recollection, and the plan of the day was entered upon as soon as breakfast was over. Ancient London, those parts that identified and illustrated history, was more an object of her curiosity than its modern attractions; these were to be met with east of Temple-bar, and that direction they first pur-

sued. She was a stranger to that unmeaning ridicule, which would seek to abash the inexperienced by attaching any distinction to a place, because it was at one of the cardinal points, rather than the other, in the gratification of curiosity. The Tower had an equal claim with the Palace; and there, in common with the taste of every rustic, who actually or ideally visits London, she first went. Beneath the towers of Julius her imagination was carried backwards to the early history of her country. "Shadows" of those that struck terror to the soul of Richard passed in her mind's review. The holy Henry—the credulous Clarence—the youthful princes! and her feelings thrilled with recollective horror, as she stood amidst the scenes where the bloody tragedy of their deaths was acted. The dress of the yeomanry of the guards recalled the magnificent court of the eighth Henry: their appearance and respectful assiduity to show the place pleased her much; and she observed to her father, that the vital politeness of the court infused its spirit even to those appendages that could not be supposed to participate in its refinements. The horse armoury, as showing the military costume of the successive kings of England, and the implements of torture, provided by the spirit of bigotry more than the spirit of conquest, amongst the spoils of the Spanish Armada, attracted her reflecting mind. The regalia, where the rich jewels from "either Ind," shone as in the darkness of their native mine; the menagerie, where the animals, foreign to her native land,

but familiar to her imagination, were objects of her lively attention. As she repassed the gate of the venerable fortress, she thought of the many gallant spirits it had inclosed, and of the forebodings with which they had entered it; and her visit to the Tower of London seemed to authenticate all the events recorded in its history.

"And now, dear papa," said she, "let us repair to Crosby-place. Mrs. Granville tells me part of that ancient house is standing, the residence of Richard, before he seized the crown."

"It is in Bishopsgate, or rather Great St. Helen's, where the clergy and nobility three or four hundred years ago resided, as the houses in Devonshire-square and Laurence Poultency evince. The latter was the residence of that Duke of Buckingham, who was an instrument of Gloster's ambition, and to whom Shakespeare, with the authority of history, to which he generally adheres, assigned poetical justice. They now are inhabited by merchants, men who have contributed by their enterprise and liberality to extend and support the honour of the British nation amidst all the kingdoms of the earth; and who would not sanction any whining or cruel usurper to wear its crown, whilst one legal head remained to claim it."

They dismissed the carriage at the entrance of St. Helen's, and were readily directed to the object of their inquiry. The large and antient mansion, built by a Sir John Crosbie in the reign of Henry the Fourth, is now divided, and parcelled out into extensive ware-rooms and private

dwellings; but the grand hall, or banqueting-room, retains its original appearance, space being alone requisite for the purpose to which it is now applied. Its architecture and ornaments were of the pure gothic; its high-raised roof, from whence the richly carved ribs descended below the finely pointed windows, inspired a solemn feeling, and as they stood within the recess of a deep oriel at the end, surveying the vast extent, visions of the past, records of beings long—long since gone by, glanced over their minds, and almost flitted before their eyes.

"You do not possess that frigid philosophy, that would have excluded you from Johnson's friendship," said Mr. Bonville to his daughter; "but this place excites no respect for virtue, neither will our piety or our patriotism be animated by the scenes where Richard played his part."

"Oh yes, papa—if vice to be hated need but to be seen, we serve the cause of virtue by looking upon its contrast."

Once more before she left the hall she turned again to view its vast extent,—that hall, where the marriage feast of the weak and unpitied Lady Anne so soon succeeded the funeral meats of her Edward's father.

"As the day is so fine, we will defer visiting St. Paul's till another day. I will take you along some of the principal streets, and amongst the squares, where the nobility of our own times reside; we will then take a boat at Westminster, and come down the river, from whence you will

see the three fine bridges, the beauty of which is only inferior to their accommodation."

Passing up Holborn, Mr. Bonville directed the attention of his daughter to an opening on the right, marked 'Ely-place.' "We have not done with Richard yet," said he. "You remember, at the summoned council in the Tower, when the destruction of Hastings was determined upon, the assumed ease and pleasantry of the protector, the mask of cordiality and gaiety he wore when he addressed Morton, Bishop of Ely, a man inimical to his views, and therefore hateful to him, displaying a trait in his character that our historians have deigned to notice, and which Shakspeare, with that minute discrimination which always attends him, has thus detailed:

Richard. My Lord of Ely, when I was last in *Holborn*,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for them.
Ely. Marry I will, my Lord, with all my heart.

"Rid of the prelate, whose disposition was adverse to his projects, he immediately unfolds his designs to Buckingham—his tool, his dupe, and victim. Historians fix this portentous council on the fifteenth of June, the time when we may suppose the good Bishop's strawberries were ripe."

"Thank you, papa; I should have been sorry ave passed up Holborn without having had -place pointed out to me."

Perhaps," said Mr. Bonville, archly, "you

would wish to visit the Boar's-head in Eastcheap!"

"Oh no, no, papa; proud as I should be in the presence of my prince, it would be where he retains all his dignity, which is not incompatible with condescension; but Hal, in Eastcheap, is Henry out of place, which I have no desire to identify. When he resumes himself at Shrewsbury, I am proud to acknowledge him; but my heart pays him the most willing homage, when with the magnanimity of a 'true prince,' he adds new honours to the upright judge who had reproved his follies."

The mignonette, that dispenses its rich perfumes from the gardens and verandas of the squares through which they passed, was delicious to Fanny, reviving with feelings of transitory bliss her dear Woodfield; sweet as a strain of music, blended with our happiest recollections. Arrived at the water-side, Mr. Bonville took a boat: the remembrance of her brother pressed upon her heart, when he had sat at her side, attended to her accommodation, held her hand in his, and soothed her momentary apprehensions; but she suppressed every pensive retrospection that would interrupt the enjoyment her kind father designed her, and spoke to him of the pleasure of sitting so much at ease, whilst the objects she surveyed appeared a passing pageantry for her particular amusement. They arrived at their hotel to dinner; and a review of what they had seen in the day supplied abundant matter for conversation.

"It is with London," said Fanny, "as it has been with empires, commencing in the east, and proceeding gradually westward."

"True," replied Mr. Bonville, "if we may compare little things with great, learning and the arts have travelled from the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris to the banks of the Thames, as this vast city has grown from White-Chapel to White-Hall; but you would not like to think that in its transatlantic progress, London should share the fate of Babylon and Nineveh, so mighty in their day; yet if the state of the world is destined to be progressive, as its dawning was in the east, so shall its setting glory be in the west."

"The genius of Great Britain, and the energies of her sons, forbid!" said Fanny; "long may its sun keep above the horizon, and its emanations alone gild the banks of the Susquehana!"

Mr. Bonville smiled upon his girl; he loved the sallies of her mind, and even the frolics of her fancy; the fountain from which they sprung was pure, and the stream sparkled in her path, and invigorated her life. A heavy shower fell during dinner, and subsided to soft and gentle rain.

"We are very fortunate," said Mr. Bonville; "the dust will be allayed, and we compelled to remain at home this evening, which will rest you, as the shower will refresh the air: what have you got with you to pass on a rainy evening, so as we may not count the eave-drops as they fall?"

"I have got my travelling friend and companion," said she;—"Madoc; beautiful in poesy, imagery, and sentiment, as it is, those are but

secondary to the fraternal charm that pervades its pages, that binds Madoc to his sister, and Goervyl to her brother. I have also got my little chess board, and Lilliputian men, and that never-failing source of amusement, my needle; one of the few advantages we have over you, papa: which of the three do you choose?"

"The magician Southey shall transport us into Wales, Fanny."

"The poet Southey shall *transport* us when we are there, papa; so now," said she, taking the book from her work-bag, "for a ramble by moon-light amidst its mountains with Lewellyn."

And such is the power of poetry over hearts that own its sway, that within a few steps of all that was gay and all that was busy in the London world, its existence was shut out; whilst "the rocks and shores, the forests and everlasting hills of Wales, smiled in their sunshine" before them.

On the following morning they walked to Hill-street, where the Countess of C. had arrived the preceding evening.

Without the assumption of wisdom on her part, every hour passed in such society might be thus marked down.

"I hope, sir, you will spare Miss Bonville to me the whole of to-morrow, and favour us with your company to dinner at five o'clock; do not make any engagement for the evening, when we three will go 'soberly' to Lord Fitz-Erin's private box at Drury-Lane, where the Merchant of Venice is to be performed: what is your present object, Mr. Bonville?"

"Westminster Abbey, my lady, and St. Paul's."

"I shall not leave home to-day," said she; "give me your company one quarter of an hour, and my carriage shall convey you there; keep it out the whole morning; fond as Miss Bonville is of walking, we must restrain her for her own good."

When the carriage was announced, Lady C. repeated, "to-morrow morning early, very early for London; ten o'clock if you please!"

Mr. Bonville took his daughter through Westminster-Hall; by the venerable antiquity of which she was particularly struck, to the two Houses of Parliament. It was only by association, the House of Commons excited any elevation of sentiment; the vacant throne, and the tapestry of the more spacious House of Lords, were very impressive. They proceeded to Westminster Abbey, and entered at the Poets Corner, where the ashes of those reposed, whose minds the limits of the visible world could not contain. Of him, who, "into the Heaven of Heavens did presume, an earthly guest." His monument, whose fancy "exhausted worlds, and then created new."

Amidst the splendour of wealth, the pursuits of ambition, the enterprise of commerce, that surrounded the exterior of the venerable pile, all within was solemn silence.

> The pillar'd arch was over their head,
> Beneath their feet the bones of the dead!

With silent step they proceeded; silent in reverence to the place: when the softly swelling

notes of the organ rose gradually upon the ear, the spirit of Handel commemorated itself in the soothing strains that accompanied the words of heavenly consolation, " I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and Fanny, as she paused to listen, involuntarily joined the divine song. The common objects of curiosity had little power to interest,-whilst the exquisite architecture of the building excited the liveliest admiration. Under the impression of feelings, pensive, serious, and sublime, she viewed the window at White-Hall, from whence, by an excess in cruelty, at which every generous bosom shudders with aggravated horror, the amiable, accomplished, but misguided Charles Stuart was led to death, by a party whose ambition aspired to prerogative as unconstitutional as his own; and under the impression that tender and gentle minds receive from the contemplation of suffering and unfortunate royalty, she shed tears for his unhappy fate. After the lapse of one hundred and seventy years, shall not the tears of such a being, so amiable, so virtuous, fall like balm upon his hapless name!

Passing the intervening streets with rapidity, they were put down at the north door of St. Paul's cathedral. So far as the mind is affected by sensible objects, the sensations excited by Westminster Abbey, and St. Paul's Church, were very distinct; Fanny saw nothing, heard nothing appropriated to divine worship; it appeared to her the magnificent temple of departed heroes and sages, and the feelings it inspired were sacred to their memories. Never

had any roof risen between her and heaven so high as that which bounded the vast expanse above; sublime in its dim religious light, and in its visible magnitude, she looked around in the trembling consciousness of her own littleness. A few steps further, under the lofty dome, and she approached the grave of Nelson,—he who was so mighty before, now "three steps compassed his grave." The flags that he had bowed to that of Britain seemed yet to pay homage to his name, and waved in gloomy grandeur over their heads. Mr. Bonville felt her trembling arm as it rested upon his, and led her to the surrounding statues; but still her eye reverted to the brass pavement that covered the brave, to the pendants that hung heavily above.

The evening was fine, and after dinner Mr. Bonville proposed a walk. They went leisurely up Fleet-street, surveying the beautiful articles that the shop windows presented, when Fanny was surprised by Mr. Bonville's turning suddenly down a gloomy passage, from the entrance of which she almost involuntarily hung back; emerging very gladly at its extremity upon a paved court, surrounded by antique buildings and venerable trees. Proceeding, they entered upon a fine terrace, from which they looked down upon an area, inclosed by iron palisades, and bounded in front by the Thames, that flowed beneath its embanked walls; thither they advanced, and the transition was so sudden, so unexpected, and so delightful, that Fanny almost fancied it enchantment, and sure she was it was enchanting. Broad

gravel walks encircled a spacious grass-plot, shrubs grew on its borders, and mignonette profusely covered the mould; the view on one side, the noble river; on the other, the ancient buildings, seen through the lofty trees in sombre stillness.

"Here," said Mr. Bonville, "your taste for antiquity may have ample food. This place was founded by the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem."——"St. John!" said Fanny involuntarily, and unnoted by herself as by her father. ——"More than nine hundred years ago; a band of military monks, who devoted themselves to oppose the enemies of Christianity by the sword. When their order declined it became the property of the Crown, and now is appropriated to the students of the law, a sort of university for those who are destined for its practice."

"I should prefer its study to its practice," said Fanny, "as the consequence of leaving this sweet seclusion for the throng of wrangling courts. How retired it must have been when first founded on the solitary banks of the Thames! Even now, in the very centre of London, and in view of all the business of the river, something of its original quietness prevails. I hope, papa, we may return to it again before we leave London."

At ten o'clock the following morning, Mr. Bonville and Fanny were set down in Hill-street, and most kindly received by Lady C.

"By appointing this early hour," said her ladyship, "I mean to take Miss Bonville through the Park, before the world hereabouts is awake,

and afterwards show her a London morning's amusement."

Mr. Bonville availed himself of this opportunity to transact some business on Sir Charles Seymour's account in the city, and when he had seen the carriage depart, he proceeded there. After passing Piccadilly, the coachman drove down Constitution Hill, and in front of the Queen's palace, through Buckingham gate, to the Kensington road, till they reached the last gate that entered Hyde Park, which they passed, and took its whole circuit, by the side of the Serpentine river, to its utmost extremity. Fanny was charmed by its rural beauty, its verdant turf, and fine spreading trees, and expressed surprise, *rational* rather than *rustic* surprise, that not any company was to be seen enjoying the freshness of the morning, and the attractions of the drive, as they had only passed one carriage, containing nursery maids and children.

"Dissipation, and late hours, Miss Bonville," said her ladyship, "are at variance with all the purest enjoyments of mind and person. The morning air, so fresh and reviving, is never breathed by the sons and daughters of fashion; nor do they ever see the rising sun, but perchance when returning from those amusements by which their spirits are exhausted, and their energies run down, hastening to close their weary eyes upon all the primal beauties of the day."

"I should think," said Fanny, very modestly, "that the real distinctions of the great could be maintained and acknowledged without perverting

the order of nature, and that it would be those only who eat the bread of carefulness that need lie down late. If pleasure can only be attained by illuminated rooms, a Lapland clime must be more favourable to enjoyment than ours."

"It is the privilege of age," said her ladyship, pleased with the remarks of the ingenuous girl, "to inveigh against the present times; but I do not quarrel with the world; I know its nature is destined to perpetual change, and that in the progress much good is attained. Yet I must observe, that in my youth time was not thus inverted. When I was young, the finest ladies were early risers; dined at four, drove to the Mall in St. James's Park, where, full dressed, they promenaded that fashionable walk till tea-time; after which, they went to the theatre, and partook of its amusement, with the advantage of seeing the *beginning* of a drama, that five acts were to represent; after which they returned home, satisfied to go to rest at midnight. They had then time in the morning for the performance of the duties of accountable beings, and the acquaintance with their families and themselves, from which I do not consider the most elevated station of life exempt. Even then, there were Lady Townleys, who despised this sobriety of enjoyment, but they were few; like meteors they dazzled, and expired, whilst the more fixed stars shone with steady and unclouded ray."

They were now approaching Cumberland gate; Lady C. looking at her watch, pulled the check string; "Home!" and they drove in that direc-

tion. Dear English word, whose influence no British bosom, whatever the rank, disowns!

"It is now twelve," said her ladyship; "we are too early to make our calls; we will take a little refreshment at home, the servants and horses may do the same, and then resume our ride." On entering the room, Lady C. went directly to the letter rack. "Ah! a packet from Lord Fitz-Erin! did not we do well to come here?" It contained a few lines from his lordship, giving a summary and favourable account of their health and spirits when the pilot boat left them, and the promise of writing at large from Madeira; inclosed was a letter from Edgar to his sister, which was almost a duplicate of his lordship's. The drive was now confined to the streets, which were crowded with carriages, containing elegant company; consequently several ladies on whom the Countess called were from home, and as her footman gave the cards, she said, "I have added your card with mine, Miss Bonville; that should you ever meet those, to whom I should be glad to introduce you, your name will not be unknown."

To this refined politeness its object could only bow her acknowledgments. A gig then passed them, in which a handsome young man, driven by his servant, was seated. He bowed very respectfully to Lady C., and was driven rapidly forward.

"That young man," said her ladyship, "possesses very uncommon talents, at least what are considered such in this country; an extempora-

neous effusion of poetry, appropriate to the passing events of the day, and the company present, whose characters he quickly discriminates. He accompanies himself upon the piano-forte with great taste, and as he possesses a sweet voice, the effect never fails to please. The poetry, as you may suppose, partakes of 'the butter woman's rate to market,' but it is of a nature that disarms criticism, and though generally personal, scarce ever gives offence. In his intercourse with his own world he is considered volatile, to say the best of him, and that the rich and rare talents he possesses are not excited to any solid purpose; but in the society I have met him he is perfectly correct, and keeps his place there by the brilliancy of his wit, and the dextrous display of those never-failing talents. He is considered a scholar, has had a gentleman's education, and is very young; possibly we may meet with him this morning."

"I wish we may," said Fanny; "but I have ever considered an improvisatore as a being of inspiration, which this country never produces: the English generally thinking twice before they speak, and sometimes thinking so much as not to speak at all."

They were now driven up to a portico, where several carriages were in waiting; amongst which was the gig of the subject of their conversation, that Fanny immediately recognised. The character of Lady C. preceded her rank, and she was received with marked deference and respect: honourable to those by whom it was paid.

"Mr. Locke," said the lady of the mansion, "was just sitting down to the piano; will it be agreeable to your ladyship to hear him, or shall we impose silence upon him?"

"I consider myself very fortunate in this opportunity," replied her ladyship, "and shall be much obliged by Mr. Locke's proceeding."

The young man reseated himself at the instrument, and ran over its keys with a light preludatory finger, that arrested Fanny's whole attention. He then began to sing. The measure of his verse, and its accompaniments, were that of a simple ballad; it frequently varied, and was intermixed with pleasing symphonies. He seemed to take up the distinctions of each as by intuition; scarce any one present but had a husband, father, or brother, who had displayed bravery, and gained glory, with their great commander Wellington, and no foliage presents so fair a chaplet for the muse to interweave as the laurels gathered by the brave. Gentle murmurs of approbation encouraged the performer. He looked towards Lady C. and her young protegée, but his glance was too unobtrusive to create any unpleasing consciousness. He still sung:

But see amidst the high-born train
An artless maid appears;
Not even of her follies vain,
Nor wise above her years!

Her simple robe, her angel face,
Is form'd to win our love;
Who steals a charm from ev'ry grace,
Must three times charming prove!

Whilst she who leads this village maid
A trifling world to see,
Forgives my idle sing-song trade,
And deigns to smile on me.

And thus I e'er have found and seen
The wisest and the best
Most lenient to the weak have been,
And left to Heaven the rest.

"The hectic of a moment" passed over Fanny's cheek, but the immediate transition to Lady C. saved her from self-application: never to be disconcerted is one of the creeds of the fashionable world; and though she did not belong to it, yet the habit, or rather the principle of being always self-collected, answered a better purpose. The young performer ceasing singing, but combining the airs he had played, presented a very pleasing divertisement, and withdrew the attention of the company from themselves, to the skill and delicacy of the execution.

Before Lady C. took her leave, she introduced Miss Bonville more particularly to those most highly esteemed by her ladyship, and departed, pleased by the impression her "village maid" had excited.

"We now," said her ladyship, "will call upon the Dowager Countess of ——; she has been the acquaintance, though not the companion, of my life, and I have a strong predilection for the associates of my early days. Lady —— is my senior in years, but not in exterior; as maid, wife, and dowager, she has always been in the gayest

circles, and her house is one of the prettiest in London."

As they drew up to the door, a light caravan gave way; it was filled with the most beautiful exotics in all the brilliancy of floral maturity.

"Oh! how exquisitely beautiful," exclaimed Fanny, with more animation than she had yet expressed; "beautiful, as though they had grown at Woodfield!"

The lady was at home, and they were received in her library on the ground floor. It was an oval room, the entrance at one end; at the opposite one a large bow window, sashed to the ground, opened upon a small oblong area, its boundary wall, lined by treillage, which was interwoven with climbing plants in flower: the sides of the room were covered from the cornice to the carpet with splendid books, where gold, scarlet, green, and purple, strove for mastery. Though Lady —— had passed her grand climacteric, her form was light, and her step agile; her complexion very fair, whilst a little artificial colour supplied the place of those roses that had yielded to time. Though her dress had not that dignified propriety that marked Lady C.'s descending life, yet it was not unbecoming her personal appearance. Though her figure wanted height, and her manners dignity, yet there was so much apparent good humour, that she could not fail to prepossess, and she expressed the liveliest pleasure at the sight of her old friend."

"I wish your ladyship," said she, "would have honoured my rooms last night with your pre-

sence, but I knew it was in vain to ask it; they did not open till twelve o'clock. The illustrious warrior, my countryman, was here; we had a brilliant evening. The rooms were enchanting; I had the finest collection of flowers and plants Macarry could produce."

"Those we had the pleasure to see," said Lady C., "as they left the house this morning."

"I am glad you did; he fetched them away early, and brought me a bill for forty pounds for the use of them; but you only saw one caravan full, and I had six. Would la belle paysanne," said she, looking towards Fanny, "take pleasure in seeing the rooms? they are in the exact state they were last night, excepting the plants."

"I am sure she would," said Lady C., rising from her seat; "so would une vieille femme: we will follow your ladyship."

The circular staircase led direct to the spacious drawing-room; down the middle of which the card-tables were placed in line, covered to the ground with fine purple cloth, bordered with the richest gold lace: the four large chairs that surrounded each were the same, and over every table a superb glass lustre was suspended; the rest of the furniture corresponded in magnificence, which Fanny thought was very suitable to the rank of its owner, without feeling any other sensation than to be a passing observer. A door, at its upper end, opened to a small room, which, from its size, form, and aspect, was evidently above the library; it contained various specimens of natural and artificial beauty; tropical birds

preserved with the nicest art; shells of the finest texture and polish; japan cabinets containing French flowers of most exquisite delicacy, and Asiatic perfumes of Arabian odour. One small cabinet of plate glass attracted Fanny's particular attention; its contents, secured by a gold key, suspended to a chain Lady —— always wore around her neck, were miniature pictures, resemblances of the different branches of her ladyship's family, amongst which were several beautiful women and very handsome men; three were severally encircled with diamonds or pearls, and were arranged at the back of the cabinet, so as to exhibit them with the best effect. Her ladyship obligingly opened the doors, to give her visitors the opportunity of inspecting them without restraint, and was very much gratified by Miss Bonville unconsciously selecting the resemblance of her mother, as the most beautiful and interesting picture.

Throwing open a door, near to that by which they had entered; "But here," said her ladyship, "was the scene of my triumph last night."

It was a long room, the walls of which were covered with muslin drapery, lined with rose-coloured silk; coved recesses, fronting each other down the sides of the room, contained small sofas; a rich diamond cut lustre hung from its ceiling, and at its extremity, large folding glass doors opened upon a long balcony, that hung over the verdant area below; at the far end of which an immense mirror reflected the beautiful plants that had been arranged there; with the company

and lights that were interspersed in the room, and amidst the foliage.

Without waiting for a remark, Lady —— exclaimed, "Ah! but daylight dissolves all enchantment. Seeing what it is this morning, and recollecting what it was last night, is like awakening from a dream of ecstasy to sober reality, where the objects yet remain upon the fancy, but all the unspeakable enjoyment is vanished!"

Lady C. and Miss Bonville expressed their admiration of the present effect, and left Lady —— pleased and gratified at the acknowledged attraction of her rooms, even by daylight.

"Home," said Lady C. "through the park!"

"You are too young, and I too old," said her ladyship, "to become proselytes to Lady ——'s opinion."

"Such conformity to fashion cannot be expected from me," said Fanny, "whose rusticity even the sun of your ladyship's favour cannot gild."

"Ah! you are aware that you were found out both by Mr. Locke's muse, and Lady ——. People of fashion know each other as freemasons do, by certain marks peculiar to their order; but simplicity of manner, and dignity of character, maintain their own standard, and assert their own value. From Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin I should wish you to form your estimate of true nobility; by them, and such as them, la belle paysanne will need no other distinction than her own virtues."

"But see," said her ladyship, happily seizing

the occasion for preventing her young friend from being unfashionably disconcerted, "the very circumstance I have wished will occur: one of the royal carriages is entering the Park; I hope it is the Princess Charlotte* of Wales: would not you like to see your future Queen?"

As the carriage approached, the Countess of C——'s coachman drew up. Her royal highness bowed to her ladyship, and Fanny had a fair view of the lovely youthful princess. Her ermine cap was not whiter than her alabaster-like complexion, and her gracious smile and bow threw a beautiful radiance around her.

"There *is* enchantment by day-light," said Fanny: "oh happy Princess, beloved by a thousand hearts! how enviable is your power to dispense happiness, but how awful its responsibility!"

The benevolence of Lady C——'s disposition caught enjoyment from the reflection of it in others, and the animation of her companion excited pleasure in herself.

* Such were the feelings our beloved Princess excited; and though the sad reverse shall long call forth the sigh of sympathy, when the tears of bitter sorrow have ceased; yet no tribute of affectionate loyalty offered to her when living *shall* be withdrawn. She is gone, but her goodness, her loveliness, the country's hope, shall be fondly remembered by every British bosom, whose tender requiem shall be,

Waft her, angels, to the skies,
Far above yon azure plain;
Glorious, there like you to rise,
There, like you, for ever reign!

CHAPTER VI.

The prime of age,
Composed her steps; whilst each majestic motion
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. Her noble mind
Procures to her the privilege of man,
Ne'er to be old, till Nature's self decay.

The home establishment of the Countess of C. was conducted with the most admirable propriety; her confidential servants were advanced in life, and experienced in faithfulness, whilst those whose departments required more active duty were steady and well principled. Her house was magnificent rather than elegant, and in its organization much of the state of older times appeared. To her equals, she was a most agreeable and intelligent companion; and to those whose talents or virtues raised to the distinction of her esteem and society, she was sweetly affable: but her manners were uniformly dignified, and the freedom and laxity of the present times never invaded her habits, her appearance, or her principles; she always looked, dressed, and acted, as became the high born woman of quality.

In the hour before dinner, she herself conducted Fanny through some of the principal apartments of the house; pointing out to her attention the portraits of her family, whose sires had acquired their well-earned honours as champions of their country's freedom in the senate, or defenders of its rights in the field; whilst both the sea and the land bore testimony to the "fame of their name."

"This room," said her ladyship, opening a door that led from her private dressing-room, "is my oratory; I love to give every temporal aid to my spiritual duties, to consider one place in my house as immediately appropriated to serious reflection, and grateful acknowledgement to Him who preserves and sustains the whole. Walk forward, my dear; I trust there is no ostentation of piety here, but I should wish you to believe, that amidst the tumultuous dissipation of this great city, there may be, there are many hearts lifted up in privacy to Him, who can alone judge them rightly."

Fanny entered the apartment, from whence all exterior objects were excluded, by its windows of semi-transparent glass; a large bible and prayer-book were closed upon the table, by the side of which was one chair and hassock. Over the fire-place hung a small and exquisitely painted head of the Saviour of the World, which, with a square ivory box that stood upon a side-table, were all the decorations of the room.

"I consider this place," said Lady C., "too consecrated by its purpose, to admit any other feelings than gratitude and humility, and under those impressions, I do not hesitate to lead you to its observation. When I retire to this room, I endeavour to divest myself of all temporal feelings, and enter it to commune with myself and my Creator. This book," said she, laying her hand upon the Bible, "is, I trust, the most valued possession of every sincere Christian; it is the testament of ages; the history of the forefathers of the world; the beginning of time; the register

of its progress; the origin of those laws to which the after-wisdom of man resorted for the security of his kind. I should think as meanly of the capacity of those who could look upon this book without veneration, as I should feel sorrow and terror for such as do not receive the revelations of the newer Testament as the fountain of their salvation on earth, and the anchor of their hopes in heaven. This prayer-book is the pious labours of a man whose name will ever be dear to the spiritual as to the temporal interests of England, the name of Nelson. When I would address the Almighty Creator of mankind in more extended communion than the beautiful prayer bequeathed by his Son, I feel comfort and confidence in availing myself of those forms, that devout and sensible men have adapted to the wants and weaknesses of frail humanity. That picture, that beautiful picture, displays the expression of those divine features that beamed with redeeming love for all the world. I do not fear the imputation of attaching any further influence to pictures as aids to devotion than the 'reasonable service' of my religion, and the orthodoxy of my church allows; but if such paintings are to be purchased at an immense price, and valued the more on account of their sacred subjects, where can they be placed more appropriate to their sublime import than in apartments destined to meditations upon the divine original? surely more consonant than in galleries or halls, where gaiety and festivity assemble. This little case contains that portion of my alms, that, with all due humility, I

offer to my Maker, for the love of his name. Subscriptions to those public charities, the institution of which accords with my judgment, I consider as exacted by my rank and fortune, for example, and in justice to the wants of those whom misfortune has made dependent upon the wealth or bounty of others; but here I deposit the cheerful sacrifice of 'this world's good, according as my heart is disposed,' from which I am ready to give, glad to distribute, and which I accumulate by abstinence from selfish indulgence, worldly pomp, and personal gratification."

"Ah!" thought Fanny, though she did not presume to express her thoughts, "with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

"Few enter this room," continued her ladyship: "had I not felt an internal conviction that you have been nurtured in the fear and admonition of your Lord, I should not have brought you here."

The amiable being whom Lady C. addressed could have kissed the hem of her garment; she did presume to kiss the hand that rested on the deposit of benevolence. "It is holy ground," she thought, "and angels minister within it."

Lady C. took her hand, and led her away.

"I will not detain you longer from your papa, Miss Bonville, who I believe is arrived. All that we can do is but little; let us only strive to do what we can, and that I trust will be accepted."

The few hours that succeeded were passed at the table, and in animated observations on the events of the preceding fortnight, so full of in-

terest to the small party; who at seven o'clock were set down at Drury-lane theatre. The blaze of light that burst upon Fanny's sight as she approached the front of the private box almost startled her sober sense; a moment she felt bewildered; the splendid *tout ensemble* of the house, the classical beauty of the front scene, the elegant company in the lower circle, the full powers of the orchestra, alternately claimed her attention, whilst the combination of all, "scenes surpassing fable, yet true," awakened new and successive pleasure; and Lady ——'s observation of the enchantment of illumination was presented as a self-evident truth. But the mere pleasure of the senses was subservient to the gratification of her intellectual capacities: when the scene drew up, and the spirit of Shakespeare animated the stage, all their faculties were occupied, all their expectations excited, all their powers gratified. The disinterested friendship of the noble-minded Venetian merchant, and the lighter hearted gaiety that graced the high qualifications of Bassanio, met her warmest approbation: the cunning of the scene produced the effect of reality; and the character of Shylock was so well personated, that she shrunk from the contemplation of a nature so depraved. She could have loved the gentle Jessica, and have sympathised with her natural affection for Lorenzo, but her filial heart could not separate the duties and the feelings of the daughter from the attachment of the mistress. Her own dear father was sitting at her side, rejoicing in her enjoyments, and though light and

darkness, good and evil, heaven and eternal banishment from it, could not be more opposite than they, yet the tender name of father operated as a charm upon the daughter. Shylock, hated and proscribed, bearing nothing human but the form; there was not, there could not be one creature in the wide world to mitigate his wretchedness but his daughter, and she had forsaken him! This strong and tender affection, which is scarcely ever supplanted in a woman's heart, even by that love which God and her country ratifies, outweighed in Fanny's the wickedness of the wretched father. Miss Smith played Portia; the firm outline of whose features, with the spirit and intelligence of her fine dark eye, and the dignity of her open and sensible brow, beautifully personified the well known character of "Belmont's Lady;" but it was, when in the doctor's robe, which, with the internal feelings of gracefulness in the woman, she folded round her with inimitable effect, when the language of mercy fell from her lips, sweet as the dew of Heaven descends, and its heaven-inspired sentiments were expressed in all the energy of voice and accent, that her dramatic excellence was manifested, and the power of eloquence proved. Fanny shared the triumphs of her sex as she heard the plaudits bestowed upon this exquisite performance, and she thought thus to plead the cause of justice, tempered by mercy, was one of the noblest prerogatives of man; the ultimate success of the woman, wife, and friend, was a most delightful finale to one of Shakspeare's finest plays.

Mr. Bonville observed, "that the oratory of the stage, so chaste, yet so energetic, as that which they had heard, entitled it to be the school of eloquence for the pulpit, the bar, and the senate."

Lady C. retired at the conclusion of the play, after having engaged her highly esteemed visitors for the succeeding evening at her house, and they remained to see the elegant little after-piece that followed; which for pictorial effect, and the most admired music and singing, was one of the first favourites of the public.

On the following morning, Fanny rose early, and was in the breakfast-room before Mr. Bonville; the sashes were open, and the freshness of the air allured her out of doors; she gained sufficient confidence to walk from the hotel to Blackfriars bridge, and leaning over its balustrades, she surveyed the noble sweep of the river above and below. The scene was too busy and too novel to allow her abstraction from it; but yet, with that facility which an active imagination exercises, she involuntarily compared the characteristics of her native Tees, and the commercial Thames. The one precipitating its amber waves between deep and rocky banks, upon which the ancient oak and elm, the lighter ash and birch were intermingled, its waves foaming and boiling around the large pieces of rock, that its torrents had undermined and removed; its waters sparkling to the eye, and babbling to the ear, the only sounds that interrupted the imposing silence, excepting the echo of the woodman's stroke, and

the distant water-fall. The other, crowded with life and business, the voices of men, and the splashing of oars, resounding in all their variety, and the banks covered with coalmen and bargemen; yet there was a freshness from the river most invigorating and salubrious; but how dead compared with that which swept along the vale of Tees, the very breath of Heaven in all its purity, to which the turf that the foot pressed added fresh sweets, whilst the sun, not, as here, struggling through a dense and smoke-involved atmosphere, rose like a giant in his strength, spreading light and life on all surrounding nature. Returning up Bridge-street, her mind ran over the pleasure that her remaining stay in London had in reserve. Somerset House, Greenwich Hospital, the British Museum, and here a recollection of her own little museum at Woodfield glanced in; the East India House and Docks, and the ensuing evening in the sweet society of Lady C., with all the intermediate objects that London presented to its passengers: nor were these anticipated pleasures confined to their actual enjoyment; the thoughts of her mamma's and Mrs. Granville's future participation, by amalgamating with them, heightened and refined them. Fanny found her father seated at the breakfast table, with an open letter in his hand; it was from her mamma, tender and affectionate as the heart of the writer; she pressed it to her lips: "Best of mammas!" she exclaimed, "another week, and I shall be with you at our own beautiful home."

Mr. Bonville looked expressively in her face: "Fanny! my love!" hesitatingly he spoke, "are you prepared to meet my weakness?"

"To meet your wishes, my dearest father! Let me borrow from my baby tales:

> "Speak your wishes, speak your will;
> Swift obedience meets you still."

"Then we leave London to-morrow: I am almost ashamed in thus yielding to what may appear weak or capricious in your eyes, my Fanny, but an uncontrollable desire to return home overpowers me; I was there in my dreams last night, and I awoke with so lively a desire to realize them, that the consideration of your pleasure alone withholds me from leaving London this day."

"Let it be this day, my dear papa; my pleasure and yours have the same object, therefore must have the same pursuit. I will be ready whenever you appoint, and will write immediately to Lady C. the alteration of our plans."

"My dear girl," said Mr. Bonville, as he took her hand, and drew her towards him, "I feel the full value of the sacrifice."

"Oh, do not consider it such; since I have read mamma's letter, I almost wish to be at home with her, and dear Mrs. Granville. It is only Lady C. that I shall regret. I have seen enough, my dear papa. Lady C——'s regard will accompany us to Woodfield; and oh what a recompense will meet us there!"

"Happy is the heart," said Mr. Bonville, "that finds its resting place at home; but we will not run away so very abruptly, you shall write to

Lady C., and I will send the note by a porter, who shall wait the intimation of her ladyship's pleasure, to receive our call this morning. In the intermediate time, after all is prepared for the departure, we will visit Somerset-house, and our carriage shall call there, take us to Hill-street, when, after quitting her ladyship, we will proceed to Bedford, which we shall reach in the evening."

Fanny Bonville walked with her father to Somerset-house. It was the last week of the exhibition, and the rooms were full of company. Though music was her talent, yet she had a quick appreciation of the beauties of picture. Portraits, as identifying characters whose name had reached her ear, distinguished by talents, valour, or beauty, and landscapes, as presenting those objects amidst which her happy life had been passed, were the most attractive. A beautiful view* in Chatsworth-Park, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, in Derbyshire, drew her attention. It displayed a grand intermixture of rock and entangled wood, that brought her home scenes of Teesdale to her mind; and if, as St. Pierre observes, the simplest habitation of man gives dignity to every scene, so the portrait of its noble owner added spirit and animation to the finely painted landscape. The towers of Stirling Castle†, as they proudly overlooked the mazy windings of the Clyde, presented one of the finest landscapes of the exhibition. Here was contemplation for days rather than moments; and an in-

* By Reinagle. † By Hofland.

voluntary feeling that she should see them no more gave an impression of melancholy to the scene. Attracted by a whole length portrait of a gentleman in full uniform, she drew her father to the picture. The form and features were familiar to her recollection: it represented the fine tall figure, the animated countenance of Captain St. John, who commanded the Guildford; who at that very moment might be the object on which the eyes of her beloved brother rested. To strangers, it presented the picture of a British sailor in the pride of his profession, in the prime of his life, and in the possession of qualifications that united dignity with urbanity, resolution without sternness, and gaiety without levity.

"Oh! that a wish," said she, "would transport this picture to Woodfield. How would mamma cherish the resemblance of him who has her darling in keeping; and what a dear, dear group would fancy press into the foreground!"

"I am very glad," said Mr. Bonville, "to see this picture; it gives confirmation to the character that Captain St. John appeared to me on board the Guildford: there he was the polite attentive gentleman; here the traits of the officer, sailor, friend, are added."

"I wish to look at no other picture after this," said Fanny, "and shall not be sorry if the carriage comes immediately."

Mr. Bonville looked at his watch; the time of its appointment was come; they descended, and found it waiting. After being announced in Hill-street, they were immediately admitted to Lady C., who had given orders to be denied to all other

visitors. She expressed much regret at the sudden departure, and spoke most affectionately of the absent tie that united them; she solemnly blessed Fanny, and with other tokens of her esteem, presented her with a small volume.

"It is," said her ladyship, "'the Essays' of a dearly beloved and deeply regretted friend of my youth, whose character I have thought assimilated with yours. Happy are those who live and die like Catherine Talbot, and whose works, whilst they perpetuate their own virtues, tend to promote and establish those of their posterity."

"Whether I look upon what I have left, or to what I am hastening," said Fanny, as they drove out of Hill-street, "all is pleasure; and now that I have parted with the only living attraction London has for me, and actually on the way to Woodfield, I should almost be sorry to remain another day here."

"Continue, my love," said her father, "thus to feel,—thus to deserve: a grateful heart pays its obligation by enjoying the happiness it receives."

It was early summer; the season was so fine, and to a north-country girl so premature, that travelling under its influence was not the least pleasure of Fanny's excursion. As they passed through Hertfordshire, the young tendrils of the clematis, luxuriant in verdure, threw out their twining shoots, and hung them in gay festoons from branch to branch of the lofty trees that were intermingled in the hedge-rows.

"This verdant drapery," said Fanny, "resembles those fine paintings of Claude's, that hung in the vestibule at Merton; where the vines

receive support from, and confer grace upon the stately trees in their vicinity."

"And the sky," observed Mr. Bonville, "is as clear and as cloudless as that of Italy, but yet the scene is not Italian; that rich glow of rosy light that pervades the pictures of Claude Lorraine is wanting, as are the classical forms of the Italian peasantry and buildings; but it is a lovely English view under its brightest atmosphere; as we advance northward, we shall find vegetation more cautious of meeting this premature summer, whilst Italy, and the south of France, are now glowing in all its luxuriance."

"But," said Fanny,

"Man is the nobler growth our realms supply,
And *souls* are ripen'd in our northern sky."

"A very appropriate quotation, my love, from a most beautiful poem. To the mind that could apply it, I need not say, that however grace and beauty may embellish life, it is by firmness and resolution to meet its vicissitudes that it can alone be sustained."

There either was, or Fanny's imagination interpreted, a peculiar expression in her father's voice, and she continued some time silent, communing with herself.

"Have I," thought she, "been too much captivated by the elegant pleasures in which I have participated, that this dear father would recal me to myself? but I have brought no lingering wishes away that will lessen the more quiet happiness of home; perhaps he fears this, and, if so, I thank his gentle admonition, for his rebuke would have

broken my heart; perhaps this apprehension might impel his sudden departure; but he is above disguise, and I will not admit so invidious a supposition; I am perplexing myself with vain imaginations, and I will drive them away."

A passing remark made by Mr. Bonville, in his usual voice, restored the placidity of her feelings, and a sweet interchange of sentiments and opinions diversified the pleasure of travelling.

They slept the last night within twenty miles of Ashhurst. When reseated in the carriage the following morning, Mr. Bonville took his daughter's hand, and looking anxiously in her face, said, "My dear child, I have hurried you away from those pleasures congenial to your age and taste, prematurely, with the expectations I had allowed you to form. I did not mean to prove your self-control, or to put your conformity with my wishes to the test, for I never doubted either; you have proved yourself equal to my fondest expectations. I now call upon the exertion of your fortitude, when I tell you I did not leave London without a very serious cause. By the same post that brought your dear mother's letter, I received one from Mrs. Granville, which was written a few hours after. I will spare myself by giving it you to read! Do not tremble, my Fanny; all I trust will be well. You know Mrs. Granville may be relied upon; she never equivocates; she is true to a letter: read what she says."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Time will not allow me to express my feelings on the occasion that compels me to write.

After my dear Mrs. Bonville had written the letter that you will receive along with this, we walked out together towards Seymour-Hall. Passing through the first gate that enters the park, I was remarking to her the peculiar beauty of the evening sky, when the gate that I had thrown back fell suddenly towards me; its weight would have immediately struck me down, had not Mrs. Bonville met it with her arm. How shall I add the rest? Her arm was broken; but Mr. Fraser, who is just arrived, assures me she will do as well as the nature of the accident will admit. She will not hear my self-reproaches, and insists you are not informed of their cause, having the greatest confidence in the skill of her surgeon, and in the care of her afflicted friend; yet I cannot support the feeling that you are ignorant of her present situation, and send this off by express to the post-office. I have not time to give one word to my beloved girl. Under all circumstances, your attached."

Before Fanny had read the letter to its conclusion, her eyes were suffused with tears, and deep sighs prevented her from speaking.

"I concealed this cause of sorrow from you, my Fanny, because the knowledge could have answered no possible good; your spirits would have been agitated, and your journey, that could not have been more expedited, rendered intolerably tedious. I have supported myself in that consideration, and in the confidence I have in Mr. Fraser, the excellence of your dear mother's constitution, and the strength of mind that I

know sustains her in every emergency, enduring pain with the utmost firmness, and subduing suffering in the consideration of the sympathy of others."

"Oh! my mamma," said the weeping girl; "the first absence, and the first accident!"

"You must not consider it thus deeply, my child; you will enervate your mind, and destroy its energies. To the accidents of life we are all exposed, and as we advance in it, must be prepared to meet them with courage and resignation. I wrote to Mrs. Granville the day we left London, and my letter will precede our arrival one day and a half, therefore we shall be expected the very time when we arrive. I also sent a note along with yours to the Countess of C.; in which, to avoid the appearance of caprice, or disrespect, I stated the circumstance, which she most kindly lamented, and approved my silence to you. Did my Fanny think I could have torn her away from her promised pleasures under the weak influence of a sudden feeling?"

"I thank your tender consideration for me, my dear papa; I will endeavour to subdue my own emotions by your example."

One object alone occupied the mind of the daughter the remainder of the way. Passing through Ashhurst, many a smiling face, and respectful curtesy, welcomed the return of the village benefactors: arrived at Woodfield, the pleased attentions of the servants, the bounding joy of Viper, the beauties of her terrestrial paradise, were momentarily disregarded. Sir Charles

Seymour and Mrs. Granville met her at the entrance of her home.

"Dear Fanny," said the latter, "your mamma is most happily recovering, but Mr. Fraser particularly recommends quiet; you will control your feelings, even your joy at seeing her again."

Mrs. Bonville was seated in her own chamber: her countenance was pale, but cheerful. She put out her left hand, which her daughter pressed to her lips, and sinking upon her knees, hid her weeping face upon her beloved mother's lap; but quickly recovering herself, she arose, and retired with Mrs. Granville, as her father entered the room. Her emotions, long controlled, now wholly overcame her, and she wept not from sorrow alone, but the mixed feelings of affection and tender pleasure for her return.

Sir Charles, who had scarcely ever witnessed either the tears of suffering or weakness, in this happy and sensible girl, looked upon her with sensations of commiseration, and felt proud of being her comforter. He said he had slept at Woodfield every night since the accident; had read to her mamma when Mrs. Granville was otherwise occupied, and supplied the place of Edgar, as far as he had the power.

"Edgar will thank you, Sir Charles; we all thank you, we will all love you for your kindness."

"Soon as Mr. Fraser thinks it right that Mrs. Bonville should ride out, the carriage shall come down every day," said he, in a tone that seemed more to conciliate favour than to confer it.

Mrs. Bonville's recovery was as favourable as her

anxious family could wish, and her confinement amused by Fanny's detail of her journey. Reviewed through the happy bias of her mind, and reflected from the bright visions of her memory, all the pleasures of her journey were transmitted to her friends in colours as lively as was their actual existence; Sir Charles frequently exclaiming, "Dear! I saw nothing so very pleasant in London! I do not remember the mignonette in Cavendish Square, or the singular effect you mention of Albany, like walking in an arcade by moonlight. I never saw the Temple gardens! Lady Seymour always said there was nothing worth seeing on the other side of the Bar. I never saw that Westminster Abbey had two towers! I will look at them when I go again, and think of your calling them 'sister towers.'"

"My dear Sir Charles," said Mrs. Bonville, "I would not offend you by referring you to a little story in Mrs. Barbauld's inimitable 'Evenings at Home,' 'Eyes, and no Eyes;' but I will assure you, children six feet high may read those without stooping."

"I suppose such a book is only to be had at the corner of St. Paul's church-yard," said he, laughing, "or I would have read it."

"And there," said Mrs. Granville, "according to the creed you have adopted, Sir Charles, you never go, expecting to find nothing worth your notice."

"They formed part of my first library," said Fanny, "and I often re-read them with delight."

"Then, Miss Bonville, you will read 'Eyes,

and no Eyes' to me, if it will open my eyes to as much pleasure as you have received."

When Mr. Bonville thanked Mr. Fraser for his successful attendance, and acknowledged the happy effects of his skill, he replied, "Though our profession leads us to the contemplation of much human suffering, yet we have the happy equivalent of affording it alleviation; and when our endeavours are confided in, and our recommendations conformed to, as they are here, the painful department of our office is considerably ameliorated."

"Oh, Mr. Fraser," said Fanny, "if I possessed one of the only three gold coins that are extant of Henry the Third, I would add it to your collection."

"Your regard, my dear Miss Bonville, is of more value than an Otho; but I hope you do not laugh at my antiquarian propensities?"

"Oh, no; sympathy forbid!" she replied; "I too am a member of the fraternity, and venerate its rust."

CHAPTER VII.

It were a tale
Would rouse adventurous courage in a boy,
Making him long to be a mariner,
That he might rove the main, if I should tell
How pleasantly, for many a summer day
Over the sunny sea, with wind at will,
Prince Madoc sail'd.

Sir Charles Seymour felt great complacency in the terms upon which he was at Woodfield. He had been useful to others, and happy in him-

self; and the pleasant intermixture of amusement and improvement that Woodfield presented in contrast with the heavy monotony of Seymour-Hall, almost domesticated him there. He rode out with Mr. and Miss Bonville; and when he saw Fanny upon L'Orient, he thought the white star upon its forehead more beautiful than ever. Her attractions, and those of the horse she rode, were a constellation. He wished to appropriate both to himself; and to wish, and to have, excepting in the case of L'Orient, had generally been united. One feeling he had in sympathy with Lady Seymour, he thought wealth would command all things; wealth he possessed, and therefore he had only to determine with himself whether he *would* have Fanny or no. Yet there were moments, in spite of this over-ruling consciousness, in which he doubted its power with her. It was the sweetness of her temper alone which checked that quick perception and exposure of the ridiculous that leads lively and sensible natures to mark its folly; and that high feeling of sentiment, which holding all moral turpitude in abhorrence, could only be counteracted by a humble sense of human frailty. Where self-love is concerned the dullest are quick, and sometimes Charles would consciously apply what was never intended, as a satire upon his follies, or a condemnation of his conduct; but Mr. Bonville and his family were too noble-minded, too ingenuous, too well-bred, to reprove by inuendos.

After bringing a little wavering to a conclusion, and over-ruling a few doubts that would obtrude,

Sir Charles determined to ask Mr. Bonville's permission to marry Fanny; not even submitting himself to Lady Seymour, either for her opinion or sanction. Nothing could exceed Mr. Bonville's surprise; he was aware that a young man who fancies himself in love could not easily be persuaded that he was not so, or that he was too young to know his own heart; as his friend, and as the friend of his father, he entreated him not to form any engagement so early in life.

"As your guardian, my dear Sir Charles, I have insuperable objections that my daughter should be the object of your choice. When the law sanctions your power to choose a wife, and your mother approves it, I shall be glad to witness your election of a woman so honourable to your taste and virtue as the one you now profess to love."

"Since you are so very cruel, sir,"—Mr. Bonville could not repress a smile,—"will you allow me to gain Miss Bonville's favour, if I promise not to marry till I am of age?"

"Pardon me, Sir Charles; I cannot sanction any such expectations, and because I cannot, I am very sorry you have formed them; it is not my nature to be cruel, but I must do justice to my trust and myself."

"Had my father been living, sir, he would have approved my choice, though perhaps my mother may not."

"But he, my dear Sir Charles, is dead; living or dead, most worthy of our remembrance. What

Lady Seymour's opinion may be cannot be further spoken of without disrespect to Miss Bonville, which you are sure I cannot allow; therefore I beg, my dear young friend, the subject may now cease."

"But will you, sir, inform Miss Bonville of my wishes, and allow me to receive an answer from herself?"

"Your ingenuousness, Sir Charles, deserves this concession on my part; but not even Fanny's decision will bias mine."

Sir Charles declined entering the house, and Mr. Bonville joined his family. He seated himself by his daughter, and gently withdrawing her work, said, "I have pledged myself, Fanny, to be the bearer of a very important message from Sir Charles to you, and really I am so unused to circumlocution, that I must deliver it in a straight forward way. He wishes you to share his title and fortune!"

Raising her eyes with a sort of ludicrous incredulity, she said, "How? my dear papa!"

"By becoming Lady Seymour, with your own consent and mine."

Fanny Bonville, into whose imagination "to marry, or not to marry," had never entered, was for a few moments silent; then looking around her, said, "You are all *so* grave, that I dare not laugh: pray, dear mamma, tell me what adequate message I can return to Sir Charles's very polite one; does it not deserve my very best London curtesy?"

"I believe, my Fanny, Sir Charles is serious, and desires your serious answer," said her father.

"Oh! then there is no sympathy between us, for what makes him serious makes me merry.—Indeed I know very little upon the subject, but that it will be expected I should love, honour, and obey the man I marry. Now, my dear mamma, I did love Charles Seymour when he was a little spoiled boy, the younger brother of my own Edgar; but in the grave of Mr. Conyers all that could have entitled him to honour is buried. Obedience is the easiest test of the compact, for we may compel our actions in opposition to our impulses; but it is only where honour is due, and love is delightful, that the voluntary homage of the heart can be paid; therefore, if Sir Charles indeed expects a serious answer to the proposal he has made, let it be this, papa: That I wish to be allowed to consider him, along with my dear Edgar, another brother, and that in the affectionate regard of a sister I will not fail; but that more I cannot engage to fulfil. Does your approbation, my dear mamma, sanction this, and will you, papa, confirm it to Sir Charles?"

"Most readily; it is just the decision I hoped from you. I will see Sir Charles this evening."

"I think," said Fanny, "I am like the little woman that did not know herself; I must apply to Viper, and ask if 'I be I?' What could Sir Charles be thinking of?"

"What all the world thinks of at one time or another," said Mrs. Granville; "it is not often that what is done in haste is done so well. My

dear Fanny," said Mrs. Granville, as they took their evening walk, "you have this day rejected what is the thought by night, and the care by day, of half your sex, to become a lady; which Sir Charles can 'make of any one.'"

"A titled lady, Mrs. Granville, he may; but the name alone will not confer the qualifications. Lady Seymour does not sound half so sweet in my ear as Fanny Bonville; which is perhaps fortunate for the honour of Sir Charles, as before it was secured to me, he might be disposed to change its destination, as he did that of Ashhurst rectory."

"You are quite right. It is impossible to judge what any man's actions will be in future, but by those that are passed."

"With such a father, and a brother," said Fanny, "my taste, and estimation of men, is set too high to be dazzled by fortune, or allured by sound; further than this, I have an idea there cannot be rational happiness, where the education, tastes, and pursuits of the parties are so different. I love books, Sir Charles does not; therefore what would be delightful to me would be irksome to him; and, supposing he was good-natured enough to allow me the uninterrupted enjoyment of them, I should not possess one of their highest pleasures, the participation of them *with* those I love; and I am but half pleased with a solitary pleasure. No, Sir Charles Seymour must have a woman who loves carriages, and equipage, and jewels, and those places where she may exhibit them, and who can find her home every where.

I, if ever I am married, must have a man who loves all the domestic joys of his own house, and can find his home nowhere else; and to whose superior mind I can look up as my guide, my counsellor, and friend: till then, I shall be your happy Fanny Bonville."

As they walked along, a poor Ass pressed upon them, and almost solicited their notice.

"Here is one of my legacies," said Fanny; "it has never, I dare say, heard the tenor of Mr. Conyers's will, but it seems to make a claim upon us."

They stopped, and the poor animal stopped also; its back had been cruelly excoriated by the pack-saddle, and the flies had added to its torture.

"We will drive it to the green," said she, "and get Peggy's assistance to relieve its suffering." She then drove off the flies with her handkerchief, and the poor Ass trotted at their side as though conscious of the intended relief. By the directions of Mrs. Granville, its wounded back was washed with a sponge and tepid water, and a large piece of soft linen bound and sewed round its body. The dumb eloquence of the poor creature might have redeemed its whole race from their proverbial stupidity.

"And now," said Fanny, "we must find out its owners; their neglect must not be overlooked." The passing children readily directed them to the master of the Ass, which still kept close to their side; the cottagers to whom it belonged received the reproof of Miss Bonville with submission and

respect, and satisfied her, that its sufferings were not occasioned by wanton cruelty; that they had perceived its wounded state, and had forborne to load it, and, more from the want of proper consideration than humanity, had turned it at large, *thinking* a cure would ensue.

"Or rather," observed Fanny to Mrs. Granville, "not thinking at all, which is the great defect in the education of the poor, and the misfortune of their after lives; they are children all their time. Forgetting the past, and regardless of the future, they only act upon the present. To direct their thinking powers aright, as suits their stations in life, would be the most useful education for their heads, and enable them to turn the work of their hands to the best account."

"The present circumstance proves the truth of your remark, my dear *thinking* and *acting* Fanny," said Mrs. Granville; "had they done what you have, three days ago, which is the time they say the animal has been turned loose, they now would have its use; three days more must now be lost to them."

They returned home, still accompanied by their four-footed grateful companion, which never failed for several weeks afterwards to recognise them whenever they crossed its path in their evening walks, trotting by their side as far as the road allowed the association.

"Thus," said Mrs. Granville, "does the cheerful humour and merciful nature of Mr. Conyers speak from the grave, and live after his death."

In the morning, Mr. Bonville presented Fanny with a letter he had just received from Sir Charles Seymour, "brought," said he, "by the servant who took mine." It contained nothing more than an intimation of his immediate departure from the Hall, to join Mr. and Mrs. Manners, in an excursion to the west coast of Scotland.

"It is as it should be," said Mrs. Granville; "had he not shown this proof of sensibility, I should have thought him very unworthy the object to which he has aspired."

"The world," said Mr. Bonville, "would not have used that word to have expressed Sir Charles's desire for my daughter."

"Had Miss Bonville accepted his offer," replied Mrs. Granville, with quickness, "she must have given him herself;—are the adventitious advantages he possesses of equal value? The chances of this life may enrich the poor, and elevate the vulgar, but it can do no more; it cannot give elegance to the coarse, dignity to the mean, or wisdom to the foolish; in a few words, and in much better, for they are Dr. Johnson's, 'Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little: the bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak!'"

"Such a journey, in such society," said Fanny, "cannot fail being very advantageous to Sir Charles; I shall rejoice in his happiness, and I wish, for his own sake, he had been the companion of my brother."

"Where, now, is that dear brother?" said Mr.

Bonville, in a tone that expressed the fondest feelings of a father.

"Safe and well," said Fanny, with a confidence happier than his who exclaimed, "Cæsar and his fortunes are on board."

Could they have seen the Guildford on her prosperous way, their best hopes would have been realized. With a fresh breeze, and favourable gales, she cleared the Channel, but the wind fell; and in the Bay of Biscay she was becalmed several days, lying upon the water like a painted ship upon a painted sea: those who had suffered from sickness now recovered, and the gentle motion of the vessel allowed the easy intercourse of its little world.

On the succeeding Sunday, Captain St. John signified his intention to have divine service performed on board, and preparations were accordingly made. The colours of England were spread over a binnacle, to form a reading-desk; the sailors in their clean white jackets and trowsers, tied with their own true-blue, with the women, some of whom had children in their arms, were ranged down each side, and chairs placed on the quarter-deck for the ship's officers; on the upper part of which sat Lord Fitz-Erin's family and the passengers. The heavens were the roof of their temple, the mighty deep its outstretched pavement, and in the silence that pervaded all space, the power and the majesty of God impressed every bosom. Captain St. John, knowing the sacred destination of Mr. Bonville, requested him to read divine service; which in the

East India ships is performed by the captain, unless a clergyman be on board. Edgar complied; and soon as the bell that had called this little congregation together ceased, he took his station at the desk. His heart was full; the pause, the stillness seemed too awful for the interruption of a human voice, but the words that were to succeed were the praise of God; and the humility of his feelings rose to confidence and composure. The opening texts of scripture were read with a clear and distinct voice, and the prayers with all the touching energy of their sacred import. The most uncultivated hearer could join in the contrite confession, the humble petition, the grateful thanksgiving, for the tone and demeanor accompanied the sense; and in the energy of feeling, rising above the regulated decorum of the ceremony, that tender supplication, "We beseech thee to hear us, oh Lord!" burst from many a heart; as the different parts of the litany were applied to those dear ones left behind, from whom they were so far divided. When the prayers were concluded, Edgar turned to the hundred and fourth psalm, and its sublime appropriation touched the heart and understanding of every auditor; its illustration was manifested in all that surrounded them; not a voice but what "blessed the Lord, the God who was so great; who was clothed in honour and majesty; who covered himself with light, as with a garment; who stretched out the heavens as a curtain; who laid the beams of his chambers in the waters; who made the clouds his chariot; who walked upon the wings of the wind;

who laid the foundations of the earth that it should not be moved; who covered it with the deep as with a garment." Every eye rose to heaven, or was stretched over the waters; every soul felt His immediate presence; that His power *was* their hope and anchor; whilst the response of every heart was, "hide not thy face from us, lest we die, and are no more seen;" and the sound of every lip, "praise ye the Lord!"

Whilst the men were dispersing to their stations, Captain St John and Lord Fitz-Erin drew near to Edgar, and thanked him for his impressive services; whilst Lady Fitz-Erin, and her daughter, not wishing to check their pious sensibility, retired to their cabin. Not the village rustics of a country church-yard ever commented more freely upon the reverend stranger of the day than did the honest sailors upon the "young parson," as they called Bonville.

"I wish," said one of them, "the skipper would take him with us to China!" in which he was joined by all the others, who, if they had known the word and its application, would have expressed their sentiments, by calling him the Palladium of their ship; for insensible as such men may appear to serious impressions, and occupied as they constantly are by the imperative nature of their professional duties, their untaught feelings could discern the difference betwixt those who only read, and those who felt the service of the church.

"If I was the honourable company," said one woman, "I would make him a bishop!"

"You're abaft, my lass," replied a sailor; "the honourable company cannot make bishops. Captains and bishops, and admirals, God Almighty must make; but the honourables can reward them."

"As to bishops and admirals," said the old boatswain, "they belong to, the King, and he loves them both, God bless him! but if you want a hand to bring you clear through all the narrows and shoals between Gravesend and the Straits of Malacca, why, send for an East India captain of the right sort, and he'll show you of what kind of stuff a British sailor is made."

To this assertion there was not a dissenting voice; and in the honour of being the last speaker, the old boatswain was tacitly acknowledged the best. A discussion of the merits of Edgar Bonville was not confined to the steerage. When Lord Fitz-Erin joined his family, he spoke with renewed regret of the injustice Sir Charles Seymour had done Ashhurst, in depriving its parishioners of such a pastor.

"I only regret the circumstance," said her ladyship," as it has temporarily disappointed Bonville, and derogated from the honour of Seymour. Innocent and virtuous, I consider the people of Ashhurst as placed out of the way of temptation, under the influence of present example and former precept. I hope the talents of Bonville will be as a shining light in a naughty world, to awaken the careless, convince the doubtful, and check the profligate: your influence, my dear

lord, can surely compensate for the dereliction of Sir Charles Seymour!"

"I have his interest nearly at heart, my lady, and I have bound myself to promote it."

A fine north-east wind sprung up on the following day, and bore them across the bay, leaving the high head-lands of Spain and Cape Finisterre behind them. The intimate association to which a ship impels its inmates united Edgar more closely with his noble friends, and increased his sense of their genuine excellence. The Countess Fitz-Erin's manners were not those of gala days alone, or her virtues such as shone the most for the applause of the world: the former flowed from an elegant mind, the consciousness of hereditary nobility, and the result of maternal care;—the latter from a sense of her duty to God, and an innate feeling, that those whom He had created in his own image, and had made the temple of his living spirit, would be debased by allowing "weeds rank and gross" to grow upon that soil destined to bear flowers that should bloom in Heaven. Grateful for that station in life, of which human feelings may be innocently proud when enjoyed with innocence, and which, where virtue is, may be prized most virtuously; she never allowed it to screen her from the performance of her relative and active duties, or allowed it to be advanced in excuse for their exercise; rather considering its true distinctions as an excitement for the fulfilment of every promise she had given, the accomplishment of

every hope she had inspired; knowing that one half hour given to self-indulgence, whether of folly or of indolence, might, if pressed into the service of benevolence, raise the anxious, drooping, expecting spirit of a fellow, mortal, of one who might hereafter testify in Heaven what she had done for one of the least on earth; and gratefully acknowledging, amidst all her worldly splendour, that the happiness of wife, mother, and daughter, were her primal blessings. Lord Dunmeath was gentle and affectionate: assuming nothing, he gained the love of all: his capacity was good: though his talents were not striking, his acquirements were gradual, and his improvement promising. Lady Sophia Cavana was alike the darling of her father and brother, as she was the pride and joy of her mamma; possessing all the accomplishments that embellish the female character, she had a mind carefully stored with intellectual graces. She had been early taught the distinction between genuine virtue and its specious pretensions; she did not consider a feeling heart testified by the tears shed [illegible] theatre, though she had felt how sweet it was to weep with the sorrows of the drama or the poet; but it was in the exercise of more active compassion, more efficient sympathy, her charity was evinced, and her sensibility soothed. When in the country, she disdained not to become personally acquainted with the industrious cottager, whom she loved to reward,—or the more indigent labourer, whom she sought to relieve. In London, she participated with her

mamma in its elegant amusements; in encouraging genius and distinguishing merit, conciliating by a smile, and supporting by a well-directed eulogium. Simplicity and benevolence were the charm of her character; she had no affectation of voice, manner, or sentiment. Born in that rank, that made the tricks for observation superfluous, she was always amiable, always elegant, in the dressing-room as in the drawing-room; and, if not a heroine with her femme-de-chambre, was at all times, and in all places, a lady. A young woman so amiable, and of such truly feminine grace, could not fail to meet the warm approbation of Edgar Bonville; and to her affectionate nature he appeared another brother. The youthful trio were Milton's brothers and sister sweetly personified, upon whom Comus or his crew had never thrown a spell.

The pleasures and accommodations of the voyage were heightened by the attentions of Captain St. John; the qualities and animation of whose character were a new source of observation to Edgar. Active as the element by which he was surrounded, his orders were given with impetuous promptness, and enforced with the high tone of authority, but they were ever directed by judgment that proved their efficiency; for he united the skill of an experienced navigator with the most strict nautical discipline, and possessed the power to discriminate, and the generosity to reward merit, in whatever station it existed. His nature was liberal as the winds,

and his spirit high as his descent; retaining with his name a lineal claim upon the Knights-Templars of Jerusalem. His mind was powerful as his command, magnificent as the East, to which he was bound; and, formed to control as to conciliate, he was justly appreciated and beloved by his friends, his officers, and his men, to whom his gay and joyous countenance inspired affection and confidence. His midshipmen dined with him by invitation once in the week; they were varied characters—careless, light-hearted youths, who enjoyed the good things at the captain's table more than the good company assembled there; and who considered its indulgencies a full compensation for its restraints. One was an exception; he had not appeared twice there before his pleasant deportment and correct manners drew the attention of the ever kind and condescending Lord Fitz-Erin; who had observed an expression of conscious pleasure in his own dear boy, when it was young Bedford's turn to appear at dinner. Whilst it passed, his lordship sent his compliments to the youth, and desired to take wine with him. The suffusion of his face spoke his sense of the distinction, which was further evinced by the earl's addressing himself several times to him whilst at table.

In the evening, when Lady Fitz-Erin and her family were taking coffee on the poop, his lordship saw Bedford on the quarter-deck, and told him he was requested by his lady to invite him to join her party.

From this time Bedford associated with Edgar and Lord Dunmeath, whenever the duties of his profession allowed the intercourse; and occasionally had the honour and pleasure to be admitted to the society of Lady Fitz-Erin and her daughter. Abstracted from the world, and the claims it made upon their high station and endowments, the Earl and Countess of Fitz-Erin devoted their whole time to the improvement of their cherished boy. In the mornings, his lordship read the Roman historians, in Latin, to the two young friends. Edgar taught Lord Dunmeath French, and received instructions from Lord Fitz-Erin in Italian. Lady Sophia's port-folio, and her own beautiful designs, afforded subjects for the pencil; and an hour before dinner, the inimitable plays of Shakspeare were read aloud alternately by Lady Fitz-Erin or Edgar, as selected by her ladyship from the works of the highly-gifted bard.

Captain St. John's table was a scene of elegant gaiety; the presence of Lady Fitz-Erin added to the pleasure of a party who were all disposed to acknowledge her condescension, and respectfully to receive her courtesy.

The beautiful evenings that succeeded were passed on the poop, viewing the sun sink into the ocean, and the moon rise from the opposite horizon, so bright and beautiful in those latitudes, as to appear like a milder day; whilst the sailors were dancing to their enlivening band, to which the rushing of waters, divided by the prow of the vessel, was a soft and regular accom-

paniment. When night closed in, Lady Sophia's piano-forte, accompanied by Edgar's flute, and her brother's voice, formed a little cabin concert, that charmed the dull ear of night with sweetest music.

Upon the bosom of the vast Atlantic, Edgar Bonville cast his eyes over its interminable expanse toward those western isles, from whence his dear Madua was brought, where his mother rested, and to which his filial heart and high-wrought fancy so often bounded: whilst to the left, the coast of Africa, where he was born a prince, and from whose palmy groves he was so cruelly torn away, was presented. "How exalted," thought he, "amidst the nations, are those which have abolished the hateful, the unchristian traffic!" His memory reverted to his own happy home—to his early lessons, when he bore Atlas upon his shoulders, and followed the track of our ships to the East Indies. Home, with all its dear inhabitants, its winding waters, and its summer woods, were spread before him; and his physical powers, for a moment, became subject to the affections of his heart and the visions of his fancy.

He gaz'd upon the depths below,
  Till heaving waves seem'd banks of flow'rs,
Their stealing murmurs, rippling low,
The wild bee's hum, the fountain's flow,
  Or music of the woodland bowers.

W. H. S. *

* From an unpublished poem, entitled "The Calenture."

A temporary calenture seized him, and he hastily withdrew from his dangerous contemplation, and met Lord Dunmeath, who was inquiring for him. "I am just come from mamma," said he; "she desires Mr. Bedford would join us this evening. I hope it is not his watch to-night, for we must soon part from him now: Captain St. John says, we shall make Madeira in a few days."

Bedford was one of a large family, very respectable in character and situation, but of small fortune; the sons of which were early sent into the world with no other patrimony than a good name and a high spirit, satisfied to rank, if not to spend with gentlemen, and to leave the comforts and protection of home to those sisters for whom they cherished almost chivalric consideration. And is it not from such families that the bold deeds of enterprise and valour proceed? that "bright honour is plucked from the pale-faced moon, or dived for into the fathomless deep?" Though only seventeen, this was his second voyage; and Lady Fitz-Erin, always anxious for information, particularly when in the company of youth, listened with encouraging attention to the account he gave her lord of the state of society and manners in Calcutta, where his introduction had been very good; and of a little cruise, on his last return, to Ascension Isle in search of turtle; the difficulty of finding a landing-place, its desert surface, where neither waters flowed nor herbage grew, the fearless confidence of the numerous birds that suffered themselves to be stroked upon their nests; and their diffi-

culty in regaining the ship, which, from the disappearance of the stars, became very hazardous till they saw the blue lights thrown up from their shipmates on board, who became fearfully anxious for their safety. Though the hero of his own tale, yet he was so agreeably led into its relation that his modesty was never pained or disputed; and he was so truly a sailor in heart, hand, and phrase, that all the spirit of his character was infused into his detail.

"Indeed, Mr. Bedford," said Lady Sophia, "though I saw you here, I trembled lest you should not regain your ship; surely it was very hazardous to be out in an open boat on the wide ocean in the night!"

"A sailor's life, my Sophia," said Lord Fitz-Erin, "is a life of hazard; it is setting death in one eye and honour in the other: we only need look at the character to know which they will meet; enterprise is their sport, and the glory of its accomplishment their gain. You recollect the reply of an ancestor of the Duke of Buccleugh to our Elizabeth, when she asked him, 'How he dare encroach upon the English borders?' 'What is it,' said the bold and haughty chieftain, 'a *man* dare not do?' and, from our own observation, we may say, 'What is it a sailor dare not do?'"

"You, Mr. Bonville," said Lady Sophia, "possess courage, yet you never seek danger."

"My duty to myself, or others, does not lead me to it; if it did, I trust I should be ready to give it the meeting," replied Edgar.

"To oppose danger," said Lord Fitz-Erin, "is frequently to subdue it; whilst, to those who shrink from it it is increased many fold.

> Cowards die many times before their deaths,
> The brave but once.

Happily, for the safety and honour of our country, such are British soldiers and sailors."

When Edgar and Bedford left the cabin, the night was sweetly mild; and upon Bedford's saying he kept the middle watch, Edgar proposed bearing him company. All was still on board the ship; and the silence of night was unbroken, except by the low responses of the man at the wheel, and the gentle sighing of the breeze, that just curled the surface of the sea, which sparkled with millions of little luminous globules more brilliant than diamonds. "On such a night," the objects dearest to their affections were reflected from the bosom of each; and their respective homes were the subject of their quiet, uninterrupted conversation.

Bedford's capacious heart had brought his whole family to sea; and the cleverness of his brothers, and the sweetness and beauty of his sisters, were unparalleled in his partial judgment. His eldest sister, he was sure, must be the counterpart of Bonville's own dear Fanny: and then, added Bedford, in his happy loquacity, "there is Lady Sophia, though she is an Earl's daughter, may make a third for sweetness and goodness."

"She is, indeed, a most amiable being," replied Edgar, "and assimilates with every virtue and every praise that is lovely in woman."

"Praise her as you may," said Bedford, "you cannot speak more highly of her than I am sure she thinks of you."

Edgar was silent. Bedford proceeded:—"Joy dances in her eyes whenever you appear; I see it, although they are shaded so much by their long deep lashes: when you speak, she seems to hear no one else; and, though she is so still and quiet, yet, when Lord Fitz-Erin, or Captain St. John, says any thing in your favour, her heart seems to peep out at her eyes, and shoots a cable's length."

"Indeed!" said Edgar, "I never saw any thing of the kind. Her eyes are always beautiful, and her attentions kind; if they have been particularly condescending to me, it has arisen from the kindness of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, and the affection of her brother."

"Come, come, Bonville," said Bedford, "you cannot be blind now; you that are so quick-sighted upon all occasions. I am sure Lady Sophia is in love with you: I have seen it ever since I have seen you together."

Had he looked in Edgar's face, he might have seen the paleness by which it was overspread.

"For Heaven's sake," he falteringly said, "be silent; such a thought never entered my imagination—such a wish, I hope, never entered my heart."

"Why not?" said the frank and careless ship-boy; "you are handsome—you are the son of a gentleman. My lord and lady esteem and prefer you; Lord Dunmeath loves you. What

should hinder Lady Sophia and you loving each other?"

"Every thing, Bedford, that I have been taught to reverence between man and man,—honour, gratitude, propriety!"

"What a stiff gale have you raised, Bonville; but I can crowd sail, and keep pace with you. Your notions of honour are different from mine, I dare say; yet, I trust, we are both 'honourable men,' as the play you read yesterday said. 'To fear no danger where duty calls—to hate the enemies of old England—and to think no man an enemy after he is conquered,' is a sailor's honour, but to steer away from such a prize is not in his articles of service. I would rather have the love of such a girl as that sweet lady than possess an island where gold and diamonds grow."

"Oh, there are more ties in your code of honour, my dear Bedford, than you have enumerated; you would not take possession of that island by betraying those who had reposed its protection with you, and felt secure in the confidence you had excited; you would not usurp the rights of its owner, and place yourself there,—would you, Bedford?"

"I slacken sail," said he; "tell me now, then, what *your* honour is, your sense of propriety, and wherefore *your* gratitude."

"Lady Sophia's name with me is sacred; but was I assured, which, believe me, I am not coxcomb enough to imagine, that her kind partiality was of the nature you surmise, I would fly to the

farthest boundary of the earth, rather than take advantage of the confidence her noble parents have treated me with. It is true, I am a gentleman by education and profession, and the character of my honoured father fulfils its compound signification; but to be the son he would approve, and my dear mother love, I must reverence the ordinances of society, and respect the feelings of domestic rights. Lady Sophia Cavana, the daughter of a noble house, whose ancestors have never descended from their hereditary distinctions, would deviate from what she owes them and herself by an alliance less noble. To be her friend, her companion, I consider a high distinction; one that no sophistry, even that which is perhaps most excusable, the sophistry of the heart, shall ever tempt me to abuse. As a woman, she is entitled to the admiration of all men; as Lord Fitz-Erin's daughter, I trust she will only meet the love of that man whom her parents will think worthy their cherished Sophia."

Bedford, who thought such an honourable and handsome fellow was good enough for a princess, said,—"Somebody, perhaps, not half so worthy. Is not virtue true nobility? and what says the motto—'Of virtue cometh honour?'"

"That is an axiom," replied Edgar, "that virtue will never controvert; but I fear it will only be admitted in the hermit's cave. I am sure the Herald's Office, from whence it proceeded, would not substantiate it upon their books. But, my dear Bedford, let me entreat

you to forget the subject of to-night; let it not rest in your mind: like Alexander, let me place my seal upon the lips of Hephestion."

"They shall be close as a grappling-iron from this time," said Bedford; "but you are sure to be *exalted* yet. You know my authority; you will not dispute that. When I have turned India to any account, so that the winds of Heaven may not visit her face *too roughly*, I shall look out for a little girl of my own, when I shall not stand upon such nice subtilties as you, Bonville; a week will be quite enough for me to know if she will suit me."

"And pray," asked Edgar, "how will you turn that short time to such an important purpose?"

"Oh! one sight of her will show whether she be beautiful or no—beautiful in the lover's eye, at least; the glance of her eye will express her understanding; five words will give me the sound of her voice; a very material thing, for you know I have bluster enough at sea. I must have lulling sounds on shore."

"Very summary, indeed, dear Bedford;—go on."

"Very well! I can judge of her temper by marking how she bears to hear the praises of others; one sight of her finger-end will show me the niceness of her person, and another at her shoe-string the neatness of her dress; and as for her judgment, that will be decided in her favour, if she approves of me. Sailors have no time to spare; and, by the time I have carried this coup-de-

main, I hope you, Bonville, will be ready to splice us."

"In whatever will promote your happiness, Bedford, I will be a willing accomplice. The watch is near out, and I see you are ready for your cot. Remember!"

CHAPTER VIII.

He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

In the privacy of his cabin, Edgar's high-wrought feelings, abating nothing of their integrity, yielded to nature. Bedford had taken away the veil that he had never dared to raise; he had never owned to himself that he loved Lady Sophia, for he would have been more than boy, which we consider him, till the laws of his country allow him to be man, and more than man, which we do not seek to make him, had he been insensible to her sweetness and her virtues; for was he not at that period of life, when the heart is most in love with what is most lovely? when the sympathies of years, and all the gifts of nature, awaken that passion, which He who formed the human heart planted there; without which Paradise was a desert, and life is a wilderness! Oh! when "two such silver currents join

to glorify the banks that bound them in," humanity will grieve, nay, angels might weep, that the world's law should erect its barriers of prudence, ambition, or avarice, to divide the fair streams into channels, where they must meet no more! but such is, such will be the state of this world. With the innocence of Paradise its purest joys were banished; and in the inheritance of man, sorrow and grief dash the brightness of his sweetest draughts!

Edgar had never availed himself of the intimate association that had been allowed with Lord Fitz-Erin's family, to make any insidious advances upon Lady Sophia's favour. He had no vanity to gratify; and he was not sufficiently aware of the nature of the feelings she inspired to seek their indulgence. He had ever considered her as a bright particular star, and had never sought to woo her from her sphere. Yet, though he had ever maintained the most respectful deference, he had been taught by that power which may be restrained by the influence of honour and right principles, that he was not disregarded by Lady Sophia: the only deviation from truth he had ever practised, the only equivocation he had ever framed, was to deny its consciousness to Bedford; and his quick sensibility to the delicacy of a woman's bosom-secret justified the evasion to his upright heart.

"What I have not even whispered to myself," said he, "is detected by another: I must quit this beloved family. The only road to safety is retreat, whilst the sun of my destiny only shines

in the horizon, before its brighter effulgence overpowers and consumes me. I must retreat; honour and duty are my guides, and I will be their follower." How this was to be accomplished, without apparent ingratitude and caprice, was almost more than Edgar's young head and tender heart could arrange. To quit such friends, so honourable, so advantageous to a young man, so peculiarly happy to one of his disposition; to withdraw himself from an engagement that was so condescendingly formed, and that offered such varied improvement; to leave Lord Dunmeath, whom he loved as a brother, that sweet relation which nature had withheld; perhaps to lose the regard of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, when he was making the greatest sacrifice to be more worthy of it; not allowing himself to add the climax of his inquietudes, the separation from Lady Sophia; for the strict compact he had entered into with his feelings would not allow him to temporise even with his most secret thoughts. One little respite love stole from duty; Madeira, once the asylum and the tomb of its faithful votaries, was destined to be the grave of his. There he determined to leave Lord Fitz-Erin's family, and return by the first ship bound for England.

Lady Sophia, without thinking of the future, or analysing the feelings of the present, was happy as love and innocence could make her. The first appearance and manners of Edgar Bonville were too prepossessing to be regarded with indifference, but with elegant manners, and captivating exteriors, she had been familiar through

life; but when she listened to his defence of the smuggler at Cambridge, and his subsequent conversation; witnessed the animated affection he excited in Mr. and Mrs. Manners, sympathised with his disappointment of Ashhurst, and marked the contrast of his character with that of Sir Charles, whose reconciliation he had sought amidst infection and death; with the sweet association their present intimacy allowed, amidst the sublimity of the world of waters; his amiable manners, the information of his mind, the correctness of his conduct, and the sweetness of his temper, all wrought upon a nature that was a softened reflection of his own. She loved him, because he had a mind capable of superior virtue, a heart alive to moral beauty! But as the feelings of her innocent bosom were disguised from herself, they were delicately veiled from the object by whom they were inspired; for she had not been educated in the school of modern sentiment, that has established its hypothesis in the overthrow of all that is lovely in woman; reversing the order of her sex, and breaking the barriers of custom that delicacy has erected for the preservation of their dignity, and the security of their power.

Lady Sophia had many agreeable intimates of her own age, but she had no dearer confidential friend than her tender indulgent mamma; who, in the simplicity of her heart, she thought loved Bonville even as herself. Thus, whilst the nature of her feelings was unacknowledged to her own bosom, or nursed by committing them to the confidence of another, she felt their existence

dispensed happiness, delightful as it was new. Under the influence of first love, which no virtue condemned, how exquisitely happy was this amiable and lovely being! The sun appeared to shine but for her; the winds that whistled in the shrouds were music to her ear, for her heart was in harmony with all things; the surges that broke upon the tall sides of the Guildford appeared the beauty of motion; there was a blessing in the air, that made mere existence happiness; there was a foretaste of heaven in her heart, for no earthly passion seemed to live within it. With grateful piety, she felt surrounded by the blessings of that gracious God who had created and preserved her for happiness in this world, and immortality in another.

In the morning, Edgar was awoke by Bedford, to look at the land which was in sight, south by east, nine or ten leagues distant. It was

Pure Madeira's vine-rob'd hills of health:

their high and dark outline was alone perceptible, being partially enveloped with clouds; but the prospect brightening in the rising sun, they appeared to approach the island more quickly than they really did. Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin hailed it as the temple of health to that dear boy, who already appeared to be under its blessed influence. Lady Sophia saw it as the land, amidst whose flowers and sweets her happiness might experience a change, but could know no increase.

Edgar looked upon it as the altar adorned for the sacrifice he had imposed upon himself; and Bedford, as the signal for a long separation from Bonville, whom he loved so much.

When the Guildford anchored in Funchal roads, Captain St. John, anxious to testify every mark of respect to his noble passengers, gave a ball on the evening before their disembarkation. A king's ship was lying along-side, bound for the Cape, and commanded by Sir Edward Belhaven, who, along with his officers, accepted Captain St. John's invitation to the Guildford. As the boat of the visitants approached the vessel, how great was Bonville's pleasure and surprise to recognise in the boatswain of the Conquest his penitent and redeemed Hanson! who, at the sight and recognition of Edgar, could scarcely submit to those forms of subordination his station exacted: those passed, the intrepid sailor stood before his youthful presence subdued even to feminine weakness. Though cast in a different mould from Miranda, the same divine sympathy was blended in his nature, and his tears flowed from the same source: as Nature and Shakespeare speak in the same language, so he said, "These are not drops of shame, master, or fear, but I am such a fool, as to cry for what I'm glad of."

Edgar's bright eyes glanced with the sacred dew-drops of sympathy, and Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, with Lady Sophia, who alone could understand their mutual emotions, were sensibly affected. When Sir Edward Belhaven was briefly

informed by his lordship of the claim Mr. Bonville had upon Hanson's gratitude, he desired to be introduced to him; and when Lord Fitz-Erin presented him with that marked approbation which was so peculiarly distinguishing, Sir Edward said, "I am not a stranger to your name, sir; I have a paper in my possession bequeathed to you, which Hanson very earnestly requested me to take in trust. Your kindness has not been sown on an ungrateful soil; he is a brave fellow, steady as the trade winds, and one of the main stays of my ship. I should never wish to part with him, but I know he is destined for the Channel service, from the intimate knowledge he has of its navigation; this cruise with me being but the test of his faithfulness and integrity."

Profusion of verdure and fruits had been brought from the island; and the dancing commenced under an awning, that was decorated with fresh and beautiful foliage: the whole of the entertainment was conducted with spirit and order; every person on board partaking of its festivity. The Countess Fitz-Erin danced the first dance with Sir Edward Belhaven, and Lady Sophia with Captain St. John, who resigned her afterwards to Edgar. It was the first time he had danced with Lady Sophia; he felt it would be the last; nay, it was a joy in grief to think it would be the last time he should ever dance. Happy as he then was to lead her along the joyous throng, the thoughts of the approaching separation, known only to himself, pressed upon his heart, whilst his countenance

expressed the most refined pleasure, and his ear drank in the soft strains of the Russian dance as though it would retain the melody for ever. His happy partner felt no alloy to her felicity, except a passing shade of regret at parting with those who had been so pleasant, and with whom she had shared the dangers of the deep; yet the present moment was one of such positive happiness, that she looked as she felt; a human being, over whom it diffused its sweetest influence. The music of that sweet air, which to Edgar, had "a dying fall," her elastic foot and graceful motion harmonized with, pouring its melody upon her ear, like the "sweet south passing over a bank of violets."

Before Hanson quitted the Guildford, Edgar asked if he had sent L'Orient? He disowned any knowledge of the circumstance, but had no doubt it was his former associates. "Poor fellows!" said he, "what will be their fate? that perhaps from which you have saved me;—but I owe a greater deliverance to you, a deliverance from sin as well as from death; you were born to save souls, and I never forget to pray for a blessing upon all you do and say. I have settled my affairs in this world, by the help of an honest attorney at Portsmouth, and my noble captain has got all my papers. Farewell! if I live, we will meet again."

Before Sir Edward Belhaven departed he took Edgar's address, and poor Hanson wrung his hand in the very agony of affection.

On the following morning, Captain St. John took Lord Fitz-Erin to shore, to fix upon a proper residence for his family; and during the three succeeding days they remained on board, their attendants were preparing it for their reception. Bedford and Edgar parted with mutual regret, and mutual assurances of regard and remembrance.

Though the pursuits and education of these young men had widely varied, there was a native similarity between them, the same love of truth, the same affectionate nature. Bonville's life had been more passed among books than men; Bedford's more amongst men than books. His intercourse with Edgar had taught him the pleasure they afforded, the improvement they imparted, and he determined to avail himself of his future leisure to acquire those advantages. Lord Fitz-Erin expressed his sense of Captain St. John's attentions in the most gratifying terms, and all parted with sentiments of mutual regard: the Conquest and the Guildford bearing away with fair breezes, and good wishes.

Though Edgar had resolved to return with the first vessel to England, he employed the intermediate period by accompanying Lord Fitz-Erin and his son, in rides into the country; and viewing the different objects of the island in their immediate vicinity: when not so engaged, he devoted his time with the closest assiduity to the improvement of Lord Dunmeath, whose health was most surprisingly amended by the voyage,

and his short residence in a clime so salubrious.

The splendour and magnificence of the different churches were particularly recommended to their notice. The convent of St. Francis first attracted their attention: its entrance was by a long gallery, intersected by two others, forming a cross; at the extremity of the first, a flight of steps led them to the cloisters that surrounded a quadrangular court; beneath the pillars, were the dormitories of the monks, and chapels where different priests were officiating; from thence they were led through passages, and across other squares, till they reached the entrance of the church. There every thing rich and costly was multiplied; the roof was fine old oak, richly carved, and on each side the church lofty arches opened to recesses; whose interior was concealed by folds of crimson silk damask, descending from the ceiling to the floor, splendidly embroidered with gold. Massy gates of solid silver, the drapery hanging within, secured these recesses from those who passed along the church. One of these they were permitted to enter; it contained a raised altar, on which was a large crucifix of wrought gold; candlesticks higher than themselves, of the same rich metal; censers in which the most exquisite perfumes were burning, and superb china vases filled with the choicest flowers. From this scene of magnificence, they were taken to an apartment that opened from a dark passage, about six yards square, the roof terminating in a dome; it was lighted by only one small window, serving to

show its ghastly furniture more horrible. From the floor to the centre of the dome, its walls were lined with human skulls and cross bones, inserted along with the mortar. It was a *memento mori* that shocked humanity and offended decency, promoted no virtue, nor purified any vice, and the young men hastily retreated from it. Vice and immorality must degrade the human mind, but the human form is the wondrous work of an Almighty hand, and even its relics are sacred. Man may mourn for the degradation of the first, but his humility ought to arise from a deeper source than the exposure of his mortal remains can evince.

The Latin and Portuguese languages only were spoken within the walls. With the latter Edgar was unacquainted, and with the former Lord Dunmeath could not converse; therefore the conversation had not been general, till a friar, whom they remembered seeing at the altar as they first passed, came up to them, and addressing them in French, invited them to his cell; and so "gaily press'd and smiled," they did not wish to resist. But with whatever pride the monks of St. Francis might contemplate the splendour of their church, their own accommodations were of the humblest kind. He unlocked his door, and as he entered, said, with a significant shrug of his shoulders, "Povertee! Povertee!" The furniture was a small mattress, about six inches from the floor, a table, and one chair, a washing bottle, and basin. Upon the table, an half hour-glass, writing

materials, and a few books, were placed. From the trunk he took a bottle of excellent wine, rinsed his single wine glass, and apologised for the scantiness of his fare. Lord Dunmeath sat upon the only chair; Bonville, and the gentleman of the island who accompanied them, were seated upon the mattress. Their kind entertainer said: "He had seen the world; he had been at Madrid, and in Portugal;" and then, with a good humoured smile, looked upon his accommodations with the same significant shrug that had accompanied his exclamation.

Lord Dunmeath, with great simplicity, yet with respectful deference, said, "But religion does not require us to be poor, though it may teach us to be content with poverty if it is our lot!"

"Priests," said he, "should not desire riches; they leave them for those who desire nothing better!"

"Pardon me," said Edgar, "but why, when the churches are so richly adorned, should not those who are connected with them participate also?"

"So they do, *mon ami*," said he, "when engaged in its service. The holy church in which God is served cannot be too gorgeous, but his creatures must be humble; 'they must say to corruption, thou art my brother; to the worm, thou art my sister.'"

Bonville knew the monks of St. Francis were mendicants, and begged for their order, but he could not offer this benevolent friar any gratuity, lest it should appear as a return for that kind-

ness which was above price; but Lord Dunmeath, with blushing modesty, offered him a guinea for his convent."

"Oh, no, no," said he; "are you not Englise, generous Englise, who have done so much for our persecuted French brethren? May St. Francis bless and preserve the generous Englise!"

At parting, Edgar pressed his hand to his bosom, and thought of the good Abbé du Plessis; that the bread cast upon the waters was already returning.

"We shall not be so much indulged to-day," said their attentive conductor, on the following morning, as they entered the street in which was the nunnery of St Claire; "the outside is all we shall be permitted to see."

They passed through the outer gate into a large quadrangular court, whose high walls excluded the building: within its area an old gentleman was walking, who, as he passed and repassed the closed door, that opened into the interior, kept his eye continually fixed upon it; adjoining to it, an aperture in the wall was filled by an horizontal board, divided into quarters, two of which were in view.

Observing they were strangers, the venerable gentleman informed them, "if they would express their wishes in writing, whether they desired to see any one within, and place it upon the board, or to be purchasers of the works of the nuns, upon ringing the bell they would be answered."

Bonville wrote with a pencil the latter, and gave the signal. The board turned upon its pivot;

and in a few moments returned, covered with various articles of the most ingenious workmanship; artificial flowers of exquisite beauty, purses formed of the smallest beads, of all colours, fans of feathers, birds of sea shells, that closely imitated nature, and needle-work of the utmost delicacy. The flowers were made with botanical accuracy, and scented with their natural perfumes; the price of each article was affixed to it. They were liberal purchasers, and the payment being placed upon the board, it was returned to the interior. The old gentleman hearing them express a desire to see those who could produce such beautiful work, said, "their admission was impossible; but the Physician, who was then visiting the nuns, would soon return, when they possibly might see some of them."

The inner door now opened, and two veiled females appeared: one of them rushed towards the old gentleman, who received her with open arms, and affectionate embraces. The physician followed, attended by several of the sisters; one of whom, an elegant little figure, pressed forward from the group, and presented to him a basket of beautiful flowers, similar to those offered for sale; which, with great politeness of address and manner, he refused: still the nuns lingered, and, through the open door, the young Englishmen saw the gardens of the convent, appearing shady and extensive. She who had first emerged now motioned for all to retire; and the door closed upon the interesting group which evidently were neither "the world forgetting, nor by the world

forgot;" for the old gentleman, Lord Dunmeath, and Edgar, stood silently gazing upon the barrier, that enclosed them; each remembering the slowness of their retreat, and the animation of their approach.

"Yet they are happy," said the gentleman, as he wiped the tear from his eye; "my daughter entered the nunnery at fourteen, by her own desire, and, contrary to my wishes, she took the veil at sixteen, which is two years ago, and has never repented her dedication; but I have no other joy in the world than what you have witnessed. I ought not to grieve, for is she not devoted to Heaven? God Almighty gave her to me, and I ought not to withhold her from him."

He walked away, leaving Bonville and his young friend to lament the mistaken piety that opposed all the sweet charities of the human heart, all the usefulness of the human nature; hostile to those feelings that the great Creator implanted there, to smooth the path of life, and by softening and expanding the benevolent affections, to prepare it for the enjoyment of that celestial love which is to form our heaven hereafter.

"But it presents a lesson of sacrifice, and self-control," thought Edgar, "by which I ought to profit, and which shall not pass away unheeded." Lord Dunmeath presented Edgar with the flowers he had purchased, requesting him to reserve them for Miss Bonville; therefore his own, that he had designed for her, he offered to Lady Sophia.

"They are beautiful," said her ladyship, "but I cannot accept them as a compensation for your

company, Mr. Bonville. You have not read to us once since we came on shore; and I almost wish Madeira had lain beyond the Cape, or farthest India; we were all so happy on board with that pleasant Captain St. John, that cheerful Bedford, and those honest sailors!"

"How admirably are these flowers executed!" said she, "and this sweet Scabius is so sweetly perfumed as to deceive the sense; it is a flower I have fondly loved, ever since that dear Virginia sent its seeds from France to the Mauritius. What a heart-breaking tale that is, Mr. Bonville! what a beautiful structure of heaven-built happiness was there destroyed by the interference of this world's wisdom!" A beating heart, and feelings that arose in tender sympathy, required great effort to control: such was the state of Edgar's, such was its control!

"Was it not natural, Lady Sophia, that the aunt of Madame la Tour should wish to possess some power over the being whom she meant to enrich?"

"Oh the miserable selfishness, the mistaken policy of human pride!" exclaimed Lady Sophia, "that in its perverted wisdom is at war with the laws of nature, love, and virtue."

"It was not the good or happiness of Virginia she desired; it was the gratification of pride and ambition; which, in the attainment of a splendid marriage, would have been accomplished: had the surface been brilliant, little would she have regarded the darkness within. Her wealth was indeed a curse; like a demon, it stole into and

blasted the happiness of Eden. Had she been satisfied to have enjoyed it in herself, whilst she lived, and to have transmitted it to her amiable and alienated niece, how delightful would its fruits have been! Paradise would have opened in the wild; benevolence, blessed with the power to act from its sacred impulse, would have gladdened all hearts: celestial happiness would have found its absent heaven in the bosom of a friend, and love, pure as its origin, would have reigned on earth; whilst gratitude from hearts so blessed would have raised an altar to their benefactor, at which posterity would have knelt and worshipped. Madame la Tour's aunt thought otherwise; and the history tells us what was her reward."

Edgar dared not assert his sympathy with those sentiments, to which his heart made the response. Had selfishness been its impulse, had not honour been its guard, such a conversation would have been made subservient to the attainment of what he thought above all price but that of virtue,—the affections of a being so amiable, and so lovely: neither, to enhance the merit of the sacrifice, did he for a moment betray his feelings; he had fixed his own point of integrity, and, steep as was the ascent, was determined to reach its summit.

"Your ladyship has considered this affecting story very deeply, and your sentiments would beautifully contribute to the happiness of an Utopian world; but in this we must not live for ourselves alone: our parents and society have their demands, to which, as children and citizens, we must conform. The flowers of virtue here are an-

compassed with thorns, which, though poignant, do not wholly eclipse their beauty, or absorb their perfume."

"It is the world we live in," said Lady Sophia, "that has planted those thorns. Paul could have told you they grew not in the Mauritius; but I never read the whole of the story; with me it concluded, with the end of hope and happiness; I never read a line beyond, 'The St. Geran then presented itself to our view, her gallery crowded with people!'"

Tears filled the eyes of the amiable young woman; her bosom heaved with involuntary sighs, and gathering together the flowers, she rose from her seat, and left the room.

A period of bitter feeling succeeded. Edgar thought indeed that it "was an edict in destiny," that the course of true-love never did run smooth, and for a while he was subdued by the consciousness; but as the "rising lion shakes from his mane the heavy dew-drops of the night," so the virtuous energies of a mind, determined to keep in the straight line of rectitude, recovers itself.

"We pray," said he, "not to be led into temptation; which if we do not endeavour to avoid, we wilfully seek, and make our prayers a mockery. Such conversation as this is tempting our powers of resistance, and he, who confides in his own strength may fall. I will hazard them no more, but to-day, before it is to-morrow, seek out for a passage to England."

With this intention, Edgar left Lord Fitz-Erin's house, and met with that success which good in-

tentions, when acted upon in good earnest, seldom fail to meet. In the evening, Lady Sophia appeared with the dark flowers of the sweet Scabius mingled amongst the rich tresses of her light brown hair; and the association, that had impressed her mind whilst she placed them there, had left the expression of tenderness and sympathy upon her beautiful features. Lord Fitz-Erin saw, and felt the loveliness of his daughter, and said, " Where did my Sophia procure those becoming and elegant flowers?"

" The eastern gales have brought them from the Mauritius, dear papa, where they have bloomed amidst its valleys, though the hand that planted them sleeps beneath its turf."

" But why wear flowers that awaken such melancholy reflections, my love?" asked Lady Fitz-Erin. " I remember Virginia says—' You might fancy it is in mourning.' In gratitude for the blessings we enjoy, let us not nurse fictitious sorrows; therefore, I would rather see a chaplet of roses encircle your brow than the hapless widow's flower."

" An amiable nature," said Lord Fitz-Erin, " will weep with those who weep, and sympathise even with imaginary griefs, which, when painted by the hand of genius, shows us, as in a mirror, the woes to which our nature is exposed; but this ' sweet sorrow' must have its limits, lest we impair the vigour of the mind, and destroy its powers, when we are called upon to resist the real calamities of life."

On the succeeding day, Edgar made his ar-

rangements for returning to England in a merchant ship, that was leaving Madeira direct. The evening was peculiarly inviting, and Lord Fitz-Erin proposed driving out upon the beach. Lady Fitz-Erin had been slightly indisposed during the day, and declined the exercise, which she pressed upon her family.

"Will your ladyship," said Edgar, with great earnestness of manner, "allow me to remain with you? I will read, talk, or be silent, as you command."

Lady Sophia said, half reproachingly, "Mr. Bonville, you desert us, and your usual pleasures. What! will not you go and look upon the blue, blue sea, and see the bright bright sun, hastening to dear, dear England? I wish I could amplify these inducements still more, and rival mamma."

He could not answer. "To-morrow," thought he, "I shall accompany its course, and leave behind me that sun which must no more shine for me!"

Oh, no! dear youthful aspirant of virtue. The soul's calm sunshine gilds that bosom alone that sacrifices its own wishes upon the altar of duty, and such awaits the future day and evening of thy life!

Left alone with Lady Fitz-Erin, Edgar sunk into a sad and conscious silence. Her ladyship took a book from her table, and said, "I will avail myself of your compliment, by requesting you to read."

Bonville took the book; it was "The Influence of the Passions on the Human Heart." He kept

his eye fixed on its title-page, as though his own reflections were weighing its import.

Lady Fitz-Erin sat in silent attention; her eye rested on his face, which expressed the varied emotions of his mind. "Bonville," said she, with great kindness of voice and manner, "how am I to understand your silence? Your face is a volume I would fain read, but cannot. Still silent? My dear Bonville, is there any thing upon your mind, in your heart, that a friend, a mother, could soothe? Speak to me; confide in me. When I, with my lord, took you from your happy home, I determined to supply, as far as I could, its tender protection and support."

"Mother!" Edgar involuntarily repeated, and his frame thrilled with emotion. "All kindness and condescension you have been to me, madam, and most happy have I been: extend that kind, that condescending indulgence a little longer, and believe that my grateful sensibility can only terminate with my life; but from this happiness I must depart: let me but take the regard of your ladyship and that of Lord Fitz-Erin with me, and I shall not go without consolation."

"Leave us, Bonville! leave Dunmeath so precipitately! what can have occasioned such a determination, which I must seriously oppose, unless convinced of its necessity?"

Edgar sat with his eyes bent on the ground, as though he was there looking for the characters that should form his answer. The various sensations that oppressed him passed in quick succession over his features; the colour rose to his

cheeks, his eyes filled with tears; but remembering that he was called upon to speak, by one to whom so much respect was due, and trusting in the true dignity of her noble mind, he said, in a voice of the deepest contrition, "Pardon me, madam; mine is an involuntary fault, but let the expiation atone for its presumption. My heart could not be insensible to the graces and virtues of Heaven's loveliest creation—" a moment of awful silence ensued; and he sunk upon his knee by the side of the sofa on which Lady Fitz-Erin was seated, and rested his face upon it—"It loves, it worships, Lady Sophia! but," continued he, raising his voice, as conscious rectitude inspired its never-failing energy, "I go to-morrow, never to see her more, till she bears the name of the man whom her noble parents wish that she should so honour."

Lady Fitz-Erin, though never unconscious of her high station, was yet sensible to the claims of humanity, to the feelings of nature; she was not of that disposition which was,

'Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.'

She fully appreciated the noble candour, the manly ingenuousness, that could thus confide in hers; and said in a voice of tender commiseration, "Recover yourself, my young friend; you possess my sincerest sympathy; for, in this world of trial, one of the severest tests of virtue is, when 'sweet affections prove the source of woe.'"

"Recover yourself, Bonville," said she, graciously motioning him to be reseated, "and I will follow the example of candour you have shown: recover yourself, and spare me a while."

After the silence of a few moments, Lady Fitz-Erin said, "As woman, such as she came from the hands of her Maker, Sophia is but your equal; the same pure spirit animates you both; by the same natural graces you are distinguished; the genius and talents that you each possess are more rare than rank and fortune: but Lady Sophia Cavana is the daughter of an ancient and a noble house: her ancestors, and her posterity, alike assert their claims, their high and unalienable claims upon her; and as the affianced wife of another, she is the sacred hostage of Lord Fitz-Erin's honour, whose moral escutcheon, as his patent of nobility, is without spot or stain. I therefore request a further proof of your sincerity, Bonville, that you must not, will not withhold.—Does Lady Sophia know your attachment?" and in a hurried and half-suppressed voice, "does she permit its consciousness?"

"Lady Sophia's name, and this subject," replied Edgar, "would have been with me ever sacred; not even breathed in the sanctuary of a mother's, or a sister's bosom, but to avoid the appearance of ingratitude and caprice towards those to whom the most profound respect is due. To have been considered worthless by Lord Fitz-Erin's family would have broken my heart, the dread of which has unsealed my lips; but never by look, by word, or implication, have I dared to insinuate to Lady Sophia that I thought

she was an angel, or that she was angel-like adored."

"Honourable Bonville! but to my other inquiry?"

"Ah, madam, now, indeed, you put me to the trial, not of my sincerity, for I wish your ladyship could see my heart,—it would acquit me of that presumption which you call upon my lips to avow; but your requests are with me commands.

"Had I," said he, his eyes not daring to rise to her ladyship's anxious countenance, "an imperial crown to offer Lady Sophia, I feel an internal, an involuntary consciousness, that she would prize the hand by which it was offered above the diadem. This question, my lady, I could have evaded, and escaped the imputation of presumption; but it was the sincerity of the heart your ladyship required, and it is yours. Allow me to add, there has been no mutual acknowledgments, no tacit acceptance; the distance of our fortunes is not more remote than the avowal of our sentiments."

"Enough, Bonville," said Lady Fitz-Erin; "you must indeed separate. Lady Sophia is destined for the young Marquis of D.: he is now visiting the Greek Isles, and will meet us on our return at Gibraltar: there has been a long hereditary friendship in the two families: he wishes to unite it more relatively; and on our arrival at home, we shall acknowledge our preference of him to every other young nobleman, who might seek our cherished daughter. This candour is your due, Bonville: more than this, our esteem, our tenderest regard accompanies you to England; and

your immediate departure I no longer oppose. My wishes, my prayers," said her ladyship, emphatically folding her hands, "attend you there. Oh! may you find in the bosom of your own dear family the peace that has been temporarily endangered in ours!"

Edgar rose, and taking her ladyship's offered hand, pressed it respectfully to his lips, and withdrew.

With the same ingenuous simplicity with which Edgar Bonville had made his honourable confession to Lady Fitz-Erin, did she impart it to her lord; and in minds so congenial, the same sentiments prevailed. After Lady Sophia had retired for the night, she was followed to her chamber by her tender sympathising mother. She had just reposed her head upon her pillow, and waking visions of love and happiness, soft as its down, floated on her youthful fancy.

Lady Fitz-Erin's eye caught the wreath of sweet Scabius, as it hung amongst the trinkets of her watch. "Ah!" thought she, "*I* now can fancy it in mourning! I shall not be a welcome visitor to-night, my love; my fondest kiss will not recompense the unwelcome intelligence I bring."

The unconscious being raised her head, and it rested upon her arm, which her pillow sustained, whilst she looked upon her mother with anxious inquiry. "Our pleasant young friend, Bonville, is recalled to England; with him, the call of duty is as imperious as the call of destiny. We shall all regret his departure; but Dunmeath will have most cause: the improvement he received from

Bonville's society is daily evident, and on his account, it is most to be lamented."

Lady Fitz-Erin spoke diffusely, to give her daughter time to collect herself, and in that time, what a transition had taken place in her feelings! Her warm blood seemed instantanously turned to ice; her heart bounded to her throat, and her arm, that sustained her head, lost its supporting power. Lady Fitz-Erin continued. "He leaves us to-morrow by a merchant ship, that sails immediately, as another may not soon occur; He is not one that will temporise with his duty. He will embark at noon. I hope, my Sophia, you will breakfast with us; it will evince your respect for your brother's friend, of which he is so greatly deserving."

The delicacy of the woman triumphed over her feelings; and she said, in a faint, but collected voice, "Certainly, dear mamma, it is a respect due to Mr. Bonville that I shall not fail to pay."

"Good night, my sweet love," said Lady Fitz-Erin, as she kissed her with affectionate tenderness; "may sleep and peace rest with my Sophia!"

Thus did this high-minded and sensible woman subdue those feelings which in more common natures would have been displayed in rage and reproach; whilst violence would have drawn closer those ties that gentleness more happily succeeded to untwist. Lady Fitz-Erin left her daughter's chamber, but not to visit her own; she devoted the whole night to writing letters—the infirmity of nature, supported by the omnipotence of mind. But

not even the self-approving hour could soothe the wounded feelings of Edgar; he waited anxiously for the dawn, and left his chamber at its first appearance. On the sea-shore he watched the waves, restless and perturbed as his own spirit; there he passed the first hours of morning, and on his return met Lord Dunmeath, who rushed into his opened arms, and sobbed upon his bosom.

"We shall meet again in England, dear Dermot," said Edgar; "in the journey of life, I hope we shall often meet."

"I wish we might never, never part," said the affectionate boy. They proceeded to the family breakfast-room; Lord Dunmeath hanging fondly upon Edgar, repeating his regrets, but too inherently well-bred to express his wonder at the suddenness of its cause. By a strong effort of conscious propriety, the intervening hour was passed with apparent cheerfulness by all but him, who having no latent cause for self-control, indulged the genuine sorrow he felt. The moment now arrived when delay was dangerous, and time imperious. Edgar arose; he took the offered hand of Lady Fitz-Erin, he bowed upon it, he kissed it, he could have knelt to the being to whom it belonged.

In a steady, but softened tone, she said, "Farewell, my young friend! most sincerely do I lament the necessity of your departure. May Heaven reunite you with your friends, and grant that we may all meet again in England! Sophia, I know you feel as I do; but if we were to detain Bonville," said she with a faint smile, "by saying what we feel, the ship would sail without him; so one adieu, and

away." That adieu could not be given in words; Lady Sophia arose, and the almost pulseless hand of each were for a moment united, and then separated for ever.

Most judiciously was this parting allowed; it precluded the sad and desolated feeling, with which the sorrowing heart lingers upon the memory of the object from which it is abruptly divided by duty or necessity; repeating with melancholy reiteration, "had I but been allowed to have said farewell, I would then have submitted, and have been resigned."

Lord Fitz-Erin and his son accompanied Bonville to the ship, and there repeated their regrets, and assurances of future regard. The bitterness of separation was passed, Lady Fitz-Erin, and Lady Sophia were parted from; but the hand of Edgar yet retained the feeling, the impression of that cold one, that had received the first faint pressure of his. He retired immediately to his cabin, where his feelings are too sacred to be intruded upon. In the stillness of the night, he sought consolation from that Being who knows the nature and the sufferings of the human heart, and who alone can support a Christian in the warfare of life. He called upon himself to act with that energy and fortitude that become the son of his beloved parents, the pupil of his venerable friend, the youth, whom Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin had distinguished. And on the succeeding day, by forcing himself to receive and return the attentions of Captain Benson, he recovered his serenity; his happy cheerfulness could alone be restored by an union with his beloved family,

the soothing delights of Teesdale, and the resumption of his former avocations.

CHAPTER IX.

Him we might liken to the setting sun,
As I have seen it on some gusty day,
Struggling, and bold, and glaring from the west,
With an inconstant and unmellow'd light.
She was a soft attendant cloud,
That hung as if with wish to veil the restless orb.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek.

UNCONSCIOUS that he was hastening to them, Edgar's family were solacing his absence, by thinking of the pleasures and advantages he was enjoying. Mrs. Bonville had entirely recovered from her accident, and Fanny's happiness was more full, and expanded by the accession of ideas, and the increase of friends, her pleasant excursion had afforded.

Sir Charles Seymour had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Manners to Scotland, but could not be prevailed upon to extend his journey beyond Edinburgh. They and Augustus left him there, after having secured his introduction into that select and superior society, that combination of learning, talent, and science, that the northern capital affords. By constant association with Mrs. Granville, the family at Woodfield had the tenderest affections of the heart, and the best powers of the mind, called into further exercise; she had borne her share of this world's evil with

a mind so steady, had sat so loosely to its vanities and luxuries, and estimated so truly its solid excellencies, that she appeared to have brought the possession of happiness to an art, from which the principles of her well directed and cultivated mind supplied the materials it acted upon, the dignity of which diffused itself over her form and actions. Woodfield was offered to her as a permanent home, but she retained her little cottage, for she could not resign the complacent feeling of possessing a *home of her own;* allowing Peggy to take alternately from amongst the cottagers one of their female children; keeping it for three months or more, and instructing it in those household practices in which she was so well initiated, Mrs. Granville herself superintending the good work. Her remittances to, and communication with, America, were regular claims upon her little income and her large heart; and so entirely did the faithfulness of her attachment, and the consistency of her character, refute the gentle satirist, who asserts more in pity than in anger, that "friendship is but a name," that she would have left the tranquil comforts of her home, and the sensible enjoyments of Mr. Bonville's family, to have alleviated the sorrows of her early friend, by sharing them with her in America; but with equal generosity this proposal was refused.

"If ever," said her unfortunate friend, "your presence will save me from despair, I will be saved; but my heart's fondest wish is to be assured, that you will be a mother to my child in England."

The affectionate and devoted Mrs. Granville was not aware how soon the tender claim would be made.

Mr. Delancy, ever at variance with settled prospects and stationary comforts, was now in the country of speculators and adventurers; and he was one of its most visionary and restless inhabitants. The servants, or rather the domestics, were under no restraints, and acknowledged no subordination; alike insensible of the feelings of respect as of the sentiments of gratitude. Society in this state to the elegant and sensible Mrs. Delancy afforded no enjoyment. There were but two objects in the visible world with which she could communicate, her daughter, and her friend; and what a dread expanse divided her from the one, what sad presages of the future wounded her spirit for the other!

Mr. Delancy now almost wholly absented himself from his wife and daughter, and associated with newly arrived projectors, with whom he renewed his hitherto disconcerted plans; and was at this time on the eve of accompanying them to a far distant settlement.

The first intimation Mrs. Delancy received of this intended desertion was from her female domestic. "Master," said she, "is going up to the back-settlements. You are an unsuitable wife for a man that must live for weeks together in the woods; your child, too, will never be good for any thing; he is going away with some new settlers, and I shall go with them, so you had better get back to England, where you say you can have

women to come, and go, and stay, at your bidding."

"I must hear this from your master," said the horror-struck wife, "before I pay it any attention."

"I am going into the field," said the girl, "and I will tell him."

She went away, but to join the party which were waiting for her, and, along with her worthless master, returned no more.

Olivia Delancy was a woman who should have fallen to the lot of one who would have cherished her as the best gift Heaven had to bestow on man; whose eyes in the morning should have sought hers as the blessing of the day; whose hand should have remembered its cunning for her sake; whose heart should have sought its repose in her affection; its balm for every woe in her sympathy, and its support for every sorrow in her faithfulness; for dignity and love were the essence of her nature, and every feeling of her mind was disposed "to go hand in hand with her marriage vow."

Heart-broken under the sad and cruel disappointment of finding the man she once had loved so fondly, whom she still adhered to so truly, who was the father of her Olivia, a worthless and abandoned deserter; and convinced too late that a handsome exterior, and a specious suavity of manners, without solid principles and useful energies, will never contribute to domestic happiness, she sunk beneath the pressure of her accumulated sorrows. To die in England, if for-

bid to live there, had been the first wish of her exile: she now felt that it could not be accomplished. By the disposal of her few possessions, she obtained a sufficiency to convey her daughter there; and in imploring the blessings of Heaven upon her child she resigned her care-worn life. In the meridian of years and beauty, she died a victim to neglect, and unrequited affection.

The world's law hath no punishment for this lingering destruction; but there is a merciful and retributive Being, who will not suffer his creatures to be afflicted without avenging their cause, and who will consider those who inflict misery, and destroy peace, the objects of his justice; along with those, who, guilty of the last act of inhumanity, cut off life itself.

On the evening on which the orphaned Olivia arrived at Ashhurst, she had been the subject of conversation at Woodfield, when Peggy came up in breathless haste to say, "a young lady, in deep mourning, had just arrived in a chaise, and inquired for Mrs. Granville."

The conviction rushed upon her mind: "It is my motherless Olivia," said she: "let me hasten to give her welcome."

"If indeed it be Olivia," said Fanny, "we will welcome her also; and early to-morrow I will be with you."

"If," said Mrs. Bonville, "she is deserving of Mrs. Granville's affection, my Fanny, she will be a great acquisition to your happiness;

which I have often thought was incomplete without a friend of your own age."

"I know what you would say, my love, and the sincerity of your assertions; but however your mother may have satisfied your heart, I am assured the sympathy of one, whose age and pursuits assimilate with yours, will increase its pleasures; 'for there is nought on earth so fair as virtuous friendship;' that affords its possessors the hope of treading the path of life, even to its close, together."

When Fanny Bonville visited the cottage in the morning, Mrs. Granville and her trans-atlantic charge were seated at the breakfast-table: she saw, at the moment, that she was expected, that she was already known to the youthful stranger. Mrs. Granville united the hands of each with tenderness. No one spoke; but the manner, the expression of all, denoted affection, confidence, and gratified expectation.

"I come," said Fanny, "to take you and Olivia (for she had never heard her called by another name) to Woodfield. Mamma longs to bless her youngest daughter."

"Not to-day, dear Fanny; my child must be tiated in her home the first day of her taking possession: to-morrow we will be yours; to-day you must be ours. Peggy is going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Bonville to dine with us, and you will remain."

The youth of Fanny Bonville and Olivia de Lancy presented the greatest contrast: the one had known only happiness, more pure, more un-

interrupted than the vicious, the melancholy, and the discontented will allow to the state of humanity; but cheerfulness, gratitude, and piety had been its basis, and fair was the superstructure. The other, exposed from infancy to innumerable sorrows and deprivations,—possessing a father, yet without a father's protection or support; a country without a home; no human being, no local habitation to attach her heart, but her mother—and that little space, wherever it was, that dear mother occupied,—to her, every look and feeling was devoted; in her, all her affections were concentrated; and in that watchful, idolizing tenderness, which that mother excited, her very nature became formed: deprived of that mother, they were transferred to Mrs. Granville, their guardian angel, now her only friend. Exposed to the hazards of the ocean, during a tempestuous passage, and the solitude to her of a busy seaport, where she knew no one but the captain of the merchant vessel in which she came to Liverpool; to be received with such tenderness, cherished as a blessing sent from Heaven, and considered as a daughter by one of the best and kindest of women and of friends, was almost too great a trial of her grateful and lively sensibility. Fanny Bonville had known no sorrow, suffered no unkindness, witnessed no vice; she had excellent judgment, quick susceptibility, and an elevated imagination; with a lively sense of all that was sublime and beautiful in the works of God, all that was pure and intel-

lectual in the mind of man; with a perfect indifference to, or contempt of, whatever was mean, low, or sordid, though wealth and power gave it their sanction. By the undiscriminating world she would have been called romantic; and such she was, if to be ardent in the cause of virtue, and eager in the race of excellence, was romance; but firm in purpose and steady in principle, the consistency of her character would put to shame the superficial observations of those who wilfully or ignorantly sit in judgment upon the characters of others. Not more in circumstances than appearances did they differ. The little Anglo-American was delicately formed, with fair complexion, and its usual accompaniments, a flow of light-brown hair, with an eye of Heaven's own azure, in which the tenderness and apprehension of her nature were blended. Fanny Bonville's fine dark eyes were radiant with animation, hoping all things, believing all things, confiding in all things; her glossy hair, a few shades lighter, forming a marked contrast with her fair and open brow; the sweet expression of her mouth, whose receding smiles discovered her fine teeth; with the symmetry of her form, and the grace of her manner, presented an analogy of her mind and character.

In friendship, as in love, the affections will be influenced, if not guided, by the fancy; and it has been often observed in each, that contrast excites attachment. The peculiar circumstances of Olivia de Lancy's life, Mrs. Granville's af-

fection for her had long excited that of Fanny Bonville, which, when seen, her person and manner confirmed.

As they drew round the evening fire, which in their northern residence was always pleasant, Mrs. Bonville contemplated the affectionate endearments of Mrs. Granville to the orphaned Olivia. "I am happy," said she, "in the acquisition of this darling child; at the thoughts of her association the solitude of my home disappears; sleeping and waking she will be mine; I feel *her* the little 'Friday' of my shipwreck. And now Ashhurst contains all I love, all I hope for in this world;—the fortunate island of my terrestrial repose."

"Oh heretic in faith and affection!" exclaimed Fanny, "where would you place my brother?"

"In a city set upon a hill, my Fanny. Ashhurst is given to another; and his light, I trust, will shine before men over a wider scene."

"His spirit remains with us," said the fond mother. "Where he once has been, there he will ever be."

"Three months of the proposed twelve," said Mr. Bonville, "are not yet passed. I dare not think how much I want my boy."

How little did this endeared family imagine that the object of their affections was so nigh his native land. There were few passengers on board the Two Margarets; and Edgar frequently wished for that "gay creature of the element," the kind hearted Bedford; for he did not seek abstraction, or desire to cherish the past events

in his retrospections; to become the victim of his heart by the enervation of his mind. He reflected upon the duties he had to perform, the claims he had to answer, the duties of his life, the claims of his family: yet, as the Persian, he would daily turn to the rising sun, and think of those it shone upon—upon the bright beam that had shot across his path, and then became obscured to him for ever. But all the fond affections and associations of his earlier life glowed in his bosom when the man at the mast-head called out—" Land! England!"

It was early morning, but all crowded upon deck to bless their sight with a view of their beloved country. Beautifully to them, though faintly, its shores arose from its parent sea in long horizontal lines; which, before the close of day, presented amidst its white cliffs the well known head-lands of the Isle of Wight, which, like a small brilliant struck off from the "gem of the ocean," shone in "the silver sea." The morning presented the coast of Hampshire; Portsmouth, and Spithead, with its grove of masts, appeared in view. A recollective pang shot through the heart of Edgar: there he was with Lady Sophia, but there also he last saw his father and his sister, to whom he was now hastening. How they would meet him, he well knew; but she, he should meet no more. He did not wish the first feelings, on touching his native shore, should be the heart's desolation; he therefore proceeded with the ship to Gravesend, despatching a packet of letters to Woodfield from

Portsmouth, which had been given to him by Lord Fitz-Erin at parting; when he requested they might be forwarded to reach Mr. Bonville before his own arrival.

Lady Fitz-Erin had sought, had expected no repose, on the night preceding Edgar's departure. Her noble nature was pained at the contemplation of those griefs she felt compelled by circumstances and propriety to inflict; and, in the interval of night, she wrote to Mr. Bonville, the tender father who had resigned his amiable child to her charge.

"Very soon after this meets your hand, my respected sir, your son, the best of sons, and the most amiable of human beings, will be pressed to your heart, scarcely to be more loved—more cherished there, than in my own. Spare his delicacy, and his feelings, by requiring any explanation from him of his premature return. The cause is honourable to him—the necessity deeply regretted by us; yet, to you and Mrs. Bonville all confidence is due. Had Lady Sophia Cavana been less sensible of the merits of our young friend, we should not now have to lament his loss; and, formed as he is by your culture, and endowed as he is by Heaven, he could not have lived in the contemplation of virtues and graces like hers without loving them. I trust their separation will prove but a temporary sorrow, and the reward of his submission and integrity will be future and permanent happiness; that future, I hope, will reunite him with Lord

Fitz-Erin's family, whose best services, sincerest esteem, and most affectionate remembrances, will ever attend him.

"Assure Mrs. and Miss Bonville of my regard; and accept the sympathy and respect of, sir, yours, very sincerely,

"FRANCES FITZ-ERIN."

Lord Fitz-Erin also wrote:

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Lady Fitz-Erin's sentiments and mine so invariably coincide, that I am sure her ladyship's letter will have expressed what I feel upon the present occasion. My regret, esteem, and friendship, accompany Bonville to England, to those friends of which he is so truly worthy; by him, and them, I request to be considered as their very sincere friend,

"FITZ-ERIN.

Some communication also, upon an event so unexpected as Bonville's return, was due to Mr. Manners, whom Lord Fitz-Erin addressed at the same time.

"DEAR MANNERS,

"Do not ask Bonville any questions respecting his return without us. He is a noble fellow, of which I will convince you when we meet. I have not made any provision for his return, therefore am his debtor; but, as I would not hazard the possibility of suggesting an idea, that I set a price

upon what is above all price, I cannot offer to reimburse those pecuniary expenses he will incur; I therefore request you to draw upon my banker for five hundred pounds, and present it to him, my dear friend, in the manner which you think will be most likely to ensure its acceptance. When I return to England, it will be my first care to make him the ostensible object of my favour and regard. Present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Manners, and believe me truly yours,

"FITZ-ERIN."

These three letters were sent from Portsmouth; one from Edgar accompanied them; and so assured was he of the affection he inspired at Woodfield, that he knew his own would be first perused.

"My dear, my honoured parents! my beloved sister! can your Edgar regret any circumstance, unaccompanied by self-reproach, that restores him to the sacred paternal roof at Woodfield? Within a few days I shall be there; and being there, what can I wish for more than the love and peace that, I trust, await me?

"Your own, your dutiful, and affectionate

"EDGAR."

These letters arrived the day following the one passed with Mrs. Granville, on Olivia's appearance, and at the time when they and Miss Bon-

ville were paying their usual visits at Meadowfield. They were read, as Edgar had anticipated, and for a few moments uncommented upon. The father, gratified as he was by the kind consideration and generous confidence of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, felt in every aching nerve for his beloved child. Mrs. Bonville, with the quickness of the woman, saw all the youthful beauty of her son's integrity, and, with all the pride of the mother, exulted in its triumph; but their thoughts were too occupied, their hearts too affected, to speak even to each other upon the subject that engrossed them. The walking party returned with that vivacity and joyous exultation of spirits, that a ramble in fine weather, and in a beautiful country, associated with those dear to each other, never fails to inspire.

"Your face, dear mamma, is full of expression," said Fanny; "but whether of joy or sorrow, I really cannot determine."

"Your brother," said Mr. Bonville, "will be here in a few days, perhaps hours; his unexpected return has startled even your mamma's equal mind: but he returns the same exemplary Edgar he has ever been; and the friends he leaves are no less worthy his grateful respect, and our esteem and deference."

"I never doubted either," she replied; "but what can have caused this unlooked for pleasure?"

"The confidence of another," said Mrs. Bonville, "is sacred. Your brother will have no

reserves with a sister whom he loves so much; but we will not anticipate those communications, the nature of which we can only conjecture."

"It is enough," said Fanny; "only give me my brother, I ask no more. Now, my dear Olivia, you will see the joy of my heart, the pride of Woodfield."

The evening passed, but brought not the expected joy. The fond parents retired at night, deeply impressed by the communications of Lady Fitz-Erin. In the self-control of her son the mother's heart exulted, and in the sweet hope of his return was lulled to rest, amidst the purest joys of a mother's paradise, the consciousness of the exalted virtue of her child; whilst the tender, anxious father, who had been so happy in his married life, who had been blest with the object of his first and fondest affections, prest a sleepless pillow, shrinking from the contemplation of his son's life, and thought, with trembling solicitude,

"What a painful pilgrimage 't would prove,
Strew'd with the thorns of disappointed love."

Fanny, whom fond expectation had kept long awake, and awakened early, engaged herself in all the busy enjoyment of prelusive happiness; she visited every scene to which her brother's participation had given interest. During the whole day, she felt that climax of expectation so exquisitely delineated in Miss Baillie's song on the return of the absent; which, though not displayed in the feudal throng of a baron's hall, was not less

evident, less sweet, in the happy consciousness of an Englishman's home.

"I cannot but rejoice in dear Edgar's return," said Mrs. Granville; "for I am assured, though there be cause for regret, there is none for reproach."

"I thank you for your confidence," said Mrs. Bonville: "he himself will convince you it is well founded."

CHAPTER X.

For care comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.

From the time Edgar left Madeira till he reached Ashhurst, his heart had been the pupil of his well regulated mind, which he was resolved should not become the victim of that sorrow, for which he was assured Hope could not raise one feather from her bright plume, and of his "youth's immortality" he could not partake. He reflected how much his parents delighted in his happiness, how his sister participated in his cheerfulness, and he appeared before them as if every wish of his heart was gratified in the reunion. His face was touched with a pale cast of thought, and the fresh bloom of youth had somewhat faded from his cheek; yet all the glowing sensibilities of his affections knew no abatement. His gaiety was somewhat more tempered; but, if possible, his attentions were more tender,—yet not one grace was clouded,

one charm banished, and in the joy of his return, its cause seemed almost forgotten: he congratulated Mrs. Granville on the acquisition of Olivia, from whose hand he received her as another sister. Without dwelling upon the termination of his absence, its events excited the most lively interest at Woodfield: the sweet-tempered Bedford, the high-spirited Captain St. John, were never wearying topics; and the assurance that the former would visit Woodfield, on his return from India, afforded general pleasure.

Mrs. Granville observed, that without systematically collecting the amiable and the distinguished, Ashhurst bade fair to become the scene of as much human felicity as a visionary enthusiast had allotted to his utopian "Shenstone Green."

Edgar had much to ask. "Sir Charles Seymour—where is he?"

"In Edinburgh, where he had been left by Mr. Manners, who, with Mrs. Manners and Augustus, were in the Highlands."

"Meadow-field, and the dear Abbé?"

"Nearly complete; four houses occupied by their grateful inhabitants. The Abbé with the illustrious exiles of France, with whom he was solicited to reside, leaving his little chapel to the care of his friends at Woodfield; who love the temple for the priest's sake, and who carefully keep it sacred in remembrance of its destination!"

"Lady Seymour?"

"Secluding herself," said Mrs. Bonville, "in one or two apartments of that beautiful and spacious house; lamenting in querulous complaint the absence of her son and her own solitude, yet practising a system of parsimony, that must exclude all those friends which would enliven it to herself, and probably induce Sir Charles to return to his paternal home."

"Yet," said Mrs. Granville, "Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bonville, leaving their own elegant and happy abode for the gloom of such a house; the increasing and incessant complainings of a being, to whom Providence has given the means of blessing, and being blessed by all around her, poor in all things because she is poor in spirit and in heart."

—"She is the widow of Sir Charles Seymour, my dear madam," said Mr. Bonville; "more than that, she is a fellow-creature, who requires the support of those to whom the same Providence has been still more kind in giving them cheerfulness, contentment, and competence.—You, dear madam, estimate the services and exertions of your friends too highly; and, pardon me, if I add, are rather too severe upon the weaknesses of human nature, over which you have risen superior."

With glistening eyes, she said, "Does he not, Edgar, like the man in the fable, blow hot and cold with the same breath? But I have seen so much of this world's misery arise from error in conduct, that, though I acknowledge man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward, the

flame is frequently kindled and the fuel supplied by his own weaknesses and frailties. Unhappily, they too often singe the garments of those whose virtues would have enabled them to walk through the fire unhurt. Our benevolent Father who is in heaven designed us for comparative happiness on earth, if we make his laws and our own reason the guide of our lives. Your own family, dear Mr. Bonville, exemplifies his plan of benevolence and mercy."

The penetrating Fanny saw a shade of sadness rest upon the face of Olivia, and read her thoughts; they were the sad and consequent reverse of Mrs. Granville's illustration. The retrospect of her life till now, separation from country and friends, a heart-broken mother, and a disgraced father.

"When Heaven is spoken of," said Fanny, "I always think of its inspired Handel. Shall we now, papa, have one of his celestial strains? Edgar has not heard the piano-forte since he returned."

Her well-timed proposal met every one's assent; and, in pleased attention, they listened to her sweet voice, accompanying—"There were shepherds watching in the fields by night;" and her delighted family thought the voices of angels could not announce the glad tidings with more sweetness or pious exultation.

On parting for the night, Mrs. Bonville and her son were left alone. "Does my sister," asked he, "know the cause of my premature return?"

"No one, dear Edgar, except your father and myself, can suppose it."

"I cannot speak to her at present," sighed he; "yet my heart would have no reserves with its own Fanny, or Mrs. Granville, who is one of ourselves. Will you relieve me from this task, from the appearance of reserve to those so dear? and rely upon me, my own dear mamma, that no weak regrets, no selfish indulgences, shall deprive you and my honoured father of the cheerful duty and future exertions of your son." He sealed this assurance with a holy kiss, and hastened out of the room.

"Thy rose of love so soon blighted, my Edgar; but, thank God, there are enjoyments and blessings remaining, that thy exalted nature can well appreciate; and for that sweet being, who saw and loved thy virtues, my heart weeps with pity and affection!" was the fond mother's mental soliloquy as she saw her darling child depart from her presence.

On the ensuing morning, Edgar, accompanied by his sister, waited upon Lady Seymour.

"Ah, Mr. Edgar, I am glad to see you here again; home is the most proper place, and the best place for young people; but what have you done with your red cheeks? and you seem a little fallen away: young men are best at home. I hope you will write, and persuade Sir Charles to come back again. I cannot think why he can leave such a place as this for Scotland."

"Whilst Sir Charles is travelling with such friends as Mr. and Mrs. Manners, his absence is

scarcely to be regretted; of our loss of his society I am very sensible. I purpose writing to him very soon; and, though I shall tell him your ladyship's wishes, and my feelings, I cannot endeavour to persuade him to relinquish a pursuit from which he must derive very superior advantages."

"I do not know that, Mr. Edgar. If he is as good a man as his father was, he need not be better; and he never travelled further than Bath."

The nature of Edgar, highly endowed as it was, possessed the innocence of the dove; and with him the most brilliant wit would lose its aim if the shaft was ever so slightly pointed by satire. He, therefore, did not interpret the expression of Fanny's speaking eye, which, as it then met his, said—"Dear, good Sir Charles; and that was just as much too far as concerned your future happiness, but quite far enough for my lady!" To her request of seeing him often Edgar readily assented; and his sister and he visited the little chapel in the park as they returned home; but, though deserted, it was not forlorn. Fanny, to whom Sir Charles had presented the key, did not suffer it to fall into neglect—pious, grateful, and tender feelings, united to render it sacred to her heart. It had been dedicated to the worship of God by one of his most amiable creatures, whose faith, though differing from her own, influenced a pure and holy life; and who never took an insidious advantage of the affection he inspired to injure the one she professed. Abstracted from religious

considerations, which, in the pious mind of Miss Bonville, it could never be, the little sanctuary was beautiful to the sight and ornamental to the park: its base was covered with a profusion of flowers, and the quick-growing broad-leaved ivy was encircling its walls. She always carried the key when she walked that way; and many times, in the solemn silence of twilight, her mind unwarped by different modes of faith in the house dedicated to God, has her heart poured out its evening sacrifice of prayer and praise to Him upon the steps of its altar. Now the noon-day sun shone full upon it, and brightened its narrow precincts, though the verdant drapery of the ivy, that hung upon the windows, tempered its glowing ray. Nothing had been altered or removed since its faithful priest, and his two or three followers, had been gathered together there; but, by the attention of Miss Bonville, it was kept nicely clean.

"How peaceful, how cheerful!" said Edgar, uncovering his head, "is its aspect! like that spirit which influenced the life of our dear Mr. Conyers, and its absent minister, which rejoicing in the Lord always, sought not to repress those feelings by representing religion as stern, austere, gloomy, and uncomfortable, adverse to all the innocent enjoyments of life, and to all the natural desires and propensities of the human mind: to vice only stern and austere, by which its restraints cannot be borne; to fanaticism and bigotry only gloomy and uncomfortable, by which its charities cannot be conceived."

"You have caught his mantle, dear Edgar," said Fanny, pressing the arm hers hung upon; "and, oh, may you fold it round you for life! I am most thankful that my religious principles were formed and sanctioned by such a spiritual pastor—such a man as Mr. Conyers, whose life was 'visible rhetoric,' whose virtues were the salt of the earth. A series of charity, benevolence, and good will to man, who never sought the pomps or riches of this world, but who enjoyed all its innocent pleasures with gratitude and humility; whose actions and precepts were never at variance; who loved all his fellow-creatures, as though they were brothers and sisters of the same father, but who loved his God and Saviour more than all; who did justice as he loved mercy, but who walked so humbly on earth, under the consciousness of his own weakness, as to rely only on the mercy of God and the merits of the Redeemer for a place in Heaven."

"My dearest sister," said Edgar, as he folded her to his bosom, "how beautifully, how truly, have you delivered his apotheosis! I was brought up at the feet of this Gamaliel; and, I humbly trust, I shall never depart from such reasonable service and genuine piety." Sweeter than the first fruits of the year, or the younglings of the flock, even when such sacrifices were accepted, is youthful piety! The enthusiasm of its early feelings, the ardency of its opening heart, the uplifting of its unstained hands, is a lovely offering to that great and excellent Being, who has formed his creatures but a little lower than the angels, and has humbled the pride of man

by saying he must become as a little child, such must be his innocence and purity to be accepted by Him.

Returning homewards, they arrived at that gate where Mrs. Bonville's accident had occurred,— until then unknown to Edgar; at which he was expressing his sorrow, when Olivia and Mrs. Granville appeared in sight——

"Hush," said Fanny; "it is a painful retrospection to dear Mrs. Granville, who always blames her own inattention to the falling gate. But see, her face beams with information." "What has occurred, dear ma'am? Has Peggy's largest bee-hive swarmed, or is Meadow-field completed?"

"Something more wonderful than either, though perhaps less to be desired: Mr. Bonville has received a letter from Mr. Manners in Edinburgh, where rich young baronets are not undervalued, or young ladies over nice, as at Woodfield."

"You deal out enigmas, dear madam, to me at least," said Edgar, "but I think my sister looks as though she was prepared with their solution."

"Yet," said Mrs. Granville, "the saucy girl will not even try to guess, so I must tell you that Sir Charles Seymour is married."

"Married!" repeated Edgar; "I hope not too precipitately: but I wish he had shown more consideration to Lady Seymour and Lord Fitz-Erin, both of whom must be unacquainted with the circumstance."

"Mr. Bonville is gone up to the Hall with the

intelligence. For my own part," continued Mrs. Granville, "I think Sir Charles has shown no defect in his judgment of the female character."

"Do you know the lady he has married?" asked Edgar.

"No; but I know the lady he would have married, if wealth and rank could have been accepted as substitutes for manly sense and dignity of character; but who has so little vanity as to have forgot that she might have changed the simple appellation of Miss Bonville for that, so dazzling to her sex in general—a lady."

"And was this indeed the case?" asked Edgar. "I see its affirmative in your eyes, and am proud of my noble-minded sister; not the least proof of which is the concealment of the circumstance even from me: to accept or to reject is alike your privilege,—the first, as it does honour to the man, the world has a right to participate in; the other, the delicacy of the woman will confine to her own bosom, and seek not to erect her triumphs upon the disappointment of another. I must be allowed to love Sir Charles more, for such a proof of his discrimination."

"Your approbation, my dear brother, is my sweetest triumph. But I feel impatient to hear from mamma the abstract of Mr. Manners's communications."

"We dine at home to-day," said Mrs. Granville, "but will pass our evening with you; for see Olivia is loading herself with woodbines, root and branch, to plant against the blank end of

our cottage. I love to see her so happy and so occupied: farewell till tea-time."

"If you do not mar our trees by writing love verses on them," said Fanny to Olivia, as she hastened towards them," "you plunder our hedges, and bear away their sweets; but Olivia has a royal prerogative, she can do nothing wrong."

Raising her dove-like eyes to Mrs. Granville, she said—"It is from thence I derive my charter."

"Dear, lovely beings!" mentally said Edgar: "if one more, one far away, was here; and if love, beauty, and goodness, be the attributes of the Graces, ye would be their representatives!"

To give pain to any human being was repugnant to the nature of Mr. Bonville; and he was well aware such would be the consequence of the intelligence he had to convey to Seymour Hall. Not alone the gentleness and propriety of his own family, but the decorous behaviour of the villagers, influenced by the respect he inspired, had hitherto prevented his witnessing the violence to which the dominion of passion, and the absence of self-control, unrestrained either by external considerations or internal possession, may expose the female character. Abuse of the trustees of the present Sir Charles, and invectives on the last, for not investing herself with absolute power over her son; national reflections and determinations never to pardon or receive the offenders, succeeded each other in Lady Seymour's

angry exclamations, to which tears of passion and fits of temper ensued. Disgusted and offended, Mr. Bonville left the house, directing the servant in waiting to say, that when Lady Seymour was more composed he would see her again, if it was her desire.

He had scarcely reached the extremity of the lawn before he was overtaken by a footman, requesting his immediate return.

" I must beg your lady to excuse me at present; Mrs. Bonville is now expecting me at home: I will take tea with your lady." He proceeded homewards, wondering not a little that so violent a paroxysm of rage could so soon have subsided; not aware how soon " tears, and fits, and scoldings fail," when the object to be obtained is insensible to them.

" Dear papa," said Fanny, " now I hope you will allow my desire to hear the history of Sir Charles's marriage to arise from a more excusable cause than curiosity, although you and my brother are smiling with incredulity."

" To satisfy that desire, my love, from whatever cause it springs, I will read you the letter from Mr. Manners: but see, Mrs. Granville and Olivia are at the gate; we will wait till she is here, for she too must have the same desire."

" Come, dear Mrs. Granville," said Fanny, meeting her and unwrapping her shawl; " come, haste to the wedding. Papa only awaits your arrival, to inform us how Sir Charles enacted Cæsar in Caledonia: how he went, saw, and conquered."

"Not so, my Fanny," said Mrs. Bonville; "support the honour of your sex: how he went, saw, and was subdued."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Was I to yield to the irritation of the moment I should bitterly complain, that I, who have had no children of my own, am condemned to be perplexed with those of other people; but, when circumstances are irremediable, nothing remains but to turn them to the best account, and forbear useless repinings. When, at his own desire, I left my young ward in this metropolis, I had both his pleasure and advantage in view. I considered Edinburgh as presenting every advantage for the improvement of a young gentleman, where the first company is the best society, where pleasure enlivens without absorbing, and where the intellectual acquirements of the most polite circles preclude the intrusion of dissipation. Without adopting a system of espionage, I requested a friend to keep Sir Charles in view, and occasionally inform me of his pursuits, and of the estimation in which he was held. Mrs. Manners and Augustus proceeded with me to the western coast, where the most sublime scenery elicited our admiration, and the simple, yet acute minds, and hospitable manners of its inhabitants, won our regard. This enjoyment was interrupted by a letter from my friend, suggesting my reappearance in Edinburgh; informing me that Sir Charles was in the most intimate association with the family of a widowed

lady and her two daughters, whom she was systematically seeking to establish by marriage; and that the facility of the Scottish laws was most favourable to the accomplishment of her plans. I travelled with all expedition to Edinburgh, and left Mrs. Manners and Augustus to follow more conveniently; but I arrived too late to prevent the catastrophe of the drama of a man's life. Sir Charles is married; and our endeavours must now be exerted to make him as respectable as his rank and fortune demand. I have the satisfaction to add, the young lady has good connexions, and is of an ancient, though decayed family. As Sir Charles has wealth enough, this is so far as it should be. He is a little frightened at his own temerity; and we must take advantage of that in arranging his establishment during his minority. Oh, had he but seen with my eyes! he would have looked but a little way from home; there, where every sweet relation of life would have been supplied to him—father, mother, brother, through such a wife!

"I would now submit to your judgment, my dear sir, what I propose for Sir Charles under the present circumstances. I hope you will prevail upon the Dowager Lady Seymour to receive the young people at the Hall, to where they must ultimately come, to pardon her son's offence, and give her young daughter-in-law all the consequence she can, during the short visit they solicit to be allowed to pay her. They will then reside in Edinburgh during the minority of

Sir Charles—perhaps longer; and, whenever he takes possession of his paternal Hall, Lady Seymour shall retire with the full income the late Sir Charles allotted to her for the support of the same noble establishment he had always maintained, till his son became of age, by whose authority I give this assurance. As it is of so much importance to the future happiness and respectability of Sir Charles and Lady Seymour to form proper connexions, and establish good habits at their first entrance into the world, Mrs. Manners has most kindly accorded with my wish to take a house here, and remain the autumn and ensuing winter, where, if you will allow your incomparable son and daughter to become part of my family, I think we shall pay that homage to the Queen of the North which her high claims exact. Edgar will find it poetic ground; where every breeze will waft inspiration, and where Fanny cannot take a step without encountering objects venerable in story, and interesting from historic association, genealogists of Bruce amidst the peasantry of his countrymen, and the deeds of heroes perpetuated by burns, and braes, and bonny knowes. Trusting that you will not only conciliate Lady Seymour, but allow me to assure my young Benedict that you will pardon his disrespect of your hitherto parental guardianship. I only wait your answer to write to Lord Fitz-Erin the substance of this.

"I am, my dear sir, yours, most truly,

"REGINALD MANNERS."

"When we consider the character of Sir Charles," said Mrs. Granville, "with the power and liberty his large fortune will allow, it is fortunate that the 'dramatic catastrophe' has not been more farcical or more tragical."

"We will suppose," said Mrs. Bonville, "unless we knew to the contrary, that the young lady is amiable; and, what I think of much greater importance than fortune, in the present case, is, that she is a gentlewoman born: low birth, and vulgar connexions, are an inexpungeable blot in a gentleman's escutcheon, that no accumulation of money can obliterate."

"When a man has fortune," observed Mr. Bonville, "he is authorized to marry whoever he pleases, and should disdain to let mercenary motives influence his choice; whilst, under different circumstances, I consider an attempt to build up his fortune on what a woman may possess derogatory to the independence of a man: if he has talents, let him exert them to erect a pedestal, on which he may raise himself. The learned professions, the arts and sciences, and the mercantile world, present a field, whereon it may be supposed every man possesses some qualifications to multiply those talents, and place himself on an equality with the woman to whom he aspires, or address her whom he prefers: but these ideas I consider as only applying to those whom birth and education, and peculiar feelings, entitle to the society and consideration of gentlemen. One part of Sir Charles's conduct,

we must allow, is deserving censure, whatever may be its result,—disrespect to his guardians and want of duty to his parent, for which no after submission can compensate. But," continued Mr. Bonville, taking out his watch, "it is time to attend Lady Seymour. When I survey such a circle as this, I feel most sensibly her unblessed solitude; and, in commiserating her situation, forgive, and almost forget her faults."

"It is not more kind than judicious in Mr. Manners," said Mrs. Granville, resuming the subject after Mr. Bonville's departure, "to make his temporary residence in Edinburgh; the future estimation in which Sir Charles will be held, depends upon the society he now keeps, and the friends by whom he is countenanced: though a boy in years, he is a man in circumstances, and must associate with them, or be a boy always. But I hope Mr. Manners will not allure the two fairest flowers from our rural garland, to decorate their boasted Queen of the North."

"I will not leave you, dear madam," said Edgar, "nor from affectation disclaim your compliment to myself. I propose, with the approbation of my father and mother, to resume my studies at Cambridge on the return of the next term, devoting myself to their pursuits most sedulously and entirely."

"And I," said Fanny, "in despite of being actually in love with Mr. Manners, and enamoured, from report, with Mrs. Manners, Augustus and Edinburgh, will not leave dear Olivia

the first winter she passes at Ashhurst, unless mamma wishes to banish her girl from her presence."

"Oh no, my Fanny; I always grieve when necessity or propriety divide families who truly love, and are happy in each other. To the departure of your brother I submit; but we will not be separated."

Mr. Bonville found Lady Seymour inexorable to the amicable propositions of Mr. Manners. She would receive Sir Charles, but not his wife; and she did not desire to remain at the Hall longer than she was mistress there: apparently forgetting, in her violent indignation at her son's choice, that she had had no higher pretensions to become Lady Seymour than the young lady she recoiled at and condemned.

Sir Charles refused the permission upon such half terms, and was consequently, absent from his future home and Woodfield friends.

CHAPTER XI.

Who that bears a human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties which bind our race in gentleness together,
And how sweet their force,
Let Fortune's wayward hand the while, be kind or cruel?

"I CANNOT, my dear mother," said Edgar, "part from my sister, without sharing with her the bosom secret of my heart; but it is too great a coward to retrace in detail the feelings of the

past six months. Will not you spare me this, dear mamma," an appellation he always used when his heart was peculiarly tender, "and prepare the way for my unrestrained confidence with the sensible and affectionate girl?"

"I will give her Lady Fitz-Erin's letter," said Mrs. Bonville: "her quick and intuitive mind will seize the whole without an explanation that will be painful to me."

"And then," he replied, "I will take tea with her in her own little sanctuary, and participate in all the consolation of unreserved, mutual confidence."

That small apartment, that had contributed to the pleasures of their childhood, that had been the repository of their youthful treasures, and which had been elevated by the classical distinction of the Museum, had been resigned by Edgar to his sister; and their judicious parents, feeling the natural pleasure with which every human being appropriates some little space in this vast universe to self-possession, confirmed the gift. It was now named Miss Bonville's room; and, though the almost constant intercourse with her family was her happiest communion, yet, in this domestic retirement, many hours of self-examination and happy privacy were passed. Sometimes, for she was the child of sportiveness, as she was of sweet simplicity, she would induce her mamma, papa, and Mrs. Granville, to take tea with her there, with all the etiquette of invitation and reception; thus varying the uniformity of rural life with fancy, taste, and spirit. In this apartment Fanny per-

used Lady Fitz-Erin's letter, which excited the mingled emotions of admiration and sorrow: she felt most tenderly for the sufferings of her brother, and the disappointment the amiable and gentle being he had loved must have sustained in his abrupt departure; honouring the noble forbearance and generous commiseration of Lady Fitz-Erin, but exulting in the self-control, the resolute determination, the final heroism of Edgar. Fanny had a grand idea of the nature and powers of the human mind; and she would have thought meanly of the man, or even of the woman, who could sacrifice to their own selfish indulgence that energy of resistance that distinguishes a great mind from a weak one. She had seen so much elevation of sentiment and conduct in her parents; and in Mrs. Granville, misfortune and deprivations, consecrated by such virtuous endurance, that her own estimate of moral conduct approached to its enthusiasm. She met her brother as he entered the room.

"My noble-minded Edgar!" she exclaimed, as she took his fondly extended hand, "greater is he who subdues himself than he who conquers a city!"

"Lavish upon me all your healing praise, my Fanny, for I am sick at heart; but rely upon me, for I am firm in purpose; I am going immediately to Cambridge. Occupation is the best shield to oppose unavailing regrets, and to exclude hopeless sorrows. The very air of Woodfield is against my cure; it breathes the balmy gales of love and peace, and all domestic joys, and pictures to my heart such a paradise, where

one rich flower would sweetly bloom, that it turns my very happiness to woe. But fear not for me, my Fanny, this is the first indulgence I have allowed myself; it is the last weakness you shall witness; numerous blessings surround me, amongst which I trust I shall contemplate your happier fate."

"It is said, my dear brother, 'that the course of true love never did run smooth;' and, as I cannot expect destiny to be altered in my behalf, I will not embark upon a stream so turbid; indeed, my taste has been set too high by the intercourse with Mr. Manners, and Lord Fitz-Erin, to descend below their altitude, though I may not aspire to their sphere."

"Will not you allow my gay-hearted Bedford, and the fine high-spirited Captain St. John, to be their bright satellites?"

"Oh yes," said Fanny, all the little Loves laughing in her eyes, dimpling around her mouth, and mantling on her cheeks, "I recollect *him*, as he handed me to the gangway of the Guildford, and promised to make a sailor of my brother. His shadow crossed me in London; I then thought he looked like one that might stand by Cæsar, and give directions; and your praise, my Edgar, proves his mind is worthy of its noble casket."

"His shadow, my Fanny!"

"Oh yes; and, like all other shadowy forms, it spake not with mortal voice, but repeated to my ear alone the sweet assurance [illegible] a letter from Madeira."

"Fanciful girl! what did you see?"

"The picture of Captain St. John, my brother; who, amidst pictures of statesmen, poets, generals, and surrounding beauties of material substance, seemed to look only upon me; so most gratefully I looked *only* upon him, and brought the mental shadow of the shade with me to Woodfield."

The rosy suffusion of Fanny's face was not unobserved by her brother, and his afterthoughts dwelt upon the circumstance—upon that susceptibility of mutual beauty and excellence, that is called "first love;" that love, which every child of nature and of feeling once in life experiences; and which, though seldom matured, yields, even amidst the sober and acknowledged happiness of advanced existence, a delightful and transporting retrospective, which views it as an opening rose-bud veiled perhaps in tears, yet, whose beauty of colouring and richness of fragrance no surrounding shades could efface; a burst of sunshine so brilliant, that no succeeding clouds could ever wholly obscure; a strain of music as seraphic, as though heaven had opened for one moment, and closed again, before the harmonious chords could be melodised by human powers. Edgar remembered that Captain St. John had appeared impressed by the recollection of his sister; for one day, as they were walking the deck, and auguring the success of the voyage, he said emphatically—"Oh, we are sure of that! an angel has called a benediction down upon the Guildford; I [illegible]d Miss Bonville's parting with her brother, and have treasured it as talismanic

words." Conscious as he was of the personal attractions of his sister, to which her inward graces and virtues gave unspeakable beauty, he was not disposed with Orlando, to ask—"Is't possible, that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her; and that, but seeing, you should love her?" but he had great pleasure in tracing the sympathy of character and manner in two beings so dear to him, yet prudently forbore to "give his thoughts words." Wishing to turn the nature of the subject to another channel, he spoke of those happy days, when the museum was an object of their childish enjoyments; of their revered Mr. Conyers, and their beloved Sir Charles; appearing to take more pleasure in the review of the past than in the anticipation of the future.

"And what a noble creature is my dear Mrs. Granville!" said Fanny, "putting to shame the wisdom of the worldly-minded, and proving that it is in the mind that true dignity is fixed; raising, by the energy of hers, circumstances to herself, not bending to them. She might have been the wife of Cato, with whom Cato was always present; or of the Castilian, who is a Castilian everywhere; and had you been here when mamma suffered from her accident, you would have seen that gentleness and tenderness formed no less a part of her nature, than inflexibility of virtue and decision of mind; but that is apparent at all times. Then she reminded of the character Cowper gives of Miss Perowne, which is so truly the picture of Mrs. Granville: 'Miss Perowne,'

said he, 'is one of those excellent beings whom nature seems to have formed expressly for the purpose of alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted; tenderly vigilant in providing for the wants of sickness, and remarkably firm in administering such relief as the most intelligent compassion can supply.'"

"The justness of the application, my dear sister, proves the truth of the comparison. Our dear Mrs. Granville is another Miss Perowne."

This pleasant intercourse was interrupted by the servant announcing supper; and Mrs. Bonville was rejoiced to witness the composed countenances of her children, knowing, as she did, the subject of their conversation.

A few days afterward, Edgar took leave of his excellent father, his two mammas, and his two sisters, and departed for Cambridge.

Sedulously attentive to the routine of his college, he was almost insulated from the pursuits of the world. Wilston was occupied by servants; but he did not indulge himself in cherishing those feelings that a visit to its fondly regarded scenes would awaken. Edgar was, in every acceptation of the word, a student, rejecting the offer of his father to have L'Orient at Cambridge. Yet, in his personal abstraction from his former habits, so foreign to the kind, generous, and social principles of his nature, one object happily withdrew him from its encroaching influence. A young man, on whose face the lines of deep feeling were impressed, and whose complexion bespoke sickliness of thought, and dejection of heart, frequently met him in his path and so-

litary walks; looking upon him with an earnestness of expression that could not be unobserved.

Edgar paused on his walk, and said—"Have I the pleasure of being known to you, sir, or am I mistaken for another?"

"Oh no, I cannot mistake him for another, whom no other is like. You perhaps, sir, recollect a picture that was purchased twelve months ago by Sir Charles Seymour: by that purchase I was enabled to commence my academic life; but it is only a few weeks ago that I could identify the gentleman by whose influence Sir Charles Seymour's generosity was excited to give more than was asked, though not more than the value of the picture; and I have at last broke through the usual forms of society, for I had no one to introduce me, to thank you, and to request you to make my grateful acknowledgments acceptable to Sir Charles. I will not intrude longer, sir, but wish you good morning."

"Stay, sir," said Edgar, with the most benignant kindness, "you must give me your address before we part, and we must meet again."

With a flushed cheek, he said—"I am a sizar, sir, of King's, my name is Linwood; I am very sensible of your kindness, but have little opportunity of mixing in general society. From what I have seen of the world since I came here, I must consider that kindness a condescension; and, though I have obtruded myself upon you, it is not in my nature to solicit condescension."

"Speak not thus, Mr. Linwood, to a fellow labourer in the same fold," said Edgar, passing his arm through that of his new acquaintance,

"I hope you will now prolong your walk, and give me the pleasure of your company."

"I have an engagement," he replied, with some hesitation, "at this time, and must desire to be excused."

"Then," said Edgar, "allow me to expect you in the evening; you will take supper with me at my rooms to-night. I will not take a refusal; and now I wish you good morning."

The eloquent blood that spoke in Linwood's face, as he said "I am a sizar of King's," told Edgar the state of his feelings; and all the sympathy and generosity of his own were elicited. The hour of expectation had passed by, and he had almost ceased to listen for an approaching step, when a gentle tap at the door revived his hopes.

"I was afraid you would be a truant, Mr. Linwood," said he, as he met him at its thresh hold; "I have expected you the last hour!"

"You are very good, and I am much obliged to you."

"Oh, no!" replied Edgar, "it is you who are very good, and I who am much obliged to *you*. See what a north-country fire is here to welcome you, and a north-country welcome too; we will forget we are only the acquaintance of a day, and redeem the time by banishing ceremony."

Edgar drew the supper-table closer to the hearth, though it was not cold, trimmed his fire though it did not require it, and with all that affectionate activity that denotes the heart's welcome, dispersed the sadness of Linwood's coun-

tenance, and subdued the reserve of his manners. Edgar spoke to him of his mother, and the letter Sir Charles had received from her; a subject that appeared to touch the chord from whence his tenderest feelings vibrated.

"I am unworthy to be her son," said he, "for I know the sacrifices she makes for my sake, and I am perpetually at variance with myself, for being dissatisfied with my station, and irritated at its ostensible inferiority; my very dress, that never influences my regard of others, I feel a mark of degradation, and those attentions, which under different circumstances would be acceptable, and which some few kind natures are disposed to pay me, my soul sickens to receive, and repulses as though they were intended insults. After this avowal of my weakness, can you still consider me worth your regard?"

"If your frankness," said Edgar, "had not led to the subject, I should not have been warranted in offering you my sentiments so freely as you have encouraged me to do. Surely, in a bosom where I have full testimony that filial piety, grateful sensibility, and ingenuous candour inhabit, such feelings are unworthy, and are not congenial. These trifling distinctions are beneath the consideration of one who is destined to a holy and sacred profession; the externals of fortune alone can add nothing to the real pretensions of the gentleman, though they may to his enjoyments. You know the first dignitaries of the Church have set their foot upon the lowest step of the ladder, whose summit they have gained:

neither rank nor fortune would have placed them there, without talents, learning, and virtue; and with those, and those alone, they have succeeded. Let me entreat you to control these too susceptible feelings that are at war with your peace, your health, and the hopes of your tender mother. Remember Peter the Great descended from a throne to work in the dock-yards at Saardam; became a private soldier in his own army; a common sailor in his infant navy, to rise to that eminence that entitled him to the appellation of Great; and remember also that He, whose professed servant you are, descended from heaven, and, in the form of a man, took upon himself the penalties, the sufferings, the humiliation of humanity, to shew his followers that pride was not made for man, and what they are to endure for his sake, when his heavenly Father calls them to the trial.

"I am sure, my dear Mr. Linwood," continued he, with the most winning sweetness, "you do not wish for a general acquaintance with this multitude of collegians; and I am as sure, there are many who would value yours. As for my friendship, I freely and most affectionately offer it to you, with only this condition, that it shall be as freely, as affectionately received: and believe me, that I never wish to call that man my friend, who can make the petty distinctions between merit and money, or pay that respect to fortune, which no merit of the possessor has acquired; neither can I consider the mere possession of wealth as making any one my superior,

unless the same power had made him my benefactor also."

"Ah! Mr. Bonville, if all the world was like you, I should not shrink from its strictures."

"All the world that is worth your regard think as I do upon this subject," replied Edgar, "and those who do not ought not to interfere with your complacency. Be at peace, pursue your studies; and in the attainment of those honours the university has to bestow, you may place yourself in what rank of life you please. Write to Mrs. Linwood, assure her you are proceeding as well as she could wish; write with cheerfulness and hope; and in the thoughts that you are making her heart sing for joy there will be harmony in your own."

"I will," said Linwood; "I will tell her, that the precious ointment that Mary Magdalen shed upon the feet of Jesus was not of richer balm than your counsel, and your encouragement. I am ashamed of my proud, my ungrateful despondency, which I know has been a thorn in her noble and tender heart. Heaven has sent you to me, in mercy to her; and, as an angel's visit, it shall be cherished."

"If the commencement of our friendship should be that of your tranquillity," said Edgar, "I shall rejoice. We will meet daily; and when you have an evening to spare for me, remember a Yorkshire fire, and a Yorkshire welcome, waits you through the winter."

From this time, Bonville and Linwood were intimate associates, and affectionate friends. In

him, Edgar found more equality of intellect than in the former connexions of his youth. His heart dwelt upon the recollection of Sir Charles Seymour, as the companion of his childhood, but he had never been the companion of his mind. The affection which the artless Madua had inspired, was that of an elder brother for its darling younger. Lord Dunmeath had been too much his junior to be his intellectual friend; and Bedford, the gay and careless shipmate, though truly beloved, could not share the pursuits of his more serious hours. The intercourse was of mutual advantage. In soothing the feelings, and sharing the attainments of Linwood, with the necessary attention to his own improvement, Edgar combated the tender remembrance of the past; finding positive happiness in witnessing his growing cheerfulness, and the improving healthiness of his aspect: Linwood possessed an excellent capacity for attaining the classical and Hebrew langages, to which was added the most intense application: these supplied the place of genius; and what was not his by intuition became so by perseverance; comparative possessions that may be exemplified in the progress of the hare and the tortoise, and proving the inspired assertion, "that the race is not to the swift."

To the question, of who is that young man, the reply was not now, "I don't know; I believe he is a sizar at King's;" but, "it is Linwood, he is the best man of his standing in the university; it is expected he will be one of its first scholars."

In the sunbeams of Edgar's affectionate and generous nature, the ingenuous one of Linwood

became more expanded; and with the most unrestrained confidence, he spoke of himself and his expectations.

At the commencement of their acquaintance, he used to say, "a country curacy was all to which he aspired," but now he began to feel the rising hopes that pointed to higher prospects. Tutorships and fellowships appeared in the vista of his academic life; and he repeatedly blessed Edgar for having roused him from that despondency that palsied his exertions, by benumbing his hopes. The letters of his mother were cordials to his heart; she rejoiced in the change so apparent in his, and spoke of herself as one of the happiest of parents.

"I wish you knew my mother," said Linwood to his friend, "but you must know all she has done for me. My father left her a very young widow, without any provision. During his frequent absences at sea, she had lived with the utmost economy and privacy, to enable her not only to bestow all she could upon my instruction, but also upon my external appearance and accommodation; and it was her pleasure, and her pride, to present me to my father on his occasional returns, with the improvements and exterior of a gentleman's son; for she had been a gentleman's daughter, brought up and educated as such, but inheriting only its consciousness; which, though pointing the bitter pang of fallen circumstances, she still cherishes. It had always been her earnest desire that I should have an university education, and my father had promised her the means to acquire it; but his premature

death dissolved the fabric of her hopes, and left her the victim of grief, comparative poverty, and all its train of ills, excepting despair. Her own deprivations she could endure, but the reflection on mine was agony; and though, to this day, I believe she mourns the loss, and fondly cherishes the memory of my father, she checked her tears, and began to consider what she could do for me. She took a house at Portsmouth, and opened it for the reception of gentlemen in the sea-service, when they were upon shore; my father's general acquaintance having been among such, and her own amiable character contributing to the success of her plan; yet her accommodations are too liberal to allow her more than her own support, in a respectable and comfortable home; still she is the most contented, grateful, and now the happiest of beings. The negociator for the picture is brother to one of her occasional residents; and by authorising him to say its purchase would enable a young man to come to college, she thought it would excite sympathy in those to whom fortune had been kinder; and it did; but little was she or I aware, what ample recompense was in store for me in such a friend as you."

As Edgar listened to the filial narration, he thought of his counterparts at Woodfield and Ashhurst, and when it was concluded, said, "Truly, Linwood, the throne of every feeling that is tender, excellent, and great, is a mother's heart; and now let us perfectly understand each other; I will not consider you so much a baby, as to require your medicines disguised in sweetmeat, or secretly wound your delicacy by affecting to

spare it. All I possess, that can be useful to you, is yours; my books, and my purse; the latter is not long enough to make a parade of it, but it always contains a superfluity, that will be well disposed of, if employed to your advantage. When you are a bishop, you shall give me preferment if I deserve it; till then, make no comments; only imagine we have reversed our situations, then think what you would do for me; and then give me the credit of equal kindness with yourself."

Bonville and Linwood had remained the winter and spring vacations in college; at the ensuing commencement, each proposed to visit their friends. Love, even in its happiest, or most adverse state, would never become so absorbing a passion in the heart of Edgar, as to weaken those ties of affection that united him with his family and friends, and frequently did it languish for their reunion.

The passing summer was lovely; and amidst the pleasures of the autumn he meditated taking his sister to Edinburgh, if Mr. and Mrs. Manners yet remained there, or to Derwent Priory, in case they were returned home. Yet, subdued as his mind was by duty and circumstances, there would be moments when it "was tossing on the ocean," and he turned as involuntarily to shipping, and port news of the public prints, as though his "argosies, with portly sail, were there." What was his delight then, to see that the Guildford from Bengal had passed the Downs; the most affectionate recollections of its fine commander, and his favourite midshipman, pressed

upon Edgar's memory. The lapse of a few days confirmed the tidings more fully, and more agreeably, by a letter from Bedford, which had gone to Woodfield, and was forwarded to him from thence.

Gravesend.

"Here we are, dear Bonville, all well, and brought all hands home again; with wind and tide in our favour; we have cleared the Channel without a tack; the shores of France and old England, fair as day-light, on each hand to welcome us. I long to be 'capering on shore,' but must hold back a-while. The Guildford deserves the best word a sailor can give her; she has not flinched a nail since we left Saugur, and is come home in full trim; Captain St. John has as much reason to be satisfied with her, as she has with him, for he has made an excellent voyage, and I am sure must stand very high with the Company. Driving to eastward, as we passed Madeira, I saw its long blue line stretched on the level sea, and wondered whether you were there; Captain St. John went to London a day or two ago, and returned last night: he called upon the Countess C. to inquire ostensibly of his noble passengers, but actually, as I think, to inquire of you. But now, dear Bonville, comes the best part of my letter. After he had told me you was in England, he said, 'Well, Mr. Bedford, how do you propose passing your time whilst on shore?' 'I shall run down to Ipswich, sir; kiss my mother and sisters, and then push off for Bonville settlement. I promised to hang up my ham-

mock there for a month at least; it must be a contrary wind indeed that blows me off.' The noble skipper lay alongside a few minutes, and then said, 'Bedford, I should much like to go with you; do you think you can take me under your colours?' I sung out for joy; 'you shall have my birth, and they may stow me any where.' 'Well then,' he said, 'write to Mr. Bonville, and desire him to inform you frankly, if our mutually intended visit will be convenient and acceptable?' What a long letter I have written! Not a word more, but to tell Miss Bonville, that the blue jackets never forget their friends. Yours, in all weathers,

HARRY BEDFORD."

Edgar immediately reinclosed this welcome intelligence to his mother; requesting her permission to ratify Bedford's invitation to Captain St. John. The return of the post conveyed her entire approbation, and their mutual wishes to receive his friends.

"Few circumstances, my dear Edgar," said Mrs. Bonville, "could afford us more pleasure than to see Captain St. John and Mr. Bedford at Woodfield; Mrs. Granville and I shall then judge whether your father, sister, and self, paint with too high colouring or not. I wish Mrs. Linwood, and her dear one, would have joined the party; we could have accommodated all. Our entertaining acquaintance, the modern philosopher, Bridgetina, says, 'that energies can do all things;' I am sure the energies of the heart can accomplish every thing within the

compass of possibility. Even you, my Edgar, do not know all the resources we have at Woodfield to accommodate friends; and Mrs. Granville has fitted up her little cottage chamber, heretofore unused, with the prettiest field bed you ever saw, worthy the camp-equipage of a general officer; therefore write to these lords of the ocean, and say we shall expect them the approaching August, a season of promise, the Augustan month of reunited friends."

Linwood parted from Bonville with almost feminine tenderness; and spoke with as much anxiety of meeting in October, as he anticipated the pleasure of seeing his mother.

CHAPTER XII.

Oh, happy love! where love like this is found!

The same day Edgar left Cambridge; his beautiful four-footed friend, and the faithful Robert, meeting him at Catterick bridge. L'Orient pawed the ground with conscious pride, as Edgar seated himself upon his back; and, as if he had also known the anxious hearts that were waiting for him, he sprung forward with the speed of an arrow, till restrained by the hand whose power he felt and knew.

" I was afeard, sir," said Robert, when he overtook him, " that I should not have seen you again till I got home; bless me, I am sure, these dumb creatures know more than we think they do. Little Viper, I think in my heart, knew what I

was about when I saddled Lorio to come; for I never should have got clear of her if Miss Bonville had not taken her in her arms; and then she barked and whined like any christian child."

"Woe be to the man, my good Robert, who does not treat such useful and grateful creatures with care and kindness; not only for humanity's sake, but in reverence to the hand that made them, and gave them for our service!"

"To be sure, sir, there never was any thing ill used at Woodfield, whether it can feel or not. Ah! sir, what a fine young gentleman you are grown since you and I made the water-works in the wood! I rode past Meadow-field, and they all came out to meet me, and to pray for your safe coming home, all but poor old Catherine; she says, she only desires to live to hear your voice again."

"Here are a few miles of excellent road, Robert; if you and the iron-grey can bear a little galloping, we will post forward."

"Away with you then, sir," said Robert, "and grey will not be left far behind."

Bearing his master home, L'Orient needed no spur, and they passed through Ashhurst just as its industrious inhabitants were retiring to their peaceful beds. In the stillness of a summer's night, the sound of the horses approaching Woodfield was heard before their arrival; and its gates were opened, and hands extended to receive the fondly expected traveller. But it was at the morning's breakfast-table that the eye of tender solicitude marked the change in Edgar's person. The close application to his studies, that

had been more in college rooms, than academic bowers, had taken something from the freshness of his youth; if he was a less happy boy, he was a deeper scholar. He had forced himself from the thoughts of the past, and the feelings of the present, by preparing himself for the duties of the future. The rosy hue of health that used to glow upon his cheek, was faded; his eye had lost somewhat of its lustre, but its expression was no less beautiful. His mouth, the form of which diffused sweetness over his countenance, was more fixed, and less smiling; the careless happiness of the boy, which had extended beyond the usual term of boyhood, had disappeared; yet it seemed as if feeling, more than time, had marked the change. A few months more, and the birth-day of the man commenced. Mrs. Bonville thought with an undefinable emotion of that period. She felt assured he would always be her dutiful son, but he would be her boy no longer. The few months in prospect was a cherished, a sacred period; and she appeared to derive peculiar pleasure from recapitulating the circumstances of his childhood and early youth. Woodfield, and all its clustering comforts, tended to restore his mind to the tranquillity and peace of those days; whilst the present were enlivened by the constant association of Mrs. Granville with Olivia, references to Linwood and his mother, and the anticipations of Captain St. John and Bedford's arrival. Never had it appeared more lovely in his sight than now: the embower-

ing woods were in full leaf and vigour, the shrubs and flowers of the season in mature beauty, and the river in all its freshness ran bright and sparkling on its beauteous course.

"What endless and happy variety does nature produce!" said Fanny to her brother, and Olivia. "I have looked upon these scenes for eighteen years, with the eye of affectionate admiration; for I have no doubt, but that I admired them before my infant tongue could speak, or form itself in words. You, dear Olivia, have consummated this happiness, such as the divine Klopstock felt, when he said,

Fair is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, oh Nature fair!
    But fairer the glad face
    Enraptur'd with their view.

Sweet thy inspiring breath, delightful Spring,
When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft airs
    Into the hearts of youth
    And hearts of virgins glide.

But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 'tis
On a friend's arm, to know one's self a friend,
    Nor is the hour so spent
    Unworthy Heav'n above!

"Klopstock's verses, my Fanny," said Edgar, "find their echo in the tones of your voice, and the response of your heart."

"I always feel so much obliged to those," she replied, "who have unsealed to me the treasures of

his muse. The translation of his letters, with his excellently written life by Miss Benger, is one of the most valued stores of my own little library; had the dear Abbé remained with us, I *too* should have known German."

"Divesting Woodfield of its dearest attractions," said Edgar, resuming the subject, "I never saw a place so beautiful, combining all that can make a landscape lovely."

"Until I saw the sea," said Fanny, "I thought no other view could raise such tender emotions as this; but how distinct from all others, how sublime, how awful, are the feelings it inspires!"

"But," said Olivia, "no idea can be formed of the grandeur and sublimity of the ocean, by those who have never been out at sea, when no other object is in sight; can they, Mr. Bonville?"

"I must not speak with sailors upon their own element," said Fanny.

"If you did," observed her brother, "you would soon be borne down by a full majority; for I see a carriage on the Ashhurst road, that I instinctively believe contains two of the finest sailors in the world."

The carriage approached rapidly, and entered the court-yard. Edgar hastened to give it the meeting; and the door was no sooner opened, than Bedford was in his arms. Captain St. John descended by the more customary form; and in the politeness and cordiality of his reception, felt the happiest assurance of his welcome.

When the bustle of arrival had subsided, Bed-

ford exclaimed, as he looked around, "Why this is Juan Fernandez! how I should like to run myself into such a harbour for life!"

"It is too soon, Bedford," said Captain St. John, "for you to talk of lying by in harbours. When you have buffeted the angry spirit of the Cape, and crossed the Indian sea seven or eight times more, *then* I will allow you to look out for a Woodfield, and bid adieu to the liquid fields of ocean."

Recurrence to the incidents of their voyage, and the subsequent one to India, afforded conversation for the evening.

"I heard in London," said Captain St. John, "that the young Marquis of F. joined Lord Fitz-Erin's family at Gibraltar, and accompanied them on a cruize to the Mediterranean, and that he is to marry Lady Sophia before their return to England."

Neither Mr. Bonville nor Fanny raised their eyes to Edgar, but Bedford saw the emotion that, thrilling at his heart, passed over his face, subsided, and rested at the source from whence it sprung. He remembered the subject that had passed between them on the deck of the Guildford, when the surrounding darkness prevented the ingenuous countenance of Edgar from betraying the feelings of his bosom. Now, the quick-sighted Bedford saw the noble nature of his friend, and looked upon him as a martyr to his high wrought principles of gratitude and honour.

"I understand," said Mr. Bonville, "he is the

choice of her ladyship's family, therefore I conceive him to be worthy of her."

"But he must be the choice of herself," said Bedford quickly, "to make her happy!"

"And such," said Edgar, forcing himself to speak, "I am sure he will be, before her noble parents ratify the engagement."

The conversation was insensibly led to other subjects by Fanny; and no abatement of Edgar's attention to his friends, or participation in their gaiety, was the consequence of its discussion. The society at Woodfield was exactly suited to the disposition of its visitors; the ease of good breeding, the frankness of hospitality, and the perpetual flow of cheerfulness that pervaded the whole household, suited the feelings and the habits of the sailors; who saw in the order and alacrity of the domestics, the same promptitude and subordination they were accustomed to receive and organise.

It has been said, that the happiness of the married life is generally announced upon the page that delineates "living manners," but no one ventures to detail its monotonous felicity; that when the uncertainty of its attainment ceases, its interest ceases also: but Captain St. John was a man capable of appreciating its exalted enjoyments, and analysing their source. He saw that the superior happiness at Woodfield emanated from the bosoms of its owners; the peace that was within from intellectual improvement, cherished affections, and practical benevolence, and from human

infirmities subdued, upon principles of piety to God, and good will to man, whilst the cultivation of every innocent amusement, and the decoration of every elegant embellishment were the lighter, yet graceful ornaments it possessed; ornaments that can alone be graceful, where the superstructure is built upon that foundation that winds or waves cannot remove. Nature never fails to present amusement to those minds whose spirit of observation and enjoyment seizes the beautiful variety that pervades all her works. Such were the party at Woodfield. Rides, and rambles on foot, sauntering in the woods, or on the banks of the river, reading, music, and conversation alternately occupied them; and the fortnight that Captain St. John had assigned to his visit, had flown before the wind, too fast for his page of observation to keep its account. Miss Bonville's conversation was distinguished by its frankness, as her singing was by its sweetness; both calculated to please a man of strong feeling and natural taste. Her performance on the piano-forte was not that sort of music that leads the hearer to wonder where the power of the finger will stop, but all its delightful effects were felt almost without a perception of their source. Her fingers appeared to steal over the keys, as though they awakened the chords of harmony from a source in which they had no agency; in which the feelings of the heart, more than the power of the ear, were to be gratified. The simple ballad, that dallies with the inno-

cence of love, was sung with pathetic melody and the clearest articulation; and the despairing maiden, "all on the shore reclining," and the scorn of Barbara Allen, would draw tears from the eyes of him on whose cheek they were stranger drops; and subdue that heart which had never shrunk at mortal man: to such a heart the simple approaches the sublime, whilst the medium only excites common approbation. Majestic, matchless Handel always closed the evening's music at Woodfield; music, that to those who own his power, acts upon their feelings like the mighty winds upon the bosom of the waters; raising them to Heaven, spreading them upon earth, lulling them to peace within their boundaries.

In Captain St. John's intercourse with the world, he had never met a character that approached so nigh to the ideal one his soul had formed for its counterpart. Her disposition was sportive as a cheerful man could desire, and her principles solid as a good man could wish. She indeed, "was of all hours," and found time, and a proper time, for all things; she had been educated in the contemplation and the practice of piety and moral virtue. Folly and vice had never passed before her eyes; but she was not ignorant that both were in the nature of man, for she had read his history from the beginning of the world; and though she was surrounded by beings free from either, she knew they were preserved from their dominion by the influence of religion, and from their contagion, by avoiding those tempta-

tions that lead to evil. She was the treasure above rubies, and Captain St. John was the man who, by knowing her value, deserved her. As sincere and genuine affection seeks no disguise, Fanny Bonville was not insensible to the impression she had made. She saw in him the manly sense of her father, the affectionate nature of her brother, and the sportive cheerfulness of Bedford; a combination that could not fail to excite a consciousness of delight, when united with the original of that picture which had met her sight at the exhibition; and which had frequently glanced across her recollection in those moments when she looked around, and nothing struck "her eye but sights of bliss." Amidst the soft and silent joys of Woodfield, the image of Captain St. John had often been the sweetest, and now his actual presence was a certainty of waking happiness that was cherished as one of its first blessings. Had Captain St. John met Fanny Bonville in the world, divided from her father, mother, and brother, he would have hastened to secure the assurance of her affection from herself; but under the roof of her father, admitted in the bosom of her family, with all the confidence and regard of one of its members, he would not disclose his own love, much less solicit her's, till he had the sanction of those honoured parents, who had so long considered her their richest possession.

"Bonville," said Captain St. John, "since I came here I have lost the most important command a man can possess, the command over

himself. I ought now to be in London; but I cannot go without an assurance that I may return."

"I hope," said Edgar, "you do not doubt that your return is the only satisfaction you can make us for going away."

"I must have further authority than yours, my dear fellow, than even Mr. and Mrs. Bonville's, though I know you are a family that have but one mind; yet, unless I could be assured your sister wishes it also, I never see Woodfield again."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Edgar, in the tone of gratified feeling, rather than as an interrogatory.

"Possible! Edgar, and practicable too, I hope! In a word, I love your sister, and with such a love as I trust is worthy of her. Whether I am so or no, you must be my negociator with Mr. and Mrs. Bonville; ask them if I may be permitted to chase and capture this little brigantina, who sails all so fair and above board, that I would rather be her chief than an admiral of the white, red, and blue, if the admiralty would give me the tri-coloured honours."

During this time, Edgar's mind was reverting to the early prepossession that Captain St. John had awakened in his sister; rejoicing that it was mutual, and not doubting it would lead to happiness. It is said, "to know a man, you must go to sea with him;" Edgar had done this with his friend; and, though the voyage had not been day after day, week after week, and month after month, yet it had given him an opportunity to

observe those parts of his disposition, which, when engrafted upon solid principles, were so important to the happiness of woman, with those minor morals that amalgamate with character, as trifles are said to "make the sum of human things."

He possessed steady courage to meet the change of circumstance, and prompt judgment to decide its action; he possessed spirit to enforce that decision, yet gentleness that made its submission easy; added to this, his heart was tenderly touched to all the soft and endearing attachments of life. The remembrance of his mother, faintly as it was interwoven with the early wants and pleasures of childhood; the regret, that no sister had ever shared his youthful, or his more advanced life; the polite, yet unobtrusive attention he paid to the females of his own station, and the kind consideration and forbearance with which he treated those in an humbler one; and withal, that perpetual stream of cheerful good-humour that supports and cheers the heart of woman in her more secluded pilgrimage of life, were all assurances of his sister's happiness, in a marriage with Captain St. John. Bedford had substantiated more than this in many a detailed circumstance, that proved the honourable nature of his commander. Lord Fitz-Erin's regard appeared founded upon a previous acquaintance of his character, and his lordship's approvance was confirmation strong.

A pause had ensued, as these thoughts had passed the mind of Edgar. Captain St. John, put-

ting out his hand, said, "will you have me for a brother?" It was received with a warmth, that made words superfluous.

"But," continued he, "I do not seek to be accepted for what I say of myself: is not Mr. Manners of Derwent Priory known to your family? upon his testimony I hope Mr. Bonville will rely; upon his justice I trust I may abide. Away with you, dear Edgar, brother, friend! Win your father and mother's approbation, ask them to write to Mr. Manners; till then, I will remain here, and afterwards, if permitted, secure my right in the prize, before I pay my duty to the Court of Directors, or even the Court of St. James, if it had a claim upon me."

Edgar was an ardent and an eloquent ambassador. Mr. Bonville smilingly said, "You absolve me, Edgar, from submitting the disposal of your sister to your opinion, to which I should have considered myself accountable. Captain St. John is fortunate in his advocate; who, I perceive, is not only secured in his cause, but who reckons upon a verdict *nem. con.* in the favour of his client; but there is yet another person, whose approbation must be gained before the court is dismissed, the most important of the whole, your sister. I will certainly write to Mr. Manners, from the result of which, our approbation, for I read your mother's heart in her eyes, will follow our knowledge of her inclinations."

Captain St. John entered the room; "Mr. Bonville," he said, "I have never been accustomed

to commit any action of importance to the execution of another; even Edgar, as an auxiliary, is not enough, to the heart so interested as mine: pardon my impatience; has he stated my wishes to you and Mrs. Bonville?"

"Indeed, sir, you need no better herald than he. Your approbation of my daughter is as honourable to you, as to her; but before I fully meet those wishes, I must avail myself of your ingenuousness; I must write to Mr. Manners. Few people, if any, have been happier in marriage than myself; few have contemplated more seriously its basis; in the disposal of such a child, I trust you will allow that every satisfaction should be obtained?"

"Most assuredly, I submit myself to you in all things. If you will allow me to remain your guest till letters can have passed, I will be to Miss Bonville, what I have never exceeded, the visitor of her father, and the friend of her brother. Will you, dear madam," continued Captain St. John, turning to Mrs. Bonville, "allow me to share with Edgar a mother's love, dearly to be prized by me, who have never known the blessing?"

Mrs. Bonville smiled through her joyful tears, and said, "approved by Mr. Bonville, and accepted by his daughter, my own Edgar will not be more dear."

The party now separated; and Captain St. John seeking out Bedford, represented the propriety of his return to his family at the present; suggesting, that in the interval of sailing, should time

be prolonged, he might renew his visit at Woodfield.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," ejaculated Bedford; "I have felt this truth several days ago, and only want you to enforce it. I will prepare to go—to break the spell that enchants and detains me here."

"I shall go to town in a few days," said Captain St. John, "you shall accompany me, and proceed to Ipswich. I have neither mother nor sister to wish for me; would I had! but let us not sadden the present pleasure by any sorrowful anticipations, or unavailing regrets."

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville had mutually submitted to each other the consideration of Captain St. John's proposal. His manners and appearance were a powerful recommendation in his favour, and in themselves excited an intuitive conviction, that he was what he seemed to be; this they felt, but Mr. Bonville thought no security too great, or too manifold, to obtain its assurance; he therefore proposed writing to Mr. Manners that day.

"She is the darling of my heart," said her father, "and by the wishes of her we will be influenced. My only objection is the profession, and that only because their separation will be inevitable, and for a long period."

"To be the wife of an honourable man," said Mrs. Bonville, "is sufficient for a sensible and amiable woman. Such an one is ever present; and in mutual esteem and affection there will be mutual confidence, though seas and seasons in-

tervene to separate them; but I have heard Captain St. John say, that the pursuit, or abandonment of his profession, would depend upon his wife."

"If that wife be my daughter," said Mr. Bonville, "I hope the latter will be the case. I should be sorry that she should become a bereaved wife, and very unwilling she should be separated from her country."

The lapse of a few days brought a letter from Mr. Manners: Edgar presented it to his father, who read it aloud to the anxiously expecting parent, and brother.

"The serious import of your letter, my dear Mr. Bonville, demands the earliest attention; and it is with the greatest satisfaction, I give my honest testimony to the worth of Captain St. John. Were your Fanny my Fanny, and I believe I could not be more sensible of her value were it indeed so than I already am, I do not know the man I would more willingly trust with her happiness than he; but assertion is not enough. I must inform you from whence my confidence is derived, and how he is considered in the estimation of others. Early in life, some transactions in India, very honourable to Captain St. John, introduced him to the knowledge of Colonel Manners, whose favour is distinction. On his return to England, he was the bearer of letters to me from my brother; and that my assurance of his worth may lose nothing of its weight, I will transcribe his introduction:—'I do not,' said Colonel Man-

ners, 'present Mr. St. John to you solely in consideration of his claims, deserving as he is, but that the excellent of the earth may know each other; receive him, my dear brother, as one from whom I part with regret, and for whose happiness and advantage I solicit your regard and interest.' A desire so forcibly expressed, from one so dear, has never ceased to influence my solicitude for Captain St. John; and when I introduced him to Lord Fitz-Erin, previous to his last voyage, I was little aware of the consummation of happiness, to which I trust it will lead him, or, as my dear Mrs. Manners, with the habitual piety of her heart, says, 'That the kindly working hand of God should thus have brought together those on earth, who, according to the ideas of the visionary, were previously paired in heaven.' I have substantial reasons for adding, that Captain St. John's fortune is such as will secure to Miss Bouville the elegant sufficiency to which she has been accustomed; and I congratulate you, my dear sir, upon the fair prospects that await that amiable being. I mean to pass the ensuing winter in the service of Sir Charles; a sacrifice that I owe, and will pay, to the memory of his father: we shall then hasten to the Priory. I long to be with my old neighbours, rich and poor, my old servants, dogs, and horses, and even trees and hills; of the latter here is no want, in all their variety of height and dignity: but they are not Cumberland hills, which to a Cumberland man is enough. We go on very well with the young debutantes of matrimony. Leith races,

with all their consequent amusements, have given bustle and importance to Sir Charles and his bride. Mrs. Manners enjoys and appreciates the very excellent society of Edinburgh, and Augustus is in great request here. The sweetness of his temper, elegance of his manners, and the novelty of a being so highly endowed, gives quite an éclat to our family circle. When reinstated at home, I can no longer refrain from claiming Edgar the whole of the next vacation. Augustus pines for him, and their reunion must not be longer protracted. Life is too short to admit such abridgement of its best feelings. I shall hope to hear from you soon, my dear sir, with the detail of your family happiness; in the continuance of which no one is more sincerely interested than, dear sir, yours truly,

"MANNERS."

It is enough,' said Edgar, " even for the high deserts of my sister. The unqualified praise of Mr. Manners, where the responsibility is so great, is an assurance of the sterling worth of Captain St. John. I congratulate you, my dear father and mother, upon the happy prospects of her future life."

Captain St. John was promptly informed that the success of his wishes rested with Miss Bonville, and that those of her whole family were in his favour. He left the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, happy in anticipated happiness, and sought for Edgar's participation, and still more anxiously for his sister's confirmation. Edgar

and Olivia were in the garden, where Captain St. John met them, with the information that Bedford and he should leave Woodfield on the following day.

"On ship-board," said Edgar, "there is no parleying with your decision, but here, I hope, you are not inflexible?"

"Oh, yes, Edgar, power once possessed is not easily yielded. No man on earth could persuade me to stay longer than to-morrow, though I see, by Miss Delancy's smile, she thinks a woman might. So collect all our forces, my good Bonville, and let us have an evening on which the household gods may look down with pleasure."

"I will run down to the cottage," he replied, "and bring up Mrs. Granville, leaving Olivia with you."

"My dear Miss Delancy," said Captain St. John, "where is your friend, your Fanny? Will you request her permission that I may attend her in her own room, or that she will favour me with her company in the garden?"

"Are you going to try your strength to resist temptation?" asked Olivia; "for be assured, Miss Bonville will exert her power to detain the friends of her brother a little longer."

"She is there!" exclaimed Captain St. John; "pardon me, dear Olivia, for resigning the favour Bonville conferred upon me, but I must speak with her." Olivia reseated herself, and he joined her approaching friend, and silently led her towards a different path.

"Will not Olivia join us?" asked Fanny; "we

have an hour to walk before dinner, and may go down to see Mrs. Granville."

"Your brother is just gone there, and I would request the favour of your company alone at this time. I depart for London to-morrow, and before I leave Woodfield, wish to have your sanction for my return."

"Oh, sir, my papa, mamma, and brother, regard you so much, that no other sanction can be wanted to make Woodfield your home."

"My dear Miss Bonville," said Captain St. John, very earnestly, "we are both naturally sincere and ingenuous, and there is but one path before us that accords with our mutual disposition. I love you tenderly and truly, more than I ever loved woman; and, if my devotion is not accepted by you, I go to sea again, a bachelor for life; but if you will be my very own Fanny, I will be whatever you please, sailor or landsman, at your will."

A thousand innocent shames blushed in Fanny Bonville's face; ten thousand delightful transports thrilled in her bosom; and in this tumult of happiness, she faintly said, "I am not my own; I cannot dispose of myself." The expression of her face, the tone of her voice, was a blessed assurance to Captain St. John of all that his heart desired.

"I have the sanction of those you most honour," said he; "without it I should not have aspired to your affections; they will ratify it to you, and then I hope you will allow me to return to Woodfield."

The silence that speaks sat on her lips, and, delicately considerate, Captain St. John proposed joining Miss Delancy, and all walking together towards the village to meet Edgar and Mrs. Granville. Sensibly alive as Fanny's heart and eye were to the charms of nature, we will not say, that the sun shone more brightly, or the flowers more sweetly, at this time than another; for to the effulgence of the one, and the brilliancy of the other, she was alike insensible. Mirth is joyous, and pleasure is gay; but happiness is silent, cor-centrated within, abstracted from without, till its apparent sensibility is awakened by the partici-pation of others. The hitherto cheerful and animated Fanny was the most silent of the party, and the mental voice from within was only heard, that said, " am I indeed the choice, the happy object of Captain St. John's love?" On their re-entering the house she proceeded to her own room; and collecting her mind, began to reflect more composedly upon the sober certainty of waking bliss: a tap at the door announced her father, for she knew his approaching footstep, and she arose to meet his dear and ready hand.

" I leave this letter with you, my love, after assuring you its contents are most satisfactory to all those you love and honour most. In the course of the day, I hope you will inform me the result of your perusal; but remember, your decision is free, must be unbiassed, and proceed from the impulse of your own heart."

If Fanny Bonville had had another heart to

have given away, she would have bestowed it upon Mr. Manners, or rather his brother, or divided it between them; for "the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains, when all his little flock is about him," is not sweeter than the voice that praises those whom we love. After she had read, and re-read the letter, till its written page was almost a blank—for she could turn her eyes inward, and read it on the tablet of her heart—she rejoined her family. Her father drew her arm within his, and led her to the lawn.

"Well, my dear child," asked he, "what am I to say to Captain St. John? he leaves us to-morrow; it would be ungenerous to keep him in suspense."

Fanny Bonville knew nothing was so beautiful in the eyes of that father whom she so fondly loved, as simple truth; and she did not, from the assumption of delicacy that possessed no grace, swerve from its dictates.

> "Nature's chaste child, not affectation's slave,
> The heart she meant to give, she freely gave."

"In what words you please to use, my dear papa, say, that I shall be glad to see Captain St. John again at Woodfield."

"May God bless you, my dear Fanny," said her tender father, "and grant that your upright heart may lead you to happiness! And now, my love, we will go to dinner with better appetites than did the poor Cardinal of York."

"Eat, papa! did you ever know a heroine in love think of her dinner?" said Fanny; the sportiveness of her disposition never forsaking her.

"I know that a sensible girl, my dear Fanny, will control even her happiest feelings to a conformity with all the nameless decencies that her situation exacts; and it is only such sorrow, as I trust, is far from you, that can excuse a departure from the usual and approved forms of life; therefore, *at* dinner time, *we* will go to dinner."

Though the pursuits of Captain St. John and Mr. Bonville had varied, their dispositions and views of life were very similar. We have seen what was the progress of the one; the early youth of the other had evinced a decided inclination to ride upon "the foaming waves to distant shores, regardless of what a sailor suffers;" but this desire had been regulated by the advice of a very judicious friend, to whom his orphaned minority had been committed.

"Should you," said he, "my young Knight Templar, devote yourself to the service of your King, you never could recede, whilst life, and the power to distinguish it, was yours. I think I know your nature well, and that the time will come in its due season, when the joys of domestic life will be necessary to your happiness; when without Heaven's best gift all others will be inefficient. Enter into the service of the Honourable East India Company; no other has produced finer sailors, or has more extended and improved navigation; the science on which the glory of England so greatly depends. There, too,

you may honourably increase your present competence, and attain that first and noblest independence a man can possess, the power to choose the woman he best loves; uninfluenced by any considerations of fortune, and confirming to himself that real and substantial superiority with which nature has endowed him. I see your smile, my young friend, and I can interpret its significance. You now think, that such considerations will never influence your choice under any circumstances; but mark me, the days of romance, as those of chivalry, are over. The present state of the world requires, and enforces the necessity, that there should be a provision for its demands. Every young man, who is raised by birth or education above the vulgar throng, and does not inherit fortune, must either condescend to go to market for a wife, live single, or involve his future life and those he loves in difficulties and distress; unless, and happily there is such an alternative, he has the promptness and resolution to seize the tide of fortune at its head, which flows for every man of spirit and enterprise, and looks not back till he has secured his own independence."

This Captain St. John had done, and this he was instigating his favourite midshipman, Harry Bedford, to do: when he saw and knew Miss Bonville, the prediction of his friend was fulfilled, and he blessed and honoured the counsel that he had so wisely followed. After having been fourteen years at sea, the desire for a settled home arose with all its anticipated delights; and he had not a further hope in its attainment than that

she should share it with him. To-morrow he was to depart, yet to return again; poor Bedford hoped also to return again, though a long time would pass, and much be hazarded before its accomplishment. *His* affections were divided amidst the inhabitants of Woodfield, who all loved him; and Mrs. Bonville parted from him with a mother's tenderness.

"May Heaven preserve you, my dear young friend," said she, "and bring you safe again to land!"

"Or," said Bedford, with a subdued voice, "give some angel kind command to bear the drowning sailor to the sky." It was but for a moment: "It is time I went away," said he, more gaily; "I shall be growing too fond of the shore: there is only one more leave-taking, and then I will harden my heart against all its fascinations."

"Never, my dear Fanny," said Mrs. Granville, "did the course of true love run so smooth; it would be a very spiritless affair in the eyes of Miss Lydia Languish;—no obstacles, no difficulties or disappointments; nay, the very house you have always admired so much, I have just heard is to be your residence."

"Was there ever any thing so provoking!" said Fanny; "my ingenuity not to be proved by smuggling one clandestine letter, my obedience put to the test by submitting to one prohibition, or my love by one sacrifice; for you have been truly informed that Green Hayes is purchased by Captain St. John; and I am nei-

ther bound to leave father or mother to cleave unto him. Don't you pity your poor Fanny, dear Mrs. Granville?"

At the distance of three miles north of Ashhurst there was an old mansion house of the date of the seventh Henry, that had long been deserted by its hereditary owner, and had been tenanted, along with the surrounding land, by a farmer, by whose family it was partly inhabited, and otherwise occupied by his grain and implements of husbandry. Being also a tenant of Sir Charles Seymour, wealth flowed in upon him; and his important wife, beauish sons, and smart daughters, began to hold that habitation in contempt, which, three centuries ago, had been the residence of one of those old families who formed the connecting medium between the ancient nobility and the country gentlemen of England. The present occupant, who, from a mere tiller of the ground, had become an opulent farmer, was persuaded by his aspiring family to build them "a more genteeler place." A handsome square house, with sash windows, blue slates, circular grass plot, and corresponding gates, was now their habitation: it stood upon the summit of a hill; and the whistling of the winds amid the fine old elms around Green Hayes, and the sombre shade of the long avenue of sycamores leading to it had been "so doly" to these new-made gentry, that they exulted in "*Belvidere* House" not having a shrub about it higher than a gooseberry-bush.

The exterior of this now deserted mansion had

always been admired by Mrs. Bonville and Fanny. Beneath its roof they had never been. Mr. Bonville and Edgar, whom parochial business had occasionally introduced to its interior, had frequently spoken of its large rooms, long galleries, and wide staircases, and of its leaden horizontal roof; where the dimensions of every foot that had walked over it, and numerous dates without references were inscribed.

In their early rides Fanny had frequently drawn the attention of Captain St. John to this house of other days, saying, that after Woodfield it was her favourite place. "I should not desire," said she, "a more agreeable amusement than renewing its habitable accommodations."

"I know your architectural fancies," said Edgar; "but would you rather undertake such an Herculean labour than direct the building of a commodious modern house?"

"Would I?" said Fanny; "would I not? Oh, I love the boundless space of one of these ancient houses, like the Roman villas; I could accommodate its numerous rooms to every season, and every purpose. Ah, it would be so delightful to pop upon a room where none was thought of—to traverse galleries that afford a long walk in a winter's day, and to be enclosed by walls that its cold cannot penetrate, or its most violent blasts annoy. In a new house I must be restrained by square and rule, parallel rooms, and uniform windows, and conform to all the technical arrangements of a tasteless, systematic building; whilst all the aspiring chimneys, that rise like

substantial turrets, or light pinnacles, from the roof of Green Hayes, must be concentrated into one channel to give the whole an appearance of a barn or a modern chapel. I would not desire a more agreeable summer's amusement than to prepare Green Hayes according to my own feelings for the reception of a friend I love."

"I will not call you an antique," said Edgar, "but I think you are a little of an unique, my dear Fanny."

"Oh, then," said she, "the fitter for my own little room, Edgar; where I am more than contented, where I am happy to remain."

This conversation had not been forgot by Captain St. John; and he had given Mr. Bonville an unfettered commission to purchase the house and estate, requesting that he and Edgar would proceed in bringing it into that state when Miss Bonville's superintendence might succeed; when he would solicit her to prepare Green Hayes for the reception of the friends she loved.

One month of Edgar's vacation yet remained, and he devoted it to the wishes of Captain St. John; whose return to Woodfield preceded Edgar's departure a few days, and whose anxious desire to meet Linwood alleviated the regrets of parting.

CHAPTER XIII.

As a tree that falls, and disappears,
The family is gone, and through improvidence,
Or want of love for ancient worth, and honourable,
The spear and shield are vanished.

During his absence Captain St. John had arranged all his affairs to become a "gentleman of England, and sit at home at ease," but never to forget "the hearts of oak that toiled upon the seas." The Honourable Company had expressed their regret for the loss of his services, and had given him the most ostensible testimony of their approbation. With a few servants he took possession of the habitable part of his house; and, with the utmost alacrity and the most competent assistance, began to prepare it for the reception of its future mistress. According with the taste of our ancestors, and somewhat analogous with their characters, the house was solid and substantial; and, though heavy in parts, was grand in its whole combinations; its wainscots were of fine old oak, and its ceilings exhibited in plaster-work the armorial bearings of the Vescis—its lineal possessors; its windows were large, but the glass was of the small lozenge form, and there had been little uniformity observed in their arrangement; some expanded into an open bay, that formed of itself a small apartment, overhanging the antique flower-garden and the octagon basin, where no fishes

or even water had of long time appeared; others were contracted to a small casement, darkened by the evergreens, that were almost as old as the walls. One large room had four windows in line, divided on the outer side by deep projecting buttresses that rose above the roof, terminating in light turrets, and covered with ivy; which, as it ascended, presented brighter verdure and lighter foliage. In this room the dim and obscure glass was replaced with larger and more transparent windows descending to the floor, the ivy partially removed, and the passion-flower, American-creeper, sweet-scented clematis, and jasmine, were planted to intermix with it; when their growth would throw each deep-seated window into a bowery recess. Though the antiquity of the place was most sacredly preserved, yet an old wall, that rose high within six yards of these windows, was taken away; its removal admitting the view of a small paddock, encircled by lofty trees, amidst which the dark and spreading yew was intermingled: this sheltered space was appropriated for the choicest flowers; its gently ascending ground tending to exhibit their rich variety, as in an amphitheatre, in front of the drawing-room windows, to which the bright velvet turf approached without any intervening gravel.

For there was not any of Mahomet's truest believers held the verdant colouring of nature more sacred than did Fanny Bonville; and, though she did not conform to his assurance

"that the blessed in Paradise should repose upon cushions of green," yet she always thought there could be no paradise on earth, where it did not predominate; and the very name of her destined home had endeared it to her ear before it had made any claims upon her heart. The rosemary and the bay, that had interwoven their roots with the very foundations of the house, and sheltered their branches within every abutment, were suffered to remain, excepting where light and air were excluded by their antique growth. Good taste regulated every alteration. The genius of the place was not frightened from his ancient haunts; and, what the painters term keeping, preserved the harmony of the whole. Within, it was fitted up with that simplicity which affords the most ample accommodations, without requiring peculiar care or reserve for particular occasions; all was subservient to convenience and enjoyment.

With the alacrity of his profession, and the ardency of his nature, Captain St. John superintended and facilitated its completion; whilst the workmen appeared to have caught the spirit and promptness of their generous employer.

New Years'-day was to present its richest gift to Captain St. John; and, in the interval, love and hope shed their happiest influence upon his life. When he returned to Woodfield, in the evening of those days he had passed in pleasing occupation at Green Hayes, he would detail to

Miss Bonville the progress of her future home, and ask'in what more he could meet her wishes.

"There is only one favour I would ask," when, with the naiveté that was so attractive in her, she said—"Somehow I have come across your path, becalmed you on your way, and laid you up in harbour; but there is one dear sailor, who must yet 'march upon the mountain-wave, and whose path must be the sea.' I have deprived Bedford of your personal protection; and I entreat you, Captain St. John, to alleviate what nothing can compensate, and extend your favour and interest to this amiable young man, the friend of my brother, and the favourite of us all."

"My dear Miss Bonville, Bedford has been my own boy ever since he first set his foot on the deck of my ship: my flower upon the liquid plains of ocean; and now you have still more endeared him to me. Happy Bedford! it is only the cherub that sits up aloft, whose ministering care can be a sweeter guardianship than that of Fanny Bonville's. From the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Ganges, Bedford is beloved. When I was last in London I placed him in such a train of interest, that, if his life be spared, he must succeed; and with the most perfect confidence, that in assisting him I have served the service: but now I must be solicitor in return. Will you and Miss Delancy walk with me to Green Hayes to-morrow, and see what wonders the gardeners have wrought? they

promise me your garden shall have roses in December."

Captain St. John's wishes were complied with; and his sweet companions were gratified by more than the labours of the gardeners; for, at the upper end of the spacious drawing-room, several workmen, directed by one of superior intelligence, were employed in erecting the pipes of an organ, whilst its richly carved oak case was lying in parts upon the floor.

"I hope, Mr. St. John," said Fanny, "you employ no supernatural agency to produce these effects. The old wall must have been removed by the wand of an enchanter; and enchantment, I am sure, will be produced there," looking towards the organ.

He might have replied, that love dealt in magic, and that its votaries could press the very elements into its service. He did say: "I have been used to quick despatch and prompt obedience. No delay with sailors on sea or land. I have no patience for tardy, desultory measures, and would have every man proceed with what he has in hand, as though he was at the pump to save the ship; that is the soul and pleasure of business. Mr. Lincoln appears to enter into my feelings, and inspires his workmen with them. No other instrument would accord with the character of this house."

"On no other instrument," said Fanny, "should the music of Handel be played; its deep, solemn, and breathing tones, assimilate with his sublime strains, and heaven-inspired genius,

raising the soul, of which it seems a part, above the feelings of mortality. I consider such music as one of those benevolent dispensations of God, to soothe and heal the trouble that sin and sorrow have brought into the world. Can I," said she, with an expression of feeling that thrilled her hearers with delight, "can I do other than love my great Creator; and, in loving, strive to do his will, who has spread such pleasures before my innocent enjoyments, and who has not only covered the land with corn to sustain the life of man, but with roses to adorn it? If I am a sermonizer, pardon me. You did not know my dear Mr. Conyers: his whole life was a sermon, and the mercy, tenderness, and loving-kindness of his heavenly Father, was its text."

"Not even one of your sweetest songs," replied Captain St. John, "accompanied by the finest music, my dear Miss Bonville, could be sweeter to my ear than such a sermon. You shall tell me every thing connected with the memory of Mr. Conyers; and, together, we will consecrate his name."

Within a fortnight before Christmas all was completed; for the activity, and what was still more efficient, the generosity of Captain St. John had given a stimulus to the work-people that had materially aided his wishes; which, when attained, he left Teesdale for London, where he was to meet Edgar; their mutual object being to see Bedford before he sailed, and return to Woodfield together.

On his immediate arrival in town, Edgar waited

upon the Countess of C., by whom he was received with maternal regard. He found her the same elevated being she had ever appeared to him; all her faculties unimpaired, and her mental powers equally vigorous; but age had gently drawn its fading fingers over her form, had bowed her upright figure, and arrested her once firm footstep. Woodfield never presented a more warm or tranquil hearth than he found this December eve in Hill-street. Her ladyship spoke with affectionate remembrance of his sister.

"Such," said she, "were the companions of my youth; no sentimental sophistry had then warped the genuine purity of woman. She saw there was but one way to tread, wherein chastity and truth could be her companions, never seeking to perplex her path by striving to make the wrong appear the right. Captain St. John is the reflexion of herself, strengthened and invigorated by manly sense and virtue. I foretell, and the words of the aged are not to be disregarded, their happiness will be sure and lasting; redeeming the married life from the levity of the wits, and the sarcasms of the scoffers. But now, my young friend, I will speak of yourself. You will not evade the subject. Self-devoted martyrs do not shrink at the sight of the stake over which their glorious reward is suspended. Do not you think that, whilst I honoured your noble self-control, I grieved for your sacrificed joys? Oh yes, my heart is not so old; the altar upon which Love has once lighted his pure and sacred flame will retain its glow for ever. It was no

common mind that could have touched Lady Sophia's heart, only such an one as could have resigned her, when honour demanded it; you were weighed in the balance, and were not found wanting. The everlasting respect and friendship of Lord Fitz-Erin's family are yours;—yours before you left England, a voluntary tribute, now an act of justice, bound by gratitude and sweetened by affection. My grand-daughter is married."

The fine flush of gratified feeling that glowed in Edgar's face receded, and left a death-like paleness there. Lady C. proceeded—

"She is married most satisfactorily to the wishes of her noble family, to the man whom her father would have selected from all others, and to whom her mother most willingly resigned her; but not to one more noble, more worthy than yourself, in all that really elevates a man. Such qualifications ought to be the corner-stone of nobility, as they must have been its origin; without them its distinctions want their chief support and value. You must be restored to Lord Fitz-Erin's family, my dear Mr. Bonville; they anticipate the reunion with anxious pleasure. My grandson loves you; and I hope they will all be in England before I am called to the land where my fathers are gone."

This affecting indication recalled Edgar to other feelings: he looked upon the fine old lady, who, standing upon the confines of this world, looked with a steady eye upon those of another; preserving the rationality and consistency of a

vigorous intellect to the evening of her age, prepared to go to sleep with her God whenever the appointed night came. Lady C. had witnessed his emotions, and their triumph, and latently gave him her warmest approbation. He declined her ladyship's wish to become her guest whilst he staid in London; but promised, for Captain St. John and himself, to dine one day in Hill-street.

Bedford's friends accompanied him to Gravesend; and there would gladly have procrastinated their separation till he was in the Downs. The same feelings would have led them to "the farthest Ind," therefore at Gravesend they wrung the right warm hand of friendship; and the last words of Bedford were—

"Remember St. Helena; she will be the herald of all I hope to hear, till we meet again in England."

On the following day Captain St. John and Edgar dined with the Countess of C. Whilst the servants were in attendance during dinner, her ladyship observed she had that day received letters from Gibraltar; that Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, accompanied by the Marquis and Marchioness of F., were on the point of sailing up the Mediterranean to visit Sicily and Malta; but that Lord Dunmeath, whose health was perfectly re-established, was to return to England, and be placed at Eton.

The information was well-timed. Captain St. John expressed his pleasure from hearing of the family, and the conversation changed.

When in the drawing-room, Lady C. observed she had been a selfish being in the present instance, for she had invited no other company. "I wished to talk of Miss Bonville, and to tell you, Captain St. John, how much I approve your choice. There is not any act," continued her ladyship, "that determines a man's character so much as his selection of a wife; it is not alone his individual happiness that is considered, but his judgment is brought to the test; and his future respectability, as much as his present felicity, is concerned."

Her ladyship then inquired of their intended residence; and the antique house and gardens were described, with the fine old avenue that marked the approach. "I love," said the venerable lady, "to walk beneath the shade of old avenue, and to contemplate in its vista the antiquity of the house to which it leads. Our ancestors made a straight line to their dwellings, whilst we create as many windings and evolutions as we possibly can; sometimes losing sight of the object, and at others appearing to take a retrograde movement before we approach. I will not draw any insidious inference on its analogy with the hospitality of our reception; but I must be allowed to admire the inviting aspect of the avenue, from which we cannot depart till we reach the door of our friend. Then, its softened shade, the blue sky trembling, and the sunbeams playing amidst its leaves; the fine line of columns on each side, the graceful arch above, with the solemn hush that pervades the sylvan

aisle, is a combination of grandeur that no clumps or waving belts can present; yet all this is sacrificed to fashion. There will be no more avenues like that that leads to Nonsuch, or those of lesser extent, that yet appertain to some of the houses of our nobility and gentry. In all that we do, except when we meet the enemies of our country, we are the sons of little men; but I fear age has a tendency to elevate the past above the present. We will return to Miss Bonville: she accords with all that is good in every age. I recollect when she was in town she evinced a taste for antiquity. You say Green Hayes was built in the reign of the seventh Henry: I have a curious small cabinet, that once belonged to his celebrated grand-daughter. All ladies love a cabinet; but I will not give it Miss Bonville, but reserve it for Mrs. St. John, to whom I shall have great pleasure in presenting it."

"To see how well it accords with Green Hayes, and how highly it will be valued there," said Captain St. John, very respectfully, "will, I fear, be requiring too great an honour from your ladyship?"

"A journey so far north, and at so great a distance from my own physician, would be more than I dare encounter at my very advanced time of life; no less a cause should prevent my proving my regard for Miss Bonville by more than words," was her ladyship's gracious reply: "but I request I may be informed when she becomes its mistress."

At nine o'clock the gentlemen left Hill-street.

and on the following day quitted London. Christmas-eve reunited the family at Woodfield; and, as Edgar and his sister accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Bonville in their periodical visit to the table of their domestics on this night, the same order and hospitality marked the feast as heretofore. The female servants that had attended their childhood were settled in life; but their places were supplied by others as faithful and respectful. Robert was yet a useful servant, and as diligent at fifty, as he had been active at thirty. Catherine was too infirm to join the festivity at Woodfield; but she was supplied with the means to receive and entertain her fellow pensioners at Meadow-field. And Christmas gambols and Christmas fare kept their places amongst Mr. Bonville's family and dependants.

During the absence of Captain St. John and Edgar in London, Fanny had written to the Abbé du Plessis, giving him information of her approaching marriage, and inviting him to Woodfield. The arrival of a small packet conveyed his answer to her affectionate reception.

"Daughter of my heart! may the best blessings of piety and virtue be thine; and may he, to whom thou art destined, feel the sacred and holy responsibility of having the happiness of a human being—of such a being, committed to his charge! We shall meet no more on earth; my duty calls me hence to attend on him, who, in submitting to the loss of an earthly crown, aspires to one eternal in the heavens. No eye

but that of God, no ear but his, has seen or heard my humble supplications at the throne of grace; that to you—you, the child of my love, the sweet soother of my sorrows, his mercy, that is boundless, may extend to your salvation; through that trust, my child, in that mercy, we shall again meet in the communion of saints, and through eternity contemplate the perfections of that Almighty Being, which the perceptions of man cannot conceive. Farewell, thou kindest of human creatures! soft as the dew of Heaven descends, may its blessings fall on thee; and may the peace that passeth all understanding be thine!

"Thy father,
"EUSTACE DU PLESSIS."

Fanny pressed the holy benediction to her bosom, consecrated it by her tears, hallowed it by the gentle sighs its parting tenderness elicited, and almost forgot to open the little deposit by which it was accompanied. In a small green silk bag, richly woven, was a fine medal of Corinthian brass: one side represented a man of noble air, and a countenance, whose features expressed dignity and resolution; the uplifted head, and raised eye, denoted his views were above this world, whilst the palm-branch in his hand spoke peace and goodwill to all its creatures; the legend signified St. Francis Xavier, of the society of Jesus. The reverse presented a figure more youthful, and in whose face all the sweetest attributes of youth were blended—mo-

desty, humility, and truth; the eyes were bent upon, and the head inclining over a crucifix, held in both hands, and "St. Aloysius Gonzala, of the society of Jesus," encircled the figure: the features, the hair, hands, and vestments of each, were admirably expressed. The fine and delicate characters of a beautifully illuminated MS. illustrated the medal.

"Francis Xavier, the head of a noble family, quitted the grandeur and power of his station, and the indulgencies that its wealth allowed, to spread the spiritual kingdom of Christ, and to make known the name of Jesus in the heathen world. In the thirty-seventh year of his age he sailed for Goa, with a mission from Urban the Eighth, and the title of "Apostle of the Indies:" his voyage was completed in thirteen months, and the labours of his mission in ten years; during which time he performed many miracles in the various Indian islands he visited. He died, on his passage to China, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was buried at Goa."

"St. Aloysius Gonzaga was the eldest son of an Italian nobleman, born in the Castle of Castiglione, in the year of our Lord 1568. His whole life was a model of innocence, humility, and piety. At eight years old, he and his brother were placed by their father in the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to learn the Latin and Tuscan languages, with other exercises suitable to their rank. But the mind of the young Gonzaga took the greatest delight in religious duties: at the age of thirteen he was made page to the

eldest son of Philip the Second; but he still continued his studies, and never neglected his devotions. At length he determined to devote himself to God; and, to the great displeasure of his father, resigned his title to his elder brother. He retired to a convent, and lived a life of abstinence and mortification, and died of an epidemic complaint caught in attending the sick, at the age of twenty-three."

"When we see a young prince, the darling of his family and his country, sacrificing nobility, sovereignty, riches, and pleasures, to secure the treasures of divine love and eternal happiness, how ought we to condemn ourselves, who live as if Heaven cost us nothing!"

"Heaven be praised!" said Fanny, "which has fixed me in that faith which inculcates a submission to the wishes of our earthly parents, and an active fulfilment of the obligations of our station, amongst its most sacred duties."

Attached to the MS. was a slip of paper in the hand-writing of the abbé:

"I must observe to you, dear Miss Bonville, that a belief in miracles since the death of our Saviour, and his apostles, is not an article of the Roman Catholic faith. But your penetrating mind will perceive that a man of so much superior intelligence as St. Francis, both in spiritual and temporal knowledge, labouring for the wants of a heathen and unenlightened people, might produce effects little less in appearance than miraculous. The medal I hope you will think

worthy a place in your museum. The MS. is the writing of one who left her country for conscience sake; and who, since I left you, has been a ministering spirit to me."

"May such ever be near to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted!" said Fanny; "and, for her sake and his, these remembrances shall be loved and cherished."

The succeeding week, Mr. Bonville gave his beloved daughter to the man he believed most worthy to receive her. Olivia Delancy, and Edgar, attended at the altar; and her two maternal friends gave her their benediction beneath its sacred roof. Though the middle of winter, the sun shone with unclouded brightness, and every house in the village was decorated with bright green garlands of perennial verdure, to celebrate the marriage-day of their village queen; whilst, by the liberality of Captain St. John, they were all enabled to make it a holiday, and a feast. The entrance-hall at Green Hayes presented a beautiful display of summer flowers. By the gardener at Seymour Hall, Miss Bonville had been always regarded with particular respect; her taste and fondness for flowers had raised her high in his estimation, and the remembrance how much she was beloved by his late honoured master influenced his uniform respect. From his own private collection, he had furnished the spacious vestibule with his choicest plants, and premature flowers. Amidst the dusky woods, and dark foliage of the old evergreens that inclosed the house, their lighter and

brilliant tints appeared like the smiling beauty of infancy and youth, surrounded by the stability of manhood, and the gravity of age. They were the first objects that met her eye as she entered her own house; and the sentiments and feelings they inspired were all congenial to the nature and disposition of her mind. During the ensuing week, her brother, and her friends, were her visitors; her happy parents paying her a daily visit.

"My dear Edgar," said Mrs. St. John, as the tea was removed, "I have not played one game of chess with you since last winter; I challenge you now. I will order the tables into my own room; and we will not be disturbed by a look or an ejaculation from those professors of the game, Mrs. Granville, or Mr. St. John."

"Ah! Fanny, you are now putting my resolves to a trying test; for I have resigned chess."

"Impossible!" every one exclaimed.

"Then," said Mrs. Granville, "your motive must be right, for you, Edgar, are a stranger to caprice or inconstancy."

"Thank you, my kind friend," said he; "to your candour I owe an explanation."

"I hope," said Captain St. John, "you have no conscientious scruples against games of amusement. If so, how are we to entertain our friends in the winter; how are we to diversify the voyage of life, when neither the battle nor the breeze calls upon our exertions; and what is to become of the pleasure I have anticipated in a

game at chess with your sister, over our evening fire?"

"So far from condemning games of amusement," replied Edgar, "I think them an agreeable variety of social leisure. The mind cannot always be exercised on elevated speculations, or in high discourse, neither can a kind association with general society be thus supported. There are many worth our regard and esteem, who do not possess the qualifications of colloquial intercourse. Any pursuit that is innocent is better than frivolous discourse, which soon becomes a habit, and depreciates the powers of the intellectual mind. In general and open society, gaming, in a criminal extent, seldom ensues, and those who are criminally addicted to it will never be reclaimed by the admonitions of the moralist, or the abstinence of the conscientious. Dissipation cannot be said to enter where family claims and limited hours prevail. To the old and infirm, they frequently supply an alleviation to their circumscribed means of varying the time. To them, out of doors exercise, or the pursuits of business, are excluded; and though religious contemplation, and retrospections, are the sunshine of their age, its winter's day may be cheered by the harmless recreations of amusement suited to its sedentary state. I have seen some lovely instances, of almost filial piety in young people, who, with pleasures in their reach much more congenial to their taste, have thus amused an aged parent, or a sick friend; to whom, even reading,

that had occupied the day, had become irksome. I never could look upon cards in the hands of such, as the instruments of Satan; but this is a matter of opinion, and the motives that prevent those who think otherwise ought to be respected. I must premise, that perfect good breeding, an utter indifference to gain and loss, and a determination never to sacrifice that time to its pursuit that more important occupation demands, must be the conscientious and self-erected principle upon which cards can remain innocent; every indulgence we possess, every thing our nature requires, may be rendered criminal by excess, which is its abuse; but as to the pure all things are pure, so to the good, all things are in subjection to that goodness."

"If," said Mrs. St. John, "you thus sanction the moderate enjoyment of cards, you will not have abjured my favourite game too hastily."

"I have only abstained from chess, my sister, for the reason that ought to regulate all our amusements, a too excessive fondness for them. That scientific and fascinating game, in which the honour of conquest is the only gain, and from whence the calculations of interest are wholly banished, absorbs me too intently. I cannot help playing the after-game even upon my pillow; and, if I have made an error in its tactics, I am restless till I again enter the field: shocked at this conviction, I found temperance, where the temptation is so alluring, not sufficient,—it was abstinence alone that could save; and I never permit myself to be even a spectator of the contest." A servant entered to say the tables were placed.

"Come here, dear Olivia," said Mrs. St. John, rising from her seat; "go with me: we will play at chess soberly; it is these men only, whose stronger passions lead them to excess, that may not be trusted."

"Fortunate Bonville," said Mrs. Granville, as the friends left the room, "in such a sister!"

"More fortunate I, in such a wife," said Captain St. John: "when I think how my happiness might have been circumvented by the chance of Lord Fitz-Erin's embarkation in a different ship, I feel disposed to build a temple to Fortune, to whom I am so much a debtor."

"Rather," said Edgar, "build a temple in your heart to that Deity, whose presiding goodness ordains happiness to those, who like you, and my sister, pervert not his decrees. Had you each been sordid, or ambitious, aspiring inordinately to riches and greatness, the happiness you now possess would have been sacrificed, and you perhaps splendidly wretched. Surely I hear my mother's voice in the hall: she cannot be here this cold frosty evening!" At this moment, Mr. and Mrs. Bonville entered the room, to the great joy of all.

"I have tried all day," said the latter, "to live one day without seeing you, but I could not endure to the last, neither could your father sleep to-night without his Fanny's musical lullaby. You will soon perceive, Captain St. John, that we must be one family."

"Green Hayes is large enough for all," replied he gaily. "I wish we might be only one family. I, who have been used to see mine consist of two

or three hundred people, should delight to see you all assembled here."

Fanny and Olivia now re-entered the room; asserting, the game was so likely to be a contested one, they could not absent themselves longer from their friends, so they had entered into an armistice, and would commence hostilities another day.

"Oh! my dear mamma, this is a visit of extraordinary kindness," said Mrs. St. John. "I hope, brother, I cannot love all that are gathered together here too well; if so, you must find me an alterative, for I am in great danger."

"I can teach you no more, my dear sister, than you already know. You have not now to learn how far you may love, father, mother, brother, and friend."

"I am glad," said Captain St. John, "that you do not limit my claims at least; for I am more tenacious of my wife's love than misers of their gold, or Neapolitan devotees of their relics; but I ask no more than I will give in return, and allow to the claims of others."

"Oh!" said Olivia, "Mrs. St. John's heart is like heaven; it has many mansions, and is capacious enough to contain all it loves."

Mrs. Granville looked with pleased emotion on her little protégee, and said, "Sweetly observed, my Olivia; just so your mother looked, and spoke!" and Captain St. John, with the unrestrained impulse of more gallant times, kissed her little fair hand with gentle courtesy.

CHAPTER XIV.

There is an honourable pride of pedigree, which, like many other mixed passions, fortifies the cause of virtue, though it is not her immediate offspring. If this feeling admits of misapplication, and becomes the ground of childish assumption of superiority, instead of an incentive to generous emulation, it only resembles our other passions and propensities, which are alike capable of being guides to good or evil, as the habits and principles of individuals shall decide.

The following day was severely cold; and the bitter blasts of January confined the inhabitants of Green Hayes to its warm hearths. The seclusion was enlivened by the arrival of a package from London, that contained the promised cabinet, accompanied by a letter from the noble donor; which was written in the fine Italian hand that distinguished the lady of "sixty years ago." The inspection of the cabinet afforded ample amusement and pleasure. Its outside was of oak, covered with a fine filigree of brass work, but its interior was richly adorned with mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, agate, and gold, being of British manufacture, though decorated with the riches of India. Though its beauty and splendor afforded the greatest pleasure to its owner, yet the letter by which it was accompanied appeared to make a deeper impression. She read it, and passed it to her friends.

"My dear Mrs. St. John,

"A thousand tender wishes for your happiness accompany the cabinet. Its various drawers and

recesses will be a deposit for your letters and papers. In the full confidence of your ingenuousness, all it incloses, Captain St. John will consider sacred to yourself; and you will deserve the trust, by cherishing that singleness of heart, which can invite the scrutiny of the whole world to all its thoughts, and all its ways. The cabinet once belonged to that virgin queen, who never would acknowledge a master. It now belongs to one, who knows that woman's greatest glory and her praise, 'is graceful submission to that being whom God has ordained to be her guide; and which, in the mind of a generous and sensible man, will produce harmony; which to behold in wedded pair, more grateful is than sweetest music to the ear:' that such may enliven and soothe the path of your life, is, along with my congratulations to all your family, the sincere wish of your friend and admirer,

"FRANCES SOPHIA C——

"From you, Mr. St. John, must I receive the key, which invests me with the power this dear lady communicates; but indeed I shall not be afraid of your possessing the master key to whatever may be considered exclusively my own."

"I confirm all its royal privileges, my dear Fanny," said Captain St. John; "only do not lock me out from your heart, and your sight, and that is all I ask: where is this rich and rare present to be placed? in your own little room?"

At Green Hayes were rooms of all sizes; and its mistress had selected one of the smaller for

her own library; for, like Cowley, she confessed, she liked littleness; "a little company, and a little feast," and the Italian and Scotch languages for possessing so many diminutives. In that little room the cabinet was placed; amidst every thing beautiful and elegant, that affection had selected for its use and ornament. Green Hayes, though it had not regained its primeval magnificence, its numerous retainers, and multitudinous household, possessed elegant accommodation, competent servants, and admirable arrangement, for the most hospitable and domestic enjoyments; and all were rendered conducive to the happiness of its constant or occasional residents.

Within the week, Edgar rode to Seymour-Hall. Lady Seymour saw his approach, and as she contemplated the beauty and elegance of his person, the height and gracefulness of his form, and the ease and spirit with which he managed the fine animal he rode, her usually blunted perceptions to the attractions of others were touched by the mutual superiority of the horse and his rider.

After he had paid his respects to her, she said, "Is that horse you rode the one my poor Charles wished for so much?"

"It is the one he admired, madam, as every one who sees it does."

"Ah!" replied she, in the tone of reproachful dejection, "if he had had that horse, he never would have left home, and I should have had him now!" This was too ridiculous an assertion to combat, and Edgar made no reply.

"So Miss Bonville is married, and lives at

Green Hayes; I am obliged to her for her compliment. The gardener tells my maid it is a grand sort of place; I always fancied it only a great farm-house, when those farming people lived there. Mr. and Mrs. Bonville are lucky in all things: I mean to call upon your sister when the weather is milder. Did you know, Sir Charles will be of age in three months: I suppose he will be turning me out; but whether he does or no, I will never see his wife. There was no business to be any other Lady Seymour whilst I lived. What did I take such care of every thing whilst his father lived, but for him; and then he goes away, and gives it to no one knows who!"

An opportunity now offered for Edgar to speak. "The noble fortune," he said, "that Sir Charles possessed, happily made him independent of mercenary considerations in marriage. The young lady he has married is reported to be amiable, and is of good descent; perhaps, my dear madam, was she known to you, you would love her, and may now be depriving yourself of much happiness in being alienated from Sir Charles."

"No, Mr. Edgar, I will never sit at the same table with her in this house, unless I keep my place, and that I suppose she will persuade him not to allow. If they *will* come here, they must, but I will go away before that time. I desire Mr. Bonville will give me the earliest notice of their intentions, when I shall remove to Bath immediately. I suppose, when they do come, the house will be open for all the country. Oh! those

were happy times, when you and Charles were first acquainted. In this very room it was, that my poor boy told his papa, he would have nothing but that little boy in the blue jacket to play with him."

Edgar could not recal the time when Lady Seymour had appeared happy, under any circumstances; and soon after left the perverse and mortified woman to her self created vexations, burthened with the heaviest load that can be put upon a human being, a pining and discontented spirit.

Within the present vacation, Edgar Bonville attained his majority; and his friends assembled at Woodfield to celebrate his twenty-first birth-day. On its arrival, "the Life of a Boy" ceased; but the simplicity of his mind, the submission of his manners, the purity and gentleness of his minority, accompanied him beyond its date. A very few years of his after-life must be borrowed, to save those who have loved and travelled through the past with him from too sudden a separation. His return to Cambridge was a source of mutual joy to himself and Linwood: well instructed in classical learning, and most assiduous in academical pursuits, they gradually attained its progressive distinctions. From report Linwood was become well acquainted with Woodfield, and its inhabitants, Green Hayes, its present, and its first possessors, the Vesci's.

"Vesci?" said Linwood, "it was the maiden name of my mother—the name of her family for many generations, and I have heard her say, its

elder branches had formerly possessed, a large estate, and a fine mansion in the north: the former had been long dismembered, but the latter, she believed, was yet entire."

"Indeed!" said Edgar, "I scarcely know whether to wish Captain St. John's title-deeds may be secure; but I am sure I can promise you a welcome under the roof of your maternal ancestors."

"I am very glad," said Linwood, "that it has fallen into such possession. I am certain that I have no claims upon it; but I own I have so much of my mother in me, to rejoice that the farmer's golden grains did not buy it out, or that no over-grown contractor from the victualling-office has swallowed it whole: even the Vesci's, I believe, must yield to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem! But sacred be my mother's feelings; they have sustained her amidst the vicissitudes of life, and all their impulses have led to virtue. I am so much her son as to believe that no one ever undervalued the distinctions of ancestry, and the pride of descent, but those who did not inherit them."

"If learning is better than house and land, my dear Linwood," said Edgar, "you will return to your ancestors higher distinctions than they have bequeathed."

Amongst the pleasures of the future, Edgar anticipated the return of Lord Fitz-Erin's family to England. He had brought his well regulated mind to think of Lady Sophia with resigned composure; yet for a long time, "Silence, her gentle-

ness before him brought—society, her sense—reading, her books—music, her voice—and every thing that was beautiful, herself;" yet now, that she was the wife of another, there was to him a stronger barrier, even in thought, than any human distinctions could erect; and the affection he had repressed for this tenderest object of his youthful heart was transferred, with all its due modifications, to Lady Fitz-Erin, for whom respect could not find a word too hallowed. Yet, in opposition to all the discipline of his mind, he could not refrain from thinking, from desiring to know how Lady Sophia had met the decisions of her mother; and if, with his departure from Madeira, his remembrance had departed also.

The very judicious manner in which Lady Fitz-Erin had received the intimations of her daughter's partiality for Edgar Bonville had materially contributed to its subjection; her own silence sealed her Sophia's lips; and she having no confidant of her secret soul, but her parent, it was not cherished by any weak indulgence. In no one instance did the affectionate mother abate her tenderness for the child whom she so fondly loved, and sympathised with. She frequently spoke of the Marquis of F.; and premised, that at some future day those two estimable young men would be personally acquainted. Lady Sophia received the tacit intimation of what was expected from her with patient acquiescence, and the cause of Bonville's sudden departure rushed upon her conviction. "If, with so much resolution," said she, "he can follow the dictates of honour, I

will not be behind-hand with those of duty;" and, determined not to let the little flower take root, on which the bolt of Cupid is said to fall, she sedulously applied herself to an acquaintance with the natural history of the island, and the attainment of the Spanish language; and, by forcing her mind from its own reflections, obtained a supremacy over its feelings. The beautiful chaplet of sweet Scabius was found some weeks afterwards by Lady Fitz-Erin upon her own toilette. She kissed it, she could have wept upon it; but they would have been sweet tears that consecrated this offering of filial duty, and a subdued mind:—fondly was it preserved, but seen no more by any other eye.

Gently did the current of Edgar Bonville's life glide within the bounds which Providence had assigned it, fertilizing and beautifying the banks by which its course was guided and restrained. It was with a happy feeling he selected from amongst the letters of the day one directed by Sir Charles Seymour, from Edinburgh. The years that were passed rose in tender review. No painful recriminations obtruded themselves; but the visions of childhood and youth, tinged with their fairest hues, floated on his reverted fancy; and he retained the letter unopened in his hand, as though he feared to dissolve the pleasing spell, but little anticipated the sorrow it was destined to convey.

"DEAR BONVILLE,

"I write, because Mr. and Mrs. Manners are in such great affliction and distress at the terrible

accident that has happened." With trembling dread Edgar proceeded :—"On Friday, Mr. Manners and Augustus crossed the Frith of Forth to Kinghorn, on the coast of Fife; and, in returning, the wind rose very high, so that the boat could not make the pier at Leith. The waves running tremendously high, Mr. Manners, who was sitting at the stern, was suddenly washed overboard : the moment poor Augustus saw him disappear, he sprung over the side into the sea. The pier was full of people; and, though the waves were so rough, boats with ropes immediately put out to their assistance: one of which was caught by Mr. Manners, and he is saved; but poor Augustus ——" Edgar could read no more; the paper fell, and the room swam in his sight: he could not weep; but the agony of his spirit forced bitter sighs from his bosom. Again he took up the letter: he had not seen the confirmation of his death; he might yet live!—"But poor Augustus was not found till the morning after, and he is to be interred to-morrow. You will believe the distress of Mr. and Mrs. Manners is very great; indeed every one who knew Augustus, either intimately, or only personally, lament him. Mr. and Mrs. Manners return to Cumberland immediately. If people were not so obstinate, I should like to come to Teesdale; however, for a year or two longer, we shall live in London. So Miss Bonville is married; Mr. Manners says, to a nonsuch of a man; she, I am sure, is a nonsuch of a woman. Lady Seymour is much taller: her father was the youngest son of a Highland chief, who had a dozen children. It is

said, his father was taller than himself, and his grandfather was taller than he. I should suppose the founder of the clan was as high as the monument of Nelson on the Calton Hill; we meet many such on the North Bridge. I hope you will answer this long letter soon. I am, my dear fellow, yours,

"C. S.'

The "walking monuments" passed unobserved by Edgar: he could now weep, as he said, "And is this all, all that remains of thee, my friend, my brother?"

Sad and silent was the interval that succeeded. He "bore that within," of which the deep mourning he wore was but the sign, the semblance. The memory of Madua was a cherished grief in the bosom of Edgar: faith contemplated him in the mansions of the blest, and hope trusted they might there meet again; but the recollection of his virtues and graces never faded from the memory of his friend.

A week had not elapsed after the receipt of Sir Charles Seymour's letter at Cambridge, when George Simpson arrived at Ashhurst with the lamented intelligence. The joy the worthy man would have felt at returning to his native village was damped by the sorrow he had to impart.

"It was a sad coming home," said he, mournfully: "the country could not show their joy, as they would have done: but we must submit to the will of God; it is He who knows best what is good for his creatures."

It was the same feeling that could alone afford consolation to Mr. and Mrs. Manners.—"We are bereaved," said the latter in his letter to Mr. Bonville, "of the most amiable of human beings; and that by a circumstance, which, terrible as its consequences were, endears him more fondly to our hearts and our memories. Alas! it is there only that our Augustus is now to be found. Prophetic were the words of his first friend, Lady Anne Mahon. 'He was born a prince; he will live and die a hero!' but more than those natal and mortal distinctions, my dear sir, he lived and died a Christian. The sublime plan of man's redemption, as unfolded to him with the utmost simplicity by Mrs. Manners, met his comprehension, touched his heart, and sunk into his soul. He is interred in the cemetery on the Calton Hill; which is within view of the city of Edinburgh, near to the tomb of David Hume. Ah! how much happier in his pious and humble trust, and his unknown fame, than that distinguished man in his vain philosophy; in that wisdom, which in the sight of God is foolishness. Indeed, my dear friends, he was a darling! his guileless life, his ardent affections, his personal attractions, his generous disregard to self, perpetually present themselves to our recollections. If the citizen, who has saved the life of his fellow, receives from his country a civic wreath, to what shall he be entitled who gives his life to preserve that of another? even an amaranthine crown, that fadeth not away, immortal in the heavens. Had he lived, I never could have be-

stowed a reward equal to my sense of his deserts. He died; and heaven itself is his reward! Mrs. Manners cannot write; this great sorrow seems to have paralysed her 'ready pen;' but I know, that if Mr. and Mrs. St. John would leave their happy home for the house of mourning, their sympathy would be consolation, and their presence shed a beam of pleasure on our darkened path."

When Mr. Bonville ceased to read, Fanny raised her eyes to the face of her husband: she there met the reflection of her own feelings. "We will go, my love," said he, "soon as you can make it convenient."

"To-morrow, then," said she. "In the offices of friendship there should be no delay."

George Simpson remained a week longer amongst his village friends, where every house was a home. Old times and past circumstances were revived; and the sentiment which has in Scotland given rise to one of its most beautiful songs was the spirit that conjured up recollections and welcomes, that gave a zest to the present. "Auld Lang Syne" was the rallying word that most cordially reunited George Simpson and his Ashhurst neighbours.

Soothing as angels' visits were the sympathising attentions of Mr. and Mrs. St. John. Fanny, with the most judicious tenderness, allowed Mrs. Manners to indulge the fulness of her heart, by speaking of Augustus, and listening to the plans by which she proposed to commemorate his worth. Mr. Manners rode with his friend around the

domain; evincing to his tenantry and dependants, that no selfish indulgencies of sorrow prevented his usual benevolent association; and, in contemplating him as a master, and a landlord, Mr. St. John's heart and understanding had the highest gratification. To his poor and industrious labourers Mr. Manners portioned out small parcels of waste land, found materials for building, and put bread into the mouth, by finding employment for the hand. Though of humble construction, the cottages were neat and uniform; a benefit to the community, and an improvement to the country. These were let for a mere acknowledgment; and so long as the occupants were deserving, the habitation was hereditary: such, too, were the farms upon the estate of Mr. Manners.

The tenantry, feeling themselves sons of the soil, were united to their landlord as the common parent of all. "It matters not," said they, "what we put into the land; if we die, our sons, or our widows, or the husbands of our girls, will have it out again." Such was their domestic policy; their political creed was as simple and as just. "Whether the French, or the Frenchified English, come here as enemies, we are all ready to fight for our own, for it is as good as our own, and for our landlord, who is the same to us as the King: God bless 'em both!" They had the sentiments, if not the words of the poet:

> With hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
> The blessings they enjoy'd to guard.

"The attachment of these honest people," said Mr. Manners, as their characters formed the subject of conversation, "is the richest part of the inheritance I shall leave my noble brother: how gladly would I offer him its participation, but his heart is in the cause of his country. You know him, Captain St. John, and to you I need not describe his worth. I have ever considered my station in life as the one best calculated to promote my own and my people's happiness; not so much elevated as to make intermediate agents between them and myself indispensable. Henderson is a man of strict integrity, and excellent capacity; but I take nothing upon trust, I see and hear with my own senses. That the rich are but the stewards of the poor I do not say; but that they ought to be the guardians and protectors of the poor, I consider more than a fine phrase in morality, as a sacred sentiment that ought to be conscientiously impressed upon the heart of every man of property and influence; for this feeling is accompanied by the strongest conviction, that from the manner in which we employ the beneficence of God, we shall, by him, be absolved, or condemned: but let each maintain their station. Every system must be radically wrong that has a tendency to remove the inequalities of rank, or break down the barriers of lawful subordination; they are the ordination of Providence, being most conducive to the general good, and individual happiness of his creatures. If we were left without his guidance, the dictates

of prudence, and the control of reason, would ordain the same."

"Do you observe," said Mrs. Manners, as she and Mrs. St. John were standing at the window in the library, that looked eastward, "that bright green spot, amidst the scathed tops and dark branches of the leafless oaks: is it not beautiful? The snow-covered mountains that rise beyond glitter in the sunbeams with silvery brightness. That little grove of perennial verdure shall shade the monument of the dear departed; shall it not, Mr. Manners?"

"You have but to devise, and I shall approve," he replied. "Pursue your own designs, my dear Anne: your heart and taste require no impellant, and no aid; and from me they shall meet with no restraint. Our Madua was alike beloved, and is alike lamented; and to transmit this proof to posterity is alike our mutual wish." Architecture alone did not comprise the design of Mrs. Manners, she wished to call in the aid of sculpture; and recollecting those exquisite proofs of its power that she had seen in London, and which she had described to Edgar, wholly referred herself, with the history of Madua's life and death, to that highly gifted artist, whose mind combines and embodies feelings* that make eloquence

* Those who have seen the incomparable monument to the memory of Miss Johnes in London, how beautiful in death is youthful innocence and affection, as embodied with seraph sweetness in Lichfield cathedral, and how lovely in life is "that bosom which fosters the dove," within the abbied walls of

dumb and poetry faint. Whilst the builders at Derwent Priory were occupied, the monument was proceeding, accelerated not more by the earnest wishes and noble liberality of Mr. Manners, than by the deep interest the artist took in circumstances so touching, "so piteous, so wondrous piteous."

The return of Mr. and Mrs. St. John to Green Hayes was not more welcome to their household and their friends than their departure was regretted by Mr. and Mrs. Manners. A fine and early spring had opened all the pleasures of nature to her fondest admirer. Her garden was her delight. "Bud and bloom, her nursery;" profuse of flowers, they gladlier seem to grow beneath her care. Nor did Adam contemplate his Eve with more complacent happiness than Mr. St. John viewed her thus engaged; her earthly felicity was complete, by observing how much his kindness and character were appreciated by her parents, and she felt proud in having been the choice of his heart, the selected companion of his life. The passing time was a witness of their uninterrupted tranquillity; and they so well understood its value to turn every moment to good account. Fanny Bonville's education had particularly qua-

Woburn, will say, that a great liberty has here been taken with those unapproachable talents, that creative mind and hand which have produced such evidences of human genius and British art. It is hoped, that, as the presumption is acknowledged, it may be forgiven; and furthermore, for the sake of that "Auld Acquaintance," the remembrance of which, as it is cherished on the one part, trusts it may be admitted in extenuation on the other.

lified her for the wife of a sensible man. Her reading had given her solid principles and just ideas, and her native fancy was a source of inexhaustible delight that gladdened her existence; varying the hours of life without interrupting its duties; inspiring that cheerfulness of manner and countenance, that was a tacit acknowledgment to her husband she was happy. By assorting a stated time to every pursuit, she had time for all; yet she was no formalist, that went as by clock-work. The active genius of her mind saw and seized the moment when and how every household exertion was to be made; and Captain St. John always found her at leisure to participate with him in whatever object he had in view,—to ride or walk with him, to sketch designs for the improvement of his grounds, or to call forth the spirit of harmony from its hidden cells. Her voice and organ were always in tune, for her heart and hand were always disposed to oblige; and progressive improvement in all that was worthy of acquisition was as much the object of the wife, as it had been of the daughter. Every attraction that had charmed in Miss Bonville was cherished and cultivated in Mrs. St. John; yet there were no uncommon powers of genius, no extraordinary talents, no *perfection* of beauty and accomplishments to produce this happiness; it flowed from a cultivated understanding; mental endowments, that had never been debased by frivolous pursuits; a love for all that was excellent in the moral and the natural world; a sound mind, sweet temper, and a *lively imagination*, that had never

been repressed, or stifled by severity. The rest remained to be perfected by the good sense and gentle control of her husband; and the result was the life they led, the felicity they enjoyed.

Edgar Bonville had not left college during the short vacations, but purposed to remain some time after the commencement. He was writing for the Norrisian prize; and within the quiet walls of his chambers, and the then to be deserted walks of its gardens, his mind might be wholly devoted to that object. At Woodfield, he knew all the affections of his nature, and the associations of his youth, would press upon his heart, from whence they were too dear to be discarded; he therefore proposed to give one week after the commencement to visiting Lord Dunmeath at Eton, and then pursue his self-imposed studies. He was accompanied by Linwood, whom he wished should be introduced to that amiable boy, that by promoting a personal acquaintance, he might facilitate the wish he had secretly indulged, of acquiring, through the favour of Lord Fitz-Erin, the preceptorship of his son for his highly endowed friend. Though Bonville wrapped himself round in the mantle of philosophy and of virtue, yet the never to be forgotten voice, and many glancing resemblances of Lord Dunmeath to Lady Sophia Cavana, pierced its inmost folds, and thrilled and agitated the heart of Edgar. These he combated with all his strength, and sought rather the amusements and interests of the place than indulging the remembrance of the sister, in the resemblance of the brother.

Windsor Castle excited the most varied sensations of admiration and delight; its commanding situation, and its architectural grandeur so well combined. Edgar marked with retrospective and present pleasure its progressive importance from the Norman William, along with the Edwards and the Henrys, to its present amiable and excellent lord; who, retiring from the toils of empire, not withdrawing from its claims, resided chiefly at Windsor; with the regal dignity that became his state, and the retired composure that suited his age, his feelings, and his religious contemplation. Unlike the fifth Charles, flying from a throne to a living sepulchre, he retained the dignity of the sovereign, with the feelings of the man. No tyrannical propensities, no irritable caprices, strengthened by age and infirmities, marked his declining life; but as a prince amongst his people, a father in his family, a saint in his private chapel, where Edgar saw him for the first and the last time, he was to him an object of affection, respect, and veneration. Every thing at Windsor bespoke the precincts of a royal residence; within its courts, upon its terrace, or beneath its roof, its destination was evinced. The flag of England, which, from the top of the round tower, unfurled its extended length, and moved gently in the air, bespoke the presence of its sovereign. To a youthful, ardent being, like Edgar Bonville, who loved his country, its constitution, and its king,—who had been educated to love, to revere, and to honour them collectively, and individually,—the localities as the magnificence of

Windsor were sacred and impressive. London, in the perspective, was the seat of jurisprudence, of arts, and science; the mart of commerce, the centre of all that was greatest in the empire of the Isles; but Windsor was the repose of majesty, surrounded by the most beautiful objects of nature, presented in their softest, sweetest graces. There Edgar remembered the remark Mr. Manners had made, that the servants of the royal household were the most respectful and attentive of all others. He found this confirmed in his present experience. Crossing the courts, or approaching the offices, he always received the most satisfactory information to his inquiries; and the centinels upon the terrace were equally intelligent. There he observed, that in the approximation of the princesses apartments, upon the stone balconies, within the square abutments of the castle, the finest flowers were cultivated; and upon every ledge beneath, the self-sown mignonette had taken root, and blossomed. The sight of those loveliest children of nature, always, as by magic, brought his sister to his mental view; and had he been admitted into the presence of those amiable beings, who are the fairest ornaments of that august palace, even then had flowers decorated them or their apartments, his beloved, his ideal Fanny would have been there also. The visit to Eton had not passed without the result that Edgar had anticipated, the mutual regard of Lord Dunmeath and Linwood, who, after the intercourse of one week, separated.

CHAPTER XV.

There often, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead shall meet.

Rest, dearest one! and in the dreaming land,
Should'st thou thy mother meet,
Oh! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet.

EDGAR returned alone to College. Linwood proceeded to Portsmouth; and the youthful heir, and hope of the house of Fitz-Erin, remained at Eton, anxiously looking forward to the period that would reunite him at Cambridge, with friends so endeared.

The subject Edgar had selected was not more congenial to his holy vocation than it was to his nature and feelings. The glorious attributes of his Creator had always been the contemplation in which he most delighted, and the homage and gratitude of his creatures the sacrifice which his willing spirit and cheerful heart had most constantly acknowledged, though it reached to the highest heavens; his mind was so elevated, so rapt in the intellectual aspiration, that modest as he ever was, and humbly as he then approached the divine perfections, he felt sustained to the end, and awaited the decision of his labours with tranquil hope and temperate expectations; feeling that the solace of disap-

pointment would be the gratification of piety, and the fuller manifestations of finite powers to approach nigher the omnipotence and goodness of the almighty Maker of heaven and earth. Once more he rode over to Wilston, but the spirit of the place was not there. Though the house was kept in the most perfect order, there was a melancholy silence pervading the vacant apartments; and though the garden and green-house were in the highest preservation, yet still there was "some essence wanting in the fruit and flowers," and the only sounds in which he could sympathise were the regrets of the servants for the long absence of their lord and lady. It was the beginning of September, when Edgar arrived at Woodfield: never was the little boy in the blue jacket more tenderly received than was now the youthful man. As Mr. and Mrs. Bonville looked round upon the richly encircled table, their hearts glowed with happiness and gratitude. On the right hand of the fond mother her son was seated; on her left her friend, a woman in whom all the attributes of friendship were united, and in whom all human perfections met. Mr. Bonville had his Fanny by his side; for when she was at Woodfield, he would scarce allow Captain St. John to supersede him in tenderness or right. Olivia was the child, and the sister of all; and Mr. St. John, who completed the happy circle, was not the least conscious of the felicity he witnessed and enjoyed; nothing repressed the genial current of the soul. The living and the dead were alike remembered, wept, honoured, and lamented.

October was far advanced when Edgar left Teesdale for Cumberland; a visit his heart longed yet dreaded to pay. He rode upon L'Orient, and was accompanied by Viper; and never were two animals more devoted to him who owned them than were those two companions of his way. The lofty mountains of Cumberland now appeared in view: he had not seen them since he was a boy of fourteen; and he remembered the unspeakable sensations they then inspired. They were the same eternal hills; immoveable, unchangeable monuments of their great Creator. Crowns, and sceptres, and dynasties, the proudest hopes of man—the fondest wishes of woman, had existed, and expired; but they were the same. Under their influence, sublime in terrestrial grandeur, worldly cares and fears subsided; but the hopes of the human breast rose even above their aerial summits, and the spirit of their votary mingled with those invisible beings, with which the poet and the visionary people their shadowy heads. The turrets of Derwent Priory appeared in view; and the roof, over which they arose, was more dear to Edgar, for being united with those magnificent objects with which he loved to hold communion.

Mr. Manners met Edgar with that serious tenderness, that expressed what his recollections were. Mrs. Manners was overwhelmed with revived sorrow: and, that he might combat theirs, he made a successful effort to subdue his

own, became an egotist, and spoke of himself and his future prospects.

"Respecting my own destination," said he, "the world is before me. A circumstance that I had not foreseen, or could not prevent, disappointed me of the living of Ashhurst; but it has taught me a more humble dependence upon that Being who best orders the affairs of men."

"And He," said Mr. Manners, "frequently makes his creatures the immediate agent of his goodness."

"To draw closer," said Mrs. Manners, "the cords of affection for one another; but for this divine purpose, he could effect his plans without their intervention!"

Mr. Manners smiled upon his philanthropic wife, and proceeded:—"I know very well that your interest will be the first consideration with Lord Fitz-Erin, when he returns."

"I have the fullest confidence in his favour and goodness," said Edgar.

"I know he is too truly benevolent, too honourable to raise expectations that he will not fulfil; that he is one, who, if he promised to his loss, would make that promise good. But who shall say what to-morrow may bring forth? The breath of princes is in the power of God. He may raise his hand, and they shall die. Lord Fitz-Erin ere now may be called to wear a brighter coronet than the one that encircles his mortal brow. I will endeavour to prepare myself for whatever I may be reserved, and leave the event to Heaven."

Mrs. Manners extended her hand in silence; and Edgar took the beautiful token of her regard with the most grateful respect.

"May that Heaven have you in its care, and preserve your friends, dear Bonville!" said Mr. Manners. "One existing proof of Lord Fitz-Erin's justice, not favour, rests with me: I have a check for five hundred pounds ready for you, whenever you will receive it."

"I did not require such a proof of his lordship's kindness and consideration, of which my father informed me. I requested he would receive the noble gift, and let it meet my expenses at college; but he said he had long been prepared for that demand, and would not avail himself of a sum he considered exclusively my own. I then, with his permission, offered it as a brother's gift to my dear Fanny: she resisted, and appealed to Mr. St. John to support her refusal. He answered, as I believe he felt, as the husband of Fanny Bonville ought to feel, that five hundred thousand could not increase the value of his wife."

"Then," said Mrs. Manners, "reserve it, dear Edgar, for a marriage douceur for the woman of your choice; there are many who possess a thousand charms and virtues, and not a hundred guineas. If such an one should be your lot, transfer Lord Fitz-Erin's gracious gift to her; it will give her that small independency that is so acceptable to every one, without creating a separate interest from her husband."

Edgar smiled, with an assenting but melan-

choly expression; desiring Mr. Manners still to retain the power of transferring the liberality of the honoured donor to another period.

Edgar had been well remembered by all the domestics at Derwent Priory, not only from the sweetly impressive manners of the elegant boy, but from the circumstances of Richard Armstrong's return and the history of the smugglers; with which they had been informed by their fellow servants, who had been at Cambridge attending Mr. and Mrs. Manners.

Mrs. Kirby, with particular attention, waited at his chamber door when he retired for the night, and was amply repaid by his immediate recognition.—"Ah, sir!" exclaimed she, "seven or eight years ago I put you in the scarlet room, because I thought you would be safest there; but now," measuring his fine tall figure through her spectacles, "I think you would be a safeguard for the whole house."

"I remember your goodness well, my kind Mrs. Kirby," said he, taking her hand; "and if I had not seen you to-night, you would have been the first object of my inquiry to-morrow."

Her spectacles became dim, and deeply sighing, she said—"Ah, just such an one was he that was taken from us!"

Edgar, who respected her years, her office, and her tenderness, accompanied her to the extremity of the gallery, where he most affectionately wished her "Good night!"

The image of Augustus pervaded every object, accompanied him to his pillow, and was present

in his slumbers. The visions of his sleep presented the form of the beautiful African, darting from his view with the swiftness of the antelope, seated upon the Atlantean mountains, and plunging into the sea, from whence he rose no more. Such sleep could not shut out the consciousness of sorrow; and that sense of unhappiness pressed upon his heart that is heavier than waking misery, wanting the powerful combatants of reason and religion. At length the spirit of dreams, as though weary of its own fluctuations, presented a lovely vision to the fancy of its victim—Madua, in the azure fields of light, seated by the side of his happy mother; and slumbers, sweet as those of an infant, sealed up the senses of Edgar.

Bonville paid an early visit to the stables, where he found L'Orient was the admiration of the loquacious grooms; and the fondness of little Viper for his superior quadruped no less attractive to the playful boys. Recrossing the court-yard, he met the respected steward of the household.—"Indeed, Mr. Henderson," said he, "I was reconnoitring for you: I am very glad to see you look so well."

"The pleasure, sir, is betwixt us: I rejoice you are come. The monument was finished a week or two ago, and I fear our dear lady will visit it too often."

"I am sure," replied Edgar, "that her piety and good sense will control even those tender feelings she possesses in the most exquisite degree."

"I hope so, sir," replied Mr. Henderson. "But how much you are grown since we rode to Deep-clough together; even Mrs. Kirby's account had not prepared me for such a change."

"I hope no changes have taken place there to interrupt the peace and prosperity I witnessed."

"All is well, sir, I thank you; they would be proud to see you again. My father has often said he never saw a young gentleman that looked into things as you did——but I detain you, sir. When I find you again at liberty, I must tell you of the Armstrongs."

"It is not breakfast hour yet," replied Edgar: "if it suits your leisure, Mr. Henderson, let me hear of them now."

"The old man, sir, is dead; and a happy death he died. You, sir, had been so connected with the return of his son, that he spoke of you to the very last. In the care of his widowed mother, Richard makes ample amends for the sorrow he had once caused her; and they live together upon Shepherd's-flat."

"Even I," said Edgar, "who have lived so much amidst rustic virtue, never witnessed such primitive simplicity as I saw there."

"I can believe it," replied Mr. Henderson. "If they had not read in their Bible of the murder of Abel, of the idolatry of the children of Israel, and of the pride, cruelty, and hardness of heart of the Jews at Jerusalem, they would never have believed there was any wickedness in the world. There is *my* master, sir: I fancy he is looking for you."

If any one had heard the emphasis with which Henderson said "my master!" they would have judged with what pride and pleasure the worthy man contemplated his principal, and thought dependence was no degradation.

The fine old woods that surrounded the priory were now in "the yellow leaf;" and pale October threw her sickening shade over the face of nature. A small grove of the brightest green, above which rose the dome of a temple, caught Edgar's eye as he approached the windows of the breakfast-room. He was no stranger to its purpose, for Mrs. St. John had described to him its intended situation.

Mr. Manners, who read his feelings in his face, took a key from a cabinet in the room, and presented it to him.—"This, my dear Bonville," said he, "will admit you within the temple: but, remember, its intention is to soothe sorrow; not revive it."

Edgar took the key in silence, but continued in the room. During the afternoon, he walked alone towards the grove: passing through the closely woven branches, he reached the richly wrought iron gate that secured the area that a young fence of laurel encircled.

The building, of fine white stone, stood upon the summit of a gentle ascent, from which its soft green turf sloped on every side to the verdant boundary. The little azure-eyed "forget me not" was the only flower that appeared, and its delicate blossoms had been profusely cultivated around the base of the building, which was of

the Ionic order, and possessed all its delicacy and beauty. No sounds interrupted the solemn silence of the place, excepting the soft sighings of the autumnal breeze, as it passed along the adjoining woods. Edgar ascended the slope; and, as he put the key to the door, his heart beat with an emotion as strong as though he had expected to have met his living Augustus within. He advanced a few steps, the door closed upon him, and he felt as though he had entered the sanctuary of the tomb. By the painted glass, even the approximating woods were shut out, and nothing but the memorials of the dead appeared. In the centre of the place, a sarcophagus of white marble stood upon a pedestal of the same, rising about four feet from the ground; upon its inclined top was inscribed—

To the Memory of Augustus Kingston.

and upon the pedestal—

MADUA,
Prince of Fidah,
was reunited with his
Beloved Mother,
January 6th, 18 .

At the end of the pedestal was seated a female figure of exquisite sculpture; the features, expressive of the deepest sorrow, bore a striking resemblance to Mrs. Manners. Her right arm rested upon the sloping top of the sarcophagus; and a wreath of oaken leaves she held in her hand, fell upon, and encircled the word "Au-

gustus;" the left hand hung by her side in all the listless abstraction of desponding grief. The fine outline of her form was delineated through the robe, by which, more like muslin than marble, she was infolded, and which, half thrown over her head, descended to the floor. At the other end, half receding behind the sarcophagus, stood the figure of a female,—her features were handsome (like the people of Fidah), the nose more raised, and the lips less obtruded, but very characteristic of the native African; her countenance was expressive of the most ecstatic joy, her eyes were bent upon the tomb, and her arms extended over it, as though she was panting to receive the released spirit of her princely boy. A beam of the declining sun, shining through the orange tinted glass, threw a peculiar cast of colour upon her face and arms, that were nearly in line with it, that gave almost an effect of reality to the verisimilitude, and which, though accidental, had a powerful influence. Edgar sunk upon his knees, and his arms fell upon the cold lap of the seated figure, whose marble touch was scarcely colder than his living form. The remembrance of Augustus pressed upon his heart with agonizing power; his ardent affection, his gay and innocent attractions, his lovely life, his death devoted to gratitude and humanity, arose in sad review, and tears of poignant sorrow bespoke the bitterness of his grief; from their unrestrained indulgence his heart was relieved, and he arose and seated himself in an arched recess fronting the figure of Mrs. Manners, which ap-

peared in sympathy with himself. Great as was the portion of happiness allotted to him, he felt that to no one was it given without allay.

The deprivation of that being, whose form in fancy's eye almost stood before him, and that all around seemed to mourn; the death of Sir Charles Seymour, his excellent friend and intended benefactor; the eternal separation in this world from Mr. Conyers, whose paternal smiles he must meet no more; the subsequent dereliction of his early playmate and youthful companion; the absence of his beloved Bedford, whose profession exposed him to such various hazards; and the climax his heart anticipated, yet shrunk from making, his first, his fondest affections returned to his own bosom in hopeless loneliness. Never, since the night that succeeded his departure from Madeira, had he yielded to such uncontrolled sorrow. The heroism of duty and gratitude that had hitherto supported him failed him now; his heart, softened by the contemplation of death, predominated over the energies of the mind; and the distinctions of men seemed but as barriers of sand raised against the waves of the sea. Sighs, deep and unsuppressed, interrupted the awful silence of the place: his glance met the civic wreath in the hand of the mourner; and, involuntarily, he said, in the language of one of our most beautiful poets—

"Oh, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!"

But, though Edgar was the child of feeling, he was not destined to become its victim: recol-

lection and submission restored him to himself. Under the influence of that Power, which can inspire more than human fortitude, his selfish griefs were repressed. They had not sprang from folly or indiscretion; and, by reproach, that sting which is the bitterness of sorrow, they were not accompanied: they came from the hand of Him, who, in his own wisdom, chasteneth those whom He loveth; but, for the death of Augustus, Edgar's tears flowed without restraint. Heaven forbade them not. "Jesus wept" for his friend: He, who taking upon himself the nature of man, became one in all things but sin; and, by allowing and recommending us to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice, he sanctioned those natural feelings, that are a part of humanity. Whilst tears for human sorrows fell from his eyes, words of consolation flowed from his lips; and, when he said—"He is not dead, but sleepeth," he knew the power within himself to restore peace to the mourning sisters; to those who believe in Him, faith and hope supply the same consolation; those, whom they have loved in life, are not dead, but sleep.

The gloom of evening warned Edgar to retire. He felt this place would be the scene of his frequent contemplation, that it was truly a monument to the memory of Augustus, associated with those whom he had loved so well—by whom he was so much beloved. After closing the gate, and passing through the grove of evergreens, he saw Mr. Henderson.

"I feared to intrude, sir," said he; "but Mrs.

Manners has been very anxious at your long absence. Dear young gentleman!" continued he, "we all loved him when living; but, when we think for whom he died, our hearts are almost broken by his loss."

Edgar was silent; he had no expression for his feelings; and, as they drew near the house, parted from Mr. Henderson, and each took a different way.

Mrs. Manners met him at the Hall-door; and, putting her arm within his, said—"Not to the grave—not to the grave follow thy friend beloved; the spirit is not there. But in the lonely hour—but in the evening walk, think that he companies thy solitude; and, though remembrance wake a tear, there will be joy in grief."

Mr. Manners entered the room, and they mutually controlled their feelings, which, though he participated with, they knew he considered it a duty to subdue.

On the morrow Edgar visited the house of George Simpson; and the joy of Susan was unbounded. In the pleasure of her heart, she recapitulated the summary of her life; in which the kindness of the Woodfield family bore so principal a share; her riding in Lady Seymour's carriage; and Mrs. Bonville's after goodness, when her husband was in India.

"And now," said she, "we have every thing we want in the world; but still George pines after Colonel Manners, and, I think, if it was not for love of me, he would join him wherever he is.

It is a true saying what my own dear mother used to say—'Once a soldier, and always a soldier!' But we are quite happy. Mr. Manners behaves so well to George, that it makes every one respect him; and Mrs. Manners herself sometimes calls to see me, and tells me to go up to the house and drink tea with Mrs. Kirby, when I want a little change; and Mrs. Kirby told me she said to her—'Poor thing, we have brought her from all her old friends and neighbours, and you must not let her feel her loss:' but she is a true lady, for she can feel for every one. It is a pity she should have any trouble; but the death of young Master Kingston had like to have been the death of her, for Mrs. Kirby says she loved him like a son. But, as poor dear Mr. Conyers used to say in the pulpit at Ashhurst, the rich as well as the poor were born to sorrow."

The sight of Edgar had conjured up so many circumstances connected with Ashhurst, that he had some difficulty in terminating his visit; which, to the great satisfaction of Susan, he promised to repeat.

Three weeks were devoted to Edgar's stay at Derwent Priory; and too speedily they appeared to pass away. The evening preceding his intended departure was marked by that tranquil and refined enjoyment of colloquial intercourse, and affectionate regard, "the soul could ne'er forget." In the large old fashioned drawing-room, such a room as modern acquired opulence seldom presents, for the rage for fancied im-

provement and the assumption of taste discards the magnificent arrangements of former times, they were assembled. Here the fine dark oak wainscots had their large pannels enlivened by the family portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Manners for many past generations; where beauty, preserved by the exquisite art of Sir Peter Lely and Vandyke, yet delighted the eye. Over the fire-place hung a very fine painting by Hans Holbein of the last Abbot of Derwent Priory, in the dress of his order. It was a face in which dignity and affectionate solicitude were happily blended: thus were his features and character extended to future ages by the very power that drove him from the sanctuary of his sacred home. The rich crimson damask hangings gave ideal warmth to the expansive room; and the large sofas, of the same costly material, encircled a delightful space, dedicated to the warm comforts that a north-west country require in a November evening. Upon the spacious hearth, within this circle, the three favourite dogs of Mrs. Manners, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, stretched themselves in voluptuous indolence. Little Viper had left the stable; and, though he felt himself upon sufferance, enjoyed the warmth and sociality of the scene undisturbed; whilst the favourite cat of Mr. Manners, fond as she was of the fire, preferred the warm corner of the sofa, because she was nigher to him.

"We shall soon meet again, my dear young friend," said Mrs. Manners. "Early in the

summer, if our fitful climate will allow, we are to be Mrs. St. John's visitors, after we have paid the proper tribute of respect to the relict of our ever to be regretted Sir Charles Seymour. The time will then approach when you will assume the clerical dress, and our mountain boy will be lost in his canonicals: it is a dress I very much admire, and one that I am sure you will become in every sense."

"It is the association, ma'am, that excites your approbation," replied Edgar; "as a dress, I believe it has more wearers than admirers."

"To me," said Mrs. Manners, "it possesses more gracefulness than the full-dress of a general officer; though, I allow, the brilliancy of the one, and the dignity of the other, are aided by the character of their respective wearers. Was I a bishop, I would exact from the clergy of my diocese the wearing the canonicals every Sabbath-day out of doors, till after evening service."

"Which," said Mr. Manners, "is most usually done, particularly in country villages, where

> Children follow with endearing wile
> To pluck the good man's *gown*, and share his smile.

But every thing there is connected with him—his house, his family, himself, are all associated with his people. In large manufacturing towns this is not the case; distinctions of every kind are there the least attended to, and in externals the

clergy are scarcely separated from the mass of the people."

"But the feelings of the world at large," said Mrs. Manners, "are influenced by externals; and I would always have its appearance connected with the character and profession; avoiding what a modest and sensible man will always do, a pedantic scrupulosity in minutiæ. Therefore, my dear Bonville, as soon as you are called upon to be a clergyman, I hope you will at all times appear like one; as I am sure you will at all times, and upon all occasions, evince the profession to which you are called is your choice and preference."

"I love the church of England," said Mr. Manners; "not alone its doctrines, which are so perfectly scriptural,—and its spirit, that is so truly Christian, but its forms also; those various decencies, and graceful acts, that its rubric exacts, present that reasonable service, which is alike free from carelessness and superstition; which, though not the essentials of religion, result from it, and influence its effect. Therefore, I fully agree with Mrs. Manners in all she thinks, and all she wishes."

"May I," said Edgar, "be worthy the solicitude of such friends, and of the profession they reverence!"

"I very much regret," said Mr. Manners, "that Sir Charles Seymour, whose fortune and influence is so large, should be himself so incompetent to fulfil the duties of his station. He wants the principles of useful exertion as much

as he wants the elegances of refinement; he wants stability of mind."

"He wants mind," said Mrs. Manners, with all the quickness of her animated nature.

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Manners; "it is not so much the deficiency of mental powers as of mental application: his attentions were never directed, and confined, in his youth, to any valuable object. He was educated, if education it may be called, to rely upon his fortune for the means of enjoyment and influence. Had he made the history of his country and the world, the wisdom of antiquity, or the modern discoveries of science, the exercise of his faculties, he would have obtained a knowledge of their operations and principles with the same ease as he has, by making it the object of his attention, the perfections and qualities of a horse, and the merits or incompetency of a groom or rider."

"And, by the neglect of which," said Mrs. Manners, "he is shut out from the refined pleasures of intellectual enjoyments; and, deprived of their resources, he is dependant upon groveling pursuits, inferior companions, and those objects of sense, which the humblest capacity and the most vulgar attainments are capable of supplying; so that, having been born to fourteen thousand a year, has been to him a misfortune. The best prospects that could re-open to Sir Charles would be the death or resignation of the present possessor of Ashhurst living. By a re-union with his early friend, Sir Charles might expiate for the past; and Lady Seymour, who is really

good-natured, derive the greatest advantage from an intercourse with Mrs. St. John."

Edgar, who had never for a moment cherished an idea of deriving an advantage from the death or misfortune of another, started at the suggestion. The retrospect of his former views was reflected upon his mind like the glow of the setting sun upon a dark horizon, as bright and as evanescent.—" Sir Charles Seymour's happiness," said he, " I hope will be accomplished by means less uncertain; and that our friendship may survive the past, and exist wherever my destiny may place me. I cannot wish anything better for Lady Seymour than my sister's regard."

The evening had passed away almost imperceptibly, though all were conscious of its enjoyment: Mrs. Manners had playfully thrown her scarf over the time-piece that surmounted the fire-place; but the exhausted candles, like the horologe of Alfred, warned them of its flight.

As Edgar was to commence his journey early on the succeeding day, he parted from his friends that night.

Mr. Henderson accompanied Bonville the first stage of his journey: as they rode along, he spoke of the widow at Shepherd's-flat.—" I never," said he, " saw a stronger instance of surviving affection; though, amongst the people of Cumberland, I have known many similar. Her departed husband appears ever present to her imagination: she sits, with her hands folded upon her knees, opposite to where he usually

sat, and her eye seems to rest upon the vacant chair as if she held communion with him. She goes to the door of the cottage at the regular hour of the evening when he used to return, and sometimes steps a few yards forwards, as if to keep him in view, when the projection of the hill would intervene. She frequently speaks of telling him, when they meet again, of those events that have happened since his death, that she thinks will afford him satisfaction; always speaking of her own departure as the happiest prospect she possesses. My father says he believes they never had a difference, or slept a night from Shepherd's-flat, during the fifty years they were man and wife."

Mr. Henderson saw, by the marked attention of his auditor, that the narration was agreeable, and he proceeded.

"A little time before I was last at Deep-clough, my mother went to see her aged neighbour. 'I am right glad to see you,' said the old woman; 'sit down here,' pointing to a chair near her, and putting her off from taking that where the old man used to sit, she laid her hand upon my mother's arm, and said, looking towards the opposite chair, 'I shall not be long before I join *him*; and I should like to tell him, that I left our Richard greathly. Now, my good dame; ye ken when I am awa how dowly he will be, and what a darksome place a house is, without a good woman in it. If you know where there be sic a bairn as would suit Richard, pray ye tell your auld neighbour; I should wish her

to be the child of a dalesman; I do not like foreigners. I remember hearing my mother say that her cousin, John Fell, married a young body fro' Egremont; and she had no way o' her ain, and never got into theirs, so there was nothing done farantly. I am not yare; I don't want portion; Shepherd's-flat kept him,' said she, looking at the vacant chair, 'and me, and Richard; and so it will keep them, and their bairns.' 'But,' asked my mother, 'would not Richard like to choose for himself?' 'Ay, sure; but, if you know of a nice sackless lassy, he could na help but love her. They shall do as they like in this place; I'm na calleting house-wife; I'll never cross her; and I shall soon be going away to my husband.' 'I think,' said my mother, 'I have a wife for Richard, at this very time, at Deep-clough, the maister's shepherd is her ain eamie*, and her parents, that are both dead, were never out o' the dales in their lives. Her mother died last week; and I told the shepherd not to let her greet hersel away, but come to Deep-clough till somewhat could be devised for her. She is a daft lassy, and will be twenty in corn-harvest.' 'I am sure he will love her; so pray ye, gude neighbour, speak for Richard; for, though he is as bold as a lion among men, mayhap he may be daft to speak for himsel.' 'As it will be coming in dark before I get home, I will ask him to go with me; they may make acquaintance then, and no man need be daft when he has to speak wi' his parents gude will.'

* Uncle.

The consequences were such as his auld mother wished, and the new-married couple bid as fair for happiness as she could desire. 'And now,' said she, 'this world becomes dree till I am called away to him. Heaven may be a finer place, but I never can be happier than I was wi' my husband, saving Richard's going awa'; so I want to be wi' him again.'"

When a boy, Edgar had been delighted with the primitive simplicity of these people; and, *happily* for his *happiness*, he had not lost his relish for it. He thanked Mr. Henderson for his narration; and said, he should wish to know the time when the event of her death took place. The thoughts of his excellent Mrs. Granville were present; with the difference of education and circumstances, she possessed the same spirit of affection, the same tender communion with the husband of her love; and he honoured them both with the honour the apostle has declared to be their due.

The remainder of the vacation was passed between Woodfield and Green Hayes, and at the Home of Independence, Mrs. Granville's cottage. Olivia's sweet eyes beamed with tranquil pleasure; whilst those of Mrs. St. John were radiant with conscious happiness: and, considering the ensuing visit to Cambridge as the last, the anticipation of his next return soothed the present parting.

Returned to his college, Edgar devoted himself closely to its duties: his regard and admiration of Linwood increased with the experience of his worth and abilities. Divided from Bedford, partly

alienated from Seymour, for ever separated from Augustus, the affectionate friendship of Linwood was a balm to his heart—a heart to which affection and confidence was vitality; and there never glowed in the bosom of any human being more lively sentiments of grateful regard than did in Linwood's, for his kind and generous friend. Linwood had already acquired the first preeminence in the classics; and Bonville's theological acquisitions were equally distinguished. His correspondence from home was a sweet source of happiness; Mrs. Bonville and his sister were his principal correspondents, but his father, Mr. St. John, Mrs. Granville, and Olivia, all diversified the packet with their supplements and postscripts.

"How surprising!" said Linwood, as he read a letter given to him one day when he was walking with Edgar; "what a coincidence! I often think an entertaining volume might be formed of coincidences by those, who, in travelling from Dan to Beersheba, do not find all barren."

"I will wait very patiently for your elucidation," said Edgar; "but I too have a taste for the extraordinary, when you will allow me to participate."

"You shall hear what my mother says: after having devoted one page to affections old and true, she adds—'The profile that you sent me, and which you assure me is a most faithful resemblance of your incomparable friend, I have hung in my own little parlour above yours, and that of your dear father's; thus the shadows of

those I so much love and honour are company and consolation for me. A few days ago a person called to speak with Captain Duncan, who at that time was particularly engaged: I invited him to sit with me till he was at liberty. I, who have seen so many sons of the sea, that had stood all weathers, never remarked one so formed to bear their brunt as this. After having been seated a few minutes, his eye rested upon the medallions; he looked steadfastly awhile, and then hastily rising, said—'Pray, madam, who is that, and where did you get it?' 'It is the likeness of a young gentleman, who is the friend of my son at Cambridge.' 'At Cambridge!' he exclaimed; 'the friend of your son! he is the friend of every mother's son that knows him. Ay, ay, I know him, and Cambridge well; but I have forgot the name of the old chapel where he lives; can you tell me?' As I suppose he meant the college, I told him. 'Well, God bless him!' said he, the tears unheeded stealing down his weather-beaten face; 'wherever he is, I will write to him as soon as old Dreadnought Duncan is settled with; I hear his voice now upon the stairs, so good day to you, madam, and thank you.' I want no added proof of Mr. Bonville's goodness, my dear Vesci; but I should like to know what he has done to soften the heart of such a Tom Tough as this appeared to be.'"

"It was Hanson," said Edgar; "but I hope he is not out of employ."

"I thought it was he," replied Linwood, who knew the circumstances; "I do not doubt but you will soon hear from him."

In a few days, this expectation was fulfilled, and Hanson spoke for himself.

"HONOURED YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

"I have left the Conquest, but all fair, and above board. Sir Edward Belhaven told me, as soon as we came into port, that I had behaved well, and the Admiralty meant me to be a pilot at Spithead, because I knew all the shifting sands, and skulking rocks, upon which many a brave vessel has been split; so now you see, I am in as great trust as an admiral, for what can be more glorious than to take out a king's ship, when she goes to meet his enemies, but to bring her in again, with her prize! I assure you, my dear young master, I will never flinch from serving my king, excepting in the way of being a revenue officer, and that I never will be, for I would not betray my old comrades to please a king. Whether you say no, or swear it, but you never do swear, all I have, and all I shall get, shall be yours; you can give it away if you don't want it, and you know how better than I do; and if I should live till I am too old to go to sea again, I will come and die decently with you, in some little creek in your harbour, if you will let me lay my old hull there. Yours, till death,

"HANSON."

"And so you shall, my tempest-beaten ve-

teran," said Edgar, "when I have a bark, be it but a single decker, you shall have a cabin; so long as you keep yourself in the right way, we will keep together."

At the commencement, Linwood's classical attainments acquired him all the university distinctions to which he aspired; the medal was assigned to him, and he was elected fellow of his college. This was indeed joy to Bonville, satisfactory as his own success. He had now passed twelve terms, and the Norrisian prize was indisputably allotted to him. Under the happiest feelings of mutual congratulations, the friends separated, and returned to their respective homes.

A more happy home, the Life of a Boy had never presented. The patriarchal blessing had descended upon his beloved parents; and he had never known a delight so sweetly touching, as when he took the lovely child of his sister to his bosom. He remembered the tender Cumberland epithet, which had then pleased his ear; he felt himself its own fond "eamie;" and he thought he had never seen his sister look so beautiful as when she ran to meet him, and put her baby in his arms, for beauty is the reflection of mind, emanating from pure affections, and moral excellence, from conscious happiness, founded upon the gentle virtues. Mr. St. John seemed to possess its consummation when he welcomed the uncle of his darling boy to Green Hayes, where Mr. and Mrs. Manners were then visiting. They were charmed to find the amiable and tender daughter, the affectionate and sensible wife, the obliging and

spirited companion, was not lessened in the fondly devoted mother. That apprehensive solicitude, that perpetual recurrence to her child, which tends to weary the attention, and weaken the interest of even partial and attached friends, was never apparent in her; her heart was with her child, he was her pride and her joy; and, if we may compare earthly things with heavenly, her care, like that of Providence, was ever constant and ever watchful, but the cause was only perceived by the effect. She was the mother, with her child, that Dr. Johnson could have borne. Her husband, friends, or visitors never had to remark the abstracted wife, hostess, or companion, nor were their ease or convenience ever disturbed, or their attention enforced by the undesired presence of a baby; which, though as good as a fine, healthy, happy infant could be, required the constant and active exercise of its cheerful nurse to meet its springing, mantling spirit. The nursery, a spacious airy room, adjoining the dressing-room of Mrs. St. John, was kept by her uniform superintendance in the nicest order, and there might those who loved a baby for a baby's sake, find it; and there might Bonville be often found, the child screaming with delight, as with the most affectionate fondness, and in all the strength of youthful manliness, he tossed it high above his head with unwearied sportiveness.

"And who do you think is my nurse-maid,' Edgar?" said Mrs. St. John.

"Who, Fanny?"

"No other than the eldest daughter of Thomas Wilson, our cottage acquaintance of days long since gone by; from whose excellent bringing up, under the care of an industrious and tidy mother, I, and mine, are now reaping the benefit. My father recollected the family when his grandson wanted a nurse, and provided me with her; and well she repays his confidence, and most satisfied and grateful are her parents."

"I remember it all, my dear Fanny; what a pleasant fete-champêtre it was! I must renew my acquaintance with Ruthy Wilson, for is not that her name?"

The child was named Harry Bedford. Olivia, Mr. Manners, and Edgar vowed and promised, in its name, all the church requires in infant baptism, "that until it was of age to know the importance of its baptismal vow, they would guard it from the sinful deceits of the world, and guide it in the way of God's holy word and commandments." An awful and imperative duty in those, who, as members of the Church of England, engage for its fulfilment.

"It is a bond of fellowship," said Mr. Manners, "that touches my heart very feelingly; it seems to say, 'we, who believe what we profess, to be the genuine religion of Jesus, in spirit and in truth, ought to strengthen and confirm it in our posterity.' The institution does not infer any deficiency in the parents, or spiritual pastor, but provides against the death of the one, or the failure of the other. Wherever the pledge is great,

the security ought to be great also; and I think the sponsors of an infant are bound to watch over its childhood with a vigilant eye; that no innovation in its education, no laxity in the performance of its religious duties, and no vacillation in its attendance upon public worship, should wean it from the church, of which they are witnesses it has been entered a member. When it is capable of reasoning and reflection, and the church frees them from their engagements, it becomes a free agent in matters of conscience; but if its spiritual education has been faithfully attended to there is little to apprehend from its deviation.—Lord Fitz-Erin's family are arrived in England," continued he, "and you, Bonville, will soon hear from him. The declining life of the Countess of C. now absorbs their attention. I fear it is almost at its close; deeply will her loss be felt, but sweet will be the remembrance of her virtues, and bright their example, to which her posterity will bear record in their lives."

CHAPTER XVI.

Clear to the last her setting orb has run,
Pure, bright, and healthy, like a frosty sun;
And late old age, with hand indulgent, shed
Its mildest winter on her favour'd head;
Matured at length for some more perfect scene,
Her hopes all bright, her prospects all serene,
Like a tired traveller by sleep opprest,
Within her children's arms she sunk to rest.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE lapse of a few days confirmed the fears of

Mr. Manners. As Edgar selected the letters, and disposed them around the table, he passed one addressed to Mrs. Manners, that was directed by Lord Fitz-Erin, and the colour of the wax was the herald of its intelligence. "O Dolentia Memoria," was the motto of its seal, and foreboding its contents, she retired with it to Mrs. St. John's room.

Returning after a-while, with the open letter in her hand, and the traces of sorrow upon her face, she requested Edgar to read the letter aloud. "I need not premise," said she, "how great Lady Fitz-Erin is, and how worthy she is of our highest respect. I cannot read the letter—it is a sweet apotheosis of filial affection."

Edgar read the letter aloud.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"The public concern will have announced our family loss; and your tender and affectionate nature will have sympathised with our more sacred sorrow. Though the dear departed was a shining light in the world, yet it is not the power of any public eulogium to bear that comprehensive testimony to her excellence, that her near and intimate connexions feel to be her due. Last Thursday, all that was mortal, all that could die of my noble mother, was deposited with her paternal ancestors, whose virtues and distinctions she inherited, and reflected with added lustre. Her honoured remains were conveyed from Hill-street under the care and direction of her executor, and confidential friend, her steward, and other trusty

dependants. My lord, and I, left her house the preceding evening, and waited at the last stage, nearest the city of her final rest. We then took our places as deep and sincere mourners, and saw the awful receptacle of our beloved parent placed in the vault of her family. The comfortable words, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' met us at the threshold of the temple, and my grief became suspended; the whole sublime service proving a balm to my sorrowing spirit. You know, dear Mrs. Manners, the active life of that superior being to whom I owed mine. When we were in the country, her observation extended every where. Walking one day to the extremity of the park, to which the village church adjoined, a funeral was entering its little cemetery, and her servant was informed the mourners were following their aged mother to her grave. Lady C. entered the church, joined in the service, and saw the weeping daughter, supported by her husband, take the last look of the narrow chamber of death. Her ladyship appeared to reflect deeply upon the circumstance; and lamented that the forms of rank should exclude the performances of those natural and affecting duties. 'I should wish,' said she, 'to be followed even to the grave, by those who loved me when living; and that those whom I loved should feel the consolation that beautiful service affords, which was ordained not for ranks or conditions of men, but for all. The same baptism, the same marriage, the same sacrament, all partake:—the funeral service, that speaks peace to the sorrowing

heart, and gives courage to the fainting spirit, we shut our ears upon, and leave it to the lip-ceremony of hirelings and menials.' I then pledged myself, to that dear parent, to perform what I have so recently fulfilled; and, from a better motive than vanity, the pleasure of repeating her sweet praise, I will add her reply. 'My dear daughter, you are always great, always nobler than your station, great and noble as it is, for to it you have never sacrificed the feelings of humanity, and the ties of nature.'—After the lapse of a few days, my dear Mrs. Manners, I resume the subject; it is the subject nighest my heart, and you will bear with me a little while. When I look back upon the life of the Countess of C , I feel assured that riches and honours are not given in vain;—the one was distributed for the good of the many—the other justified the ordinations of God to man—you know what her life was, and of her death it is given me to speak. Gently as the sun sinks to rest in the evening of a mild Winter, or, 'as travellers by sleep opprest,' she declined; affectionate to all, and cheerful in herself, she met death as a friend she had long contemplated with pious hope, and humble resignation; tenderly considerate for the care of those who attended her, and persevering to the last in that personal purity, both in herself, and in all that approximated with her, which had been the lustre of her health, and had contributed to its preservation. The clergyman who attended her, and, who was by her desire the minister of the parish, bore record to her holy confidence in

the Christian's hope, and reported, that to witness such blessed effects of the religion they taught was the most comfortable office of their ministry. She had no specific disease, and the last effort of her life was to attempt to take a cordial from my hand: she touched the brim with her dear lips, then laying her head on my bosom, expired with a gentle sigh; the sweet smile of affection remaining upon her countenance, a blessed anticipation of her beatitude, until I saw her no more. No more!—ah, my dear friend, how those two little words sound the knell of departed happiness! Seldom is it that the graces of poetry touch the deeply stricken heart; but there is a sonnet of Miss Seward's, that seems to echo the feelings of mine: it begins,—'Not the slow hearse.' Read it, and you will there find what my devoted feelings are. If you have any present communion with Mr. Bonville's family, inform them the Countess of C. mentioned the brother and sister the day before her death with tender regard, and marked respect. We shall remain in the country till after the birth-day, when my daughter will be presented. I hope you and Mr. Manners will share our retirement in the intermediate time; you will find us resigned to the will of Heaven, but solicitous for the sympathy and society of our friends. Yours, both in joy and sorrow,

"FRANCES SOPHIA FITZ-ERIN."

The death of the righteous appeared present, and a reverential silence ensued; when Mrs. St. John said, "Dear Edgar, pray read to us the son-

net; it is in the second volume of Miss Seward's poetical works: you will find them in the small bookcase, beneath the view of Lichfield cathedral." The request was seconded by the wishes of Mrs. Manners, and immediately complied with.

Not the slow hearse, where nod the sable plumes;
 The Parian statue, bending o'er the urn;
 The dark robe floating, the dejection worn
On the dropt eye, and lip no smile illumes;
Not all this pomp of sorrow, that presumes
 It pays affection's debt, is due concern,
 To the *for ever absent*, though it mourn
Fashion's allotted time; if time consumes,
While life is ours, the precious vital flame,
 Memory should hourly feed:—if through each day,
 She, with whate'er we see, hear, think, or say,
Blend not the image of the vanish'd frame,
 O! can the alien heart expect to prove,
 In worlds of life and light, a reunited love?

"Genuine grief," said Mrs. Bonville, "like sincere piety, and real charity, does not seek to be known of men; its indulgences are secret, whilst its externals may perhaps be disregarded."

"And yet," observed Mr. Manners, "I would not have those externals banished; material beings will always be under the influence of the senses. It would be folly to affect an abstraction from them, for such is the purpose of their creation: public testimonies of sorrow, joy, or honour, are the only means we can evince to our fellow-creatures, that we feel them. They are the institutions

of civilized society, and are as necessary to keep in view the proposed end, as any other ceremonials; and if, at times they be violated, or prove a mockery, they but partake of the general imperfections of humanity. The antiquity of public indications of sorrow for the dead sanctifies them in my esteem. The fathers of the world, the founders of nations, men whom God approved, and tribes and people reverenced, mourned in sackcloth for many days. The Greeks, who had derived from the Egyptians all those decorums and refinements for which they were afterwards so eminently distinguished, manifested their grief by every outward token; those the most natural and proper, such as retirement, abstinence from all amusements, and the abandonment of ornament, even to that of the hair, which was either concealed or cut off; whilst savage and uncivilized people testify their feelings by frantic gesticulation and mournful yellings; hanging up the bows and arrows of their departed chiefs, as tributes and memorials of affection."

"I should rather fear," observed Mr. Bonville, "that so far from the feelings of sorrow for the death of our friends being carried to a reprehensible extreme, the reasoning of the present times would exclude that public avowal of them that you think so proper, and which, from the same motives, I respect; which takes nothing from genuine sorrow, and where it is not, at least assumes a virtue."

"The Society of Friends," said Mrs. Granville, "a people active in benevolence, intellec-

tual in acquirements, and temperate in all things, banish every ostensible evidence of grief for the death of their friends."

"They can justify this to themselves," replied Mr. Manners. "Consistency is the principle by which they are guided; and as they observe, that the pomps and vanities of worldly feelings, which they renounce, are apt to be blended with them, they wholly restrict themselves from the practice. I honour their motives, but do not accord with them."

"Had you thought differently," said Mrs. Manners, "how bitterly would my feelings have been pained! I, who think, that according to our abilities, our fortune and our time should be ostensibly devoted to the respect and reverence with which we remember our departed friends."

"Whatever diversity of opinion," said Mrs. Bonville, "we may entertain upon this subject, there is one in which I believe we all agree,—the hope of a reunion with those we have loved on earth in that future state, to which our actions, rather than our opinions, will raise us." This was so much in unison with the feelings of all, that Mrs. Bonville's remark closed the subject.

There can be no greater test of politeness, good temper, and friendship, than the attending to the querulous complaints of those, who, without patience, self-control, or occupation, think their own inquietudes a subject to which all are bound to listen; and who, not understanding the dignified silence and patient endurance of others

under affliction, pronounce that "no beings in the world are so unfortunate as themselves."

Such was Lady Seymour; and such the forbearance of Mrs. Manners, that she would not unfrequently leave the society so dear to her heart, and so congenial to her taste, to repeat her visits at Seymour-Hall, and listen to the never-ceasing repinings of its lady.

She had now left Fanny in her nursery, and the gentlemen in some out-of-doors pursuits, intending to give the larger part of the morning to Lady Seymour; but, to sweeten its unpalatableness, she ordered the carriage to stop at Mrs. Granville's.

Lady Seymour had often wished that Olivia should be an occasional resident with her. The high-minded Fanny Bonville, even Lady Seymour quickly discerned, was out of the question; that she was above the proud one's contumely, and could not be dazzled by the glare in which weaker minds lose their clear and discerning vision. Carriages and servants were no more in her eyes than very useful appendages when required; she knew indisputably they were a mark of opulence, but not undeviatingly one of gentility, and she was sure they were not its indispensable concomitants; therefore the external splendour of Lady Seymour's establishment had no allurements for her; but her ladyship thought the mild, and because very gentle, the more humble Olivia, could not fail being sensible of the honour of being a permitted resident at Seymour Hall. But Olivia preferred happiness to honour;

which by not accepting, though very respectfully declined, excited the bitter enmity of Lady Seymour against herself and Mrs. Granville. Each therefore was excluded from the Hall, to the great regret of Mrs. Manners, who wished to have taken the latter with her there. The carriage drew softly over the smooth green turf, to the door of Mrs. Granville's cottage; and Mrs. Manners was in the room before its inmates were aware of her approach. Each was at work by the side of a table, piled up with apparel for children, and comfortable articles of clothing for the mothers and grandmothers of children.

"I see their purport," said Mrs. Manners. "Sisters of mercy! I am a sad indolent being; was brought up from my cradle to do nothing."

"But not to be nothing," said Mrs. Granville. "Olivia and I have much spare time, and not a great deal of spare money: society has no claims upon our leisure, and we can only benefit our poorer neighbours in this way. The purchase of these things is a mere trifle; the forming and making them up of some value: they are plain humble materials, suitable to the station of the wearers, by whom most of them are made under the direction of my own servant. The children take them to school; which, as being kept by a very worthy widow and her daughter, I would not deprive of one scholar by any instruction we might otherwise be disposed to give. All is brought home to us, and afterwards distributed, according as their necessities require."

"What a small part can I take in this bene-

volent task!" said Mrs. Manners. "I can make no exertion, no sacrifice; I can only give what has been given to me, and of which I cannot feel the want. Will you permit me to leave my purse with you? it will extend your purchases for the ensuing winter, therefore in itself it is good; but *I* shall suffer no deprivation, therefore there is no good in my giving it." Olivia looked upon her with eyes suffused with the emotions of admiration and love.

Mrs. Granville took the purse, saying, "Its contents shall do all the good they are capable of producing: many a blessing, many a prayer shall arise from the oppressed heart, from the bed of sickness, upon the hand which is thus stretched out to soothe and to save. The purse I will take for my own alms; I am a mendicant for love, and shall preserve it as a relic of one for whose affection I presume to hope. But do not, dear madam, undervalue your benevolence; if we exert the means, of whatever nature they may be, whether gifts, or protection, or alms, or labour, in the service of our fellow-creatures, accordingly as we have received, so will our endeavours be accepted."

"I will order the carriage round to Woodfield," said Mrs. Manners, drawing off her shawl. "I cannot leave here to go to Seymour-Hall today."

"You were going there, my dear Mrs. Manners?" asked Mrs. Granville; "a visit of kindness, though perhaps not one of pleasure. Now then pardon me, madam, but you have it in your power

to perform a benevolent action, by making a sacrifice; you give to the wants of another what is dearer to you than money,—your time, your pleasure, your enjoyment. Most grateful to us would be your company; but, though sensible of its charm, we will resign it to the forlorn and insulated state of Lady Seymour, and beg you will persevere in your first kind intention towards her."

"I will," she sweetly replied; "and I know I shall afford her ladyship as much enjoyment in listening to her miseries as you will have in alleviating those of others; so I leave you a martyr to your good suggestions and my own wishes; but to repay myself, I will dine with you on my return, and spend the remainder of my day here. Observe, I am almost a Brahmin at the table; and be so good as to send up to Woodfield to request a servant from thence may inform Mrs. St. John that I may be found by Mr. Edgar Bonville upon Ashhurst-green, if he will ask for me, and escort me home, to make my peace for this act of vagrancy. Adieu, Mrs. Granville, adieu, Olivia, till three!"

"Happy, happy being!" exclaimed Mrs. Granville, as her carriage bore her away. "With feelings so vivid, and a heart so kind, her station is a grace, and her fortune indeed a blessing."

Recent circumstances at the Hall gave added effect to the sacrifice. A letter had arrived that morning from Sir Charles, requesting the first service of plate might be sent to London, where he was going to reside. Though it had never been

used since the death of his father, and was never likely to be required by Lady Seymour, the order gave deep offence, and was pronounced to be the forerunner of many other deprivations; but as Mrs. Manners could only offer the same consolations, and recommend the same conciliatory measures with Sir Charles she before had done, she now could but listen in silence; whilst her eye followed the finger of her watch till it reached half past two. At length relieved, the quiet of her carriage was its greatest luxury. "Drive fast," said she; and in a quarter of an hour was put down at the tree-shaded cottage of Mrs. Granville. Baby-linen had disappeared, and a nicely covered table was soon prepared.

"We want a chaplain," said Mrs. Granville, as they took their places.

"We want nothing," said Mrs. Manners, "but that those discontented spirits who possess all things, and are not satisfied with any thing, should witness our enjoyments; however, we will forget there are such in the world!"

Mrs. Granville's room, though low, was large in extent and airy, but it was her only one. Olivia had covered the dessert table at its upper end with fruit and fresh gathered flowers, to which the small party removed immediately after dinner; all the appendages of which were instantaneously removed. "Mrs. Bonville is my wine-merchant, and the gardens at Woodfield are her vineyard."

"The vine-covered hills of Madeira," said Mrs.

Manners, "do not present brighter or richer beverage; but all is delightful, and most of all the elevated mind that raises them to its own standard of dignity. I only want the fairies with a stroke of their wands to remove Ashhurst-green to Cumberland, and if Woodfield and Green Hayes were not spells above my art, it might be done; but now, Mrs. Granville, and Miss Delancey, you are laid under an obligation, bound in honour to return my visit: when we have been in Northamptonshire I shall certainly way-lay you both in my road home. This little Harry Bedford shall be of some use now he is come; and what can a mamma and a grandmamma desire more to engage their time and affections than such a boy?"

The evening was advancing when Edgar arrived, his expressive features glowing with intelligence, yet with a tempered shade of feeling that appeared to control some predominant consciousness.

"Why so late, Bonville?" exclaimed Mrs. Manners, "and why so handsome!" continued she, as her eye met the radiance of his. "But you must tell me as we go home. Good night, my dear hostess; keep in mind your engagement."

"It is too late, I fear," said Edgar to Mrs. Granville, "for you and Olivia to visit Woodfield to-night; my mother's happiest hours are incomplete without your participation, and she desires to see you early in the morning."

"We will ensure it," said Mrs. Granville, "by going to-night. We have no fears where there is nothing to alarm."

"And now," asked Mrs. Manners, soon as they were seated in the carriage, "what have been the events of the day? for a day's absence may make an important change in the affairs of the world. Fanny cannot have discovered any new beauties in her boy, or Mr. St. John in his Fanny."

"No! but their happiness has had an increase since the morning; but it more immediately concerns my mother's boy than any other, for whom Lord Fitz-Erin's friendship has been evinced in a most unexpected manner."

"Knowing the noble nature of his lordship, and the worth of the object he favours," said Mrs. Manners, "my expectations cannot be exceeded by the result; but I will restrain my inquiries till we reach home, for I know you would rather another should be the herald of your deservings than yourself. What a beautiful night is this, Bonville! See how the stars appear to rise up to the surface of the water, as they are reflected from the sky above; and how fine the shadows of those old trees, and the lengthened lines of moonlight upon the meadows. What a soft and lovely light it is! what is lost in distinctness is gained in interest; every little shaded corner becomes a deep recess, that the fancy deepens; and the outline of every hill and object is more strongly delineated upon the clear deep blue of the sky, as are the clustered chimneys of Green Hayes, appearing like turrets of different

heights and magnitude. Objects of such kind receive added beauty 'on such a night as this;' but I never saw the effect so fine elsewhere as at Hardwick in Derbyshire, one of the many fine seats of the Duke of Devonshire. The high parapet that surrounds the flat roof is formed by the initials of Elizabeth Shrewsbury, a woman who has not left the art of managing husbands behind her. Those colossal letters are surmounted by a coronet in substantial stone-work; but at the height they are seen from below, appear exquisitely light and graceful; a sort of aerial lace-work, not of fairies, but the sport of giants, and which form a beautiful intermediate line, betwixt the massy masonry below and the starry canopy above."

The carriage now entered the avenue; the sky and stars disappeared, excepting where they occasionally darted their bright radiance through the quivering leaves of the high-arched foliage; but the moonbeams shone betwixt the sylvan columns, and dispersed the darkness of the long extended colonnade through which they drove, multiplying them in shadow, till the whole appeared a crowd of lofty and majestic pillars.

"We have nothing so fine in these days," said Mrs. Manners, whom feelings of admiration had interrupted; "the pleasure of the expanding park is not to be compared with the grandeur of this approach. I respect the taste that has preserved this noble avenue; long may it be spared the demolishing axe! I must not be laughed at, Bonville; you know Mr. Manners gives my

romance both latitude and longitude; but I never see a tree cut down that I do not fancy I hear the groans of the Hamadryades; whose existence, according to the heathen mythology, is united with the trees peculiar to them."

"The echo of the woodman's stroke," said Edgar, "might appear to the fanciful the lamentation of some supernatural being connected with the sylvan haunts; and not many of the pagan superstitions had so accountable an origin: but I remember a remark made long ago at Woodfield, that a mind like yours had the power of the philosopher's stone,—it turned all it touched into gold."

"If you mean by that, dear Edgar, to say that I am disposed to extract all the pleasure from all the good that is opened before me, I certainly possess a power beyond the transmutation of matter into a richer metal—that of matter into spirit, which gold cannot buy."

They now left the avenue behind, and entered the court-yard in the full splendour of moonlight, heightened in effect by emerging from the shadowy avenue. They were there met by Mr. Manners, and Mr. and Mrs. St. John, with the most affectionate welcomes.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Manners, "half our pleasures are purchased by their deprivations; such a reception would more than recompense a longer absence. But now for Lord Fitz-Erin."

When they reached the drawing-room, Mrs. St. John presented the letters that had been sent from Woodfield, with all the fond pride of a

sister. An envelope from Dr. M., Master of Christ's College, Cambridge, inclosed one from the Bishop of ——, addressed to him.

"REVEREND SIR,

"I request your attestation of the character and acquirements of Mr. Bonville, of your college; whether they be such as will sanction my compliance with the wishes of Earl Fitz-Erin, that have this day been transmitted to me by a letter from his lordship. The young man, who is the object of this special mark of favour, is not yet by age ordainable; but, as the power rests with me, and I have a precedent upon record*, I only wait your representation before I see him, and comply with his lordship's earnest desire, that he should be qualified for a living now vacant in his lordship's disposal. In times like the present, when infidelity and libertinism in opinion on the one hand, and negligence and immorality in practice on the other, seek to undermine or set at nought our holy religion, we ought to avail ourselves of the sanctity, piety, and learning, of those who step forward early to become its champions. This

* The Reverend George Bull, Bishop of St. David's, was ordained at the age of twenty-one deacon and priest, in the same day, by Dr. Skinner, Bishop of Oxford. He was as much distinguished by his learning and piety as he was by his early and subsequent elevation. After having passed the meridian of his life in the practice of the most active benevolence and apostolic virtue, he was raised to the See of St. David's, in the 13th of Queen Anne.

consideration alone could influence my compliance with Lord Fitz-Erin's proposition, which only waits your co-operation.

"I am, Reverend Sir, yours, with respect and sincerity,

"B."

"N. B. If the successful candidate at the last commencement for the Norrisian prize be the same Mr. Bonville, it will support the application of his noble patron. Its pages contain the vital spirit of Christianity; and its arguments, I think, cannot fail to impress the doubting mind with conviction, and awaken the careless one to serious reflection."

In the envelope was written by Dr. M.

"My dear young Friend,

"I have inclosed the Bishop of B.'s letter to me, that you may be prepared for any further communication with him or Lord Fitz-Erin. I answered his reverend lordship immediately; and I hope I soon shall have to congratulate you upon the result. In a world full of crooked paths that lead to error, and flowery ones that lure to destruction, you have chosen those of wisdom; and pleasantness and peace attend her footsteps!

"Yours faithfully,

"F. M."

CHAPTER XVII.

Grant me in this world knowledge of thy truth.
ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

A LETTER on the ensuing day, from the bishop's secretary, announced his lordship's desire that Mr. Bonville should attend at his episcopal palace for examination.

To a being so truly modest as Edgar Bonville this premature advance towards his holy profession excited a most serious and awful feeling; but, in the meekness of his spirit, he submitted himself unto those in whose hands judgment rested; and, above all, he committed himself to Him, who, in knowing the heart, will give his holy spirit to those who devoutly and sincerely seek it. There is not a more important delegacy committed to man than the appointing and presenting a minister of the gospel; one who, not only by his preaching but by his living, must set forth and show God's holy will. Of this great responsibility Lord Fitz-Erin was at all times deeply impressed; and in him no temporal considerations could induce any obliquity in its execution. As far as one human being could, by careful observance, know another, he was as-

sured he might rely upon the youth whom "he delighted to honour." He stood as high upon the forms of the school as his university required, and he had no part of his life to live back again, no errors to retract, and, in the race of purity and virtue, no time to redeem. His lordship felt a conviction that what he had written to the bishop he would in nowise unwrite; "that the youthful candidate was a scholar 'ripe,' if not 'rare;' his principles conscientiously orthodox, and his morals unspotted by the world."

The Earl of Fitz-Erin and family were then residing in Northamptonshire, at an estate left by the Countess of C. to her beloved daughter, and which had been her own favourite abode: there, surrounded by so many memorials of her honoured parent, she passed the period of privacy and seclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. Manners proceeded there, after having staid their allotted time at Green Hayes, and departed deeply impressed with the happiness they had participated in at Woodfield, and under the more humble roof of Mrs. Granville's cottage. At the same time, partly companion of their way, Edgar Bonville commenced his journey to Bishop's Vale; where he was received by his lordship's domestic chaplain, with kind assurances that his arrival had been anticipated.

"Coffee is just sent into the drawing-room," said Mr. Stainmore, "where I shall be glad to ac company you; first informing you that the lady who presides at the tea-table is Miss Hilton, sister

to the bishop, one of the very best of women, and most devoted of sisters; I will lead the way."

Edgar followed, and entered a handsome room, in which several ladies and gentlemen were assembled, and which, though called the drawing-room, was also a library. Books and pictures covered the walls, and the large arm chairs, sofas, and tables, that were placed indiscriminately around, seemed to banish ceremony, and invite every one to feel at ease. The company were formed into little parties, to which the lady presiding at the tea-table sent coffee around.

Mr. Stainmore led Edgar up to his lordship, a fine venerable man; who received him very graciously, and desired Mr. Stainmore would introduce him to Miss Hilton and his friends. Though who or what Edgar was, was unknown to the company, his personal attractions secured their immediate approbation. Though all were distinguished by worth and talent, they were not of such high fashion, or of such assumed importance, as just to raise their eyes at the mention of his name, drop them instantly, and appear to forget that he, to whom they had been introduced, possessed one, or was the friend and visitor of their host equally with themselves; understanding that nice point in good breeding, that to neglect any one of the company, or to be solicitous to please one part at the expense of the other, is not more an affront to the person to whom it is offered than to the principal of the house himself.

Miss Hilton ordered a chair to be placed nigh the bishop for the young stranger, and said—"Mr. Bonville, will you join my brother in his coffee, or take tea with me?"

"Oh!" said his lordship facetiously, "he will answer as my brother of Bath and Wells was said to do to King James, by which the two Sees became one, 'both, my liege.'"

There was a cheerfulness of spirit and manner in the reverend prelate that won Edgar's regard, and banished those feelings that the circumstances of his visit, and being an entire stranger, would naturally excite. When he looked upon Miss Hilton, he was well assured she was "the most devoted of sisters;" and believed she was a good woman. Her eye seemed to repose upon the form of her brother, and her ear to take in every word he spoke; whilst he appeared to incline to her with the fondest affection. She was just above a little woman, but could not be called tall; her lively eye bespoke a cheerful nature, and her prompt attentions a kind one. She was dressed in black silk; for, in all things, she appeared to appertain to the bishop. The mode of her dress was in the style of her youth: her clear muslin apron, and handkerchief of the same material crossed over her gown, the sleeve of which, just turning the elbow, was finished by a narrow muslin ruffle, to which her soft gray leather mitts reached; and her light hair, which was dashed with powder, appearing a little in front of her nicely bordered cap, presented the lady of "forty years ago."

After the tea-table was removed, she took a seat near her last-entered visitor, and spoke of those familiar topics that usually introduce strangers to each other; whilst the rest of the company were engaged in conversation, examining pictures, or selecting books.

"Every one," said Miss Hilton, "is at liberty to amuse themselves in their own way here; we do not introduce cards, because, as we scarcely are ever without company, the practice would become too frequent. One cribbage table is allowed, but its certain appendage is myself; and, I assure you, if youth, beauty, and fortune, were in my possession, my hand could not be more earnestly desired in marriage than it is in cribbage."

"To the one," said Edgar, "I should not presume to aspire; but the other I shall be very glad to secure."

"I am yours then, sir, for the present," she smilingly replied; "for, I assure you, I have as many suitors in the palace as had my namesake Penelope."

After having played a few games for the honour of conquest alone, Miss Hilton arose, and said, "In half an hour we go into the chapel. My brother has already left the room. In the morning we meet at nine, and have prayers in the breakfast-room. The bishop devotes the forenoon to business; and is always ready to receive any application to himself made through Mr. Stainmore. From eleven till two we ride, or walk, or garden, or do what we please: at three we dine; take tea at

six; sup at nine, and retire at eleven. Now, sir, I have initiated you into our family economics; I hope you will feel at home."

A few minutes before the finger of the time-piece marked eight, Miss Hilton arose, and was joined by the company, who attended her across the gallery to the chapel; an apartment in the palace consecrated and fitted up for divine service. At its entrance an old man, with white hair, and in a long purple coat, was standing.

"Are all the family here, Jonathan?" asked Miss Hilton.

The old man bowed, and said—"Yes, madam," waiting till they had entered; and then fulfilling his assertion.

Mr. Stainmore was in the desk, and the bishop alone in his own pew; from whence he gave the blessing at the end of the service. The company returned for a short time to the drawing-room, before they adjourned to supper, which was in an adjoining apartment.

Though the board was well supplied, it appeared more an inducement for all present to meet in social converse than to enjoy what was provided. His lordship was very abstemious; but so hospitably pressed the participation of others, that in this instance alone his example and precept were at variance.

Mr. Stainmore and Edgar were first in the breakfast-room; and so much earlier than the appointed hour, that they had time for a conversation, which greatly interested the latter.

"Are you not pleased with Miss Hilton?" asked Mr. Stainmore.

"I am pleased with all I see and hear," said Edgar; "but nothing more so than the evident affection that subsists between the brother and sister."

"It does not rely on words, but it gleams in the glance of the eye, and reigns," said Mr. Stainmore, "'in the throb of the heart*.' Perhaps you never heard the nature of that tie which binds them so fondly towards each other. It is well known, in the early part of the bishop's life, that when a young man, and only curate in a small village, he was very much attached to a lady similarly circumstanced with himself, and whom he believed to be truly devoted to him. His income was small, but his trust in Heaven great; and he believed, that, with the moderation and economy they should mutually practise, affection would compensate for every deficiency. I believe a more ardent and sincere attachment was never felt by man for woman; and he had reason to believe it was reciprocal. After he had fitted up his 'modest mansion,' and surrounded it with garden flowers, and shrubs that 'would grow tall;' after she had assented to the day he fixed to make her the mistress of his house, who had long been so

* It ne'er was apparell'd by art,
On words it did never rely;
But it reign'd in the throb of his heart—
It gleam'd in the glance of his eye.

H. Mackenzie.

of his heart, he received a letter from her, stating, that upon more mature and prudent consideration, she thought it was acting with justice to each to dissolve the engagement; that she could not be so cruel as to involve him in additional expenses on her account; and hoped he would find some woman, who, by possessing a fortune herself, might remedy the want of it in him. This was a blow that levelled the fair structure of his happiness to the earth; his garden and his heart became a desert. Miss Hilton was then very advantageously and agreeably settled in life; companion to a lady of good fortune and amiable disposition: but the desolated situation of her brother outweighed every selfish consideration. She hastened 'to temper the wind to the shorn lamb;' shorn to the quick. By the devotion, the judicious and tender treatment she adopted, Mr. Hilton was redeemed from grief and mental suffering: he recovered himself, and lived to say—'No love was like a sister's love!' The lady very soon after evinced the motive of her inconstancy, by marrying a man of reputed wealth, who is since dead, leaving her with a large family and very small income. The present situation of the bishop must be a sufficient punishment even for *her* perfidy. Miss Hilton had subsequently several very advantageous offers that she has uniformly declined, being wholly devoted to her brother; who declared to her many years ago his determined celibacy. I know, for I have been the indirect agent, that he

is a great friend to the sons of that unhappy woman, who at one time was such an enemy to his peace."

"What an affecting relation!" said Edgar. "Love is often the jest of the witling; but, in such a case as this, it is an awful visitation of the soul."

"Yes," said Mr. Stainmore, "fools laugh at that for which sages have died. The old bachelor and old maid of this house are elevated beings—in mind as in situation. Religion, time, and that native cheerfulness of disposition, that would have made the curate's home a paradise with a woman who deserved him, contributed to the restoration of his tranquillity; and he is now happy in his virtues, his sovereign's approbation, his sister's love, and his people's regard."

The examination, which Edgar passed with the greatest satisfaction to Mr. Stainmore, and honour to himself, was reported to the bishop. At his lordship's injunction it had been strictly scrutinizing; and in every respect, both doctrinal and scholastic, it afforded perfect approbation. Mr. Stainmore introduced him to the bishop's study, with the fullest conviction and testimony of his competence and qualifications.

In consequence of a dispensation from the Archbishop of Canterbury, he was ordained at the parish church of Bishop's Vale deacon and priest in one day.

"And now," said the Reverend Prelate, "let

me impress upon your mind how much will be expected from the peculiar circumstances under which you enter the holy ministry; at all times a most serious responsibility, for which solid learning, sincere piety, and a most humble, but earnest assurance of being called to do the work of God, can alone acquit you. In point of years, you have entered prematurely upon this great work; but I do not doubt your sincere intentions to fulfil its duties; remembering always to set Him before your eyes who knows the hearts and the secret thoughts of men. In the words of St. Paul to Timothy, I will say—'Let no man despise thy youth; but be unto them an example in word, in conversation, in love, in spirit, in faith, and in purity.' For it will be expected that your life and conversation will justify the dispensation of the right reverend head of the church, the Archbishop of Canterbury: you must also conduct yourself in all things so, that no reflection shall rest upon that excellent nobleman who has placed you upon this high ground, and given you so fair an heritage; last, and least, excepting the sacred office I hold, let it not be said, that under the influence of spiritual power, or temporal rank, I advanced one to the sacred office who was unprepared in heart, though qualified by learning."

"In all things," said the young aspirant, "I will endeavour so to fulfil its duties, and so to act, as becomes one whom your lordship has sanctioned."

"May God Almighty bless you!" said his

lordship; "and endue you with the grace of his holy Spirit, to enable you to amend the lives of the unrighteous, to awaken the negligent, and to inform the ignorant, according to his holy word!"

Edgar bowed in silence, and retired.

"On this day," said Mr. Stainmore, "our company will be stationary. No one departs from here or arrives upon the sabbath. It is very seldom his lordship is without friends in the house; and, as it is known that he desires every clergyman upon travel through Bishop's Vale, either of his own diocese or of others, should rest and refresh here, he is personally known to most of them. Here are always preparations made for visitors, in the handsome plain way you have witnessed; and twice in the week the poor are allowed to come, and receive from the almoner, the old man whom you saw yester-night at the door of the chapel, the ample remains of the provisions of the house."

"It is primitive hospitality," said Edgar; "it is princely munificence!"

On the following morning Edgar Bonville departed, after having received from the bishop the presentation of Norbury, which had been vested in his hands by Lord Fitz-Erin.

At parting, Miss Hilton expressed the pleasure she should have in seeing him again at Bishop's Vale.

And his lordship said—"Your coming again will be a proof, sir, that its inhabitants are agreeable to you—you have secured yourself a wel-

come at any future period; in the journey of life I hope we shall meet again: yours is commencing, ours is drawing toward its close. May the same Spirit guide the beginning and the end!"

Mr. Stainmore rode a few miles on the way with Edgar; and assured him that the bishop had expressed great satisfaction from the result of his visit. "And I hope, sir, that in your future life you will justify his confidence, as did that excellent man, whose ordination by the Bishop of Oxford, at the age of twenty-one, afford him a precedent. In goodness, if not in greatness, may you tread in the steps of Dr. George Bull, Bishop of St. David's!"

The letter Edgar had despatched to Woodfield the day after his arrival at Bishop's Vale was so satisfactory, that his family had no other anxiety on his account than to receive him safe and well. On his return he found two letters awaiting him, the one directed by a hand unknown, the other, oh sight most welcome! the writing of Bedford, the post-mark "Portsmouth."

Those who at the same period have received letters of different degrees of excitement, will know why they first opened the one most indifferent to their feelings; will know the secret and unspeakable pleasure that arises from reserving the one most dear to dwell upon its perusal, uninterrupted by the claims of the other. Yet the bosom of Edgar Bonville was a soil in which the seeds of every kind af-

fection of the human heart took root and expanded, whether thrown in by the hand of simple honest feelings, or by the high-wrought sensations of more refined natures. The letter that was first read was from Mr. Henderson, the steward at Derwent-water Priory. Adverting to the conversation that had passed with Mr. Bonville, when he had the pleasure to accompany him on his way from Cumberland, expressive of his desire to be informed when the widow of Shepherd's Flat was reunited to the husband whom, with such singleness of heart, she loved,

"I was," said the writer, "at Deepclough last week, and there heard that my mother's old neighbour was dead. Recollecting your wishes, sir, I inquired the particulars of her last moments: she died in her arm-chair, and on the very day she had, no doubt from a sense of her own weakness, predicted would be her last. She talked much with her daughter-in-law, of whom she had become very fond; and to her, and her son, she recommended the same peace and harmony that had subsisted between herself and 'him,' said she, looking at the chair where he was used to sit—'Richard,' said she, 'when I am gone, sit in that chair; and Annie, dear, do thee sit in mine: love one another as we did, Richard. Never thwart thy wife in trifles; they are not worth a man's notice. Annie, love your husband; be gentle, and strive to please him even in trifles; so shall ye go hand in hand together

on earth, and come to us in heaven when God pleases. And,' continued she, 'reach me that little box that stands in the cupboard; that silk-handkerchief—take it out, Annie—it was given to me by a young gentleman, that spake comfort to him and me when we were in sore distress; and the words he spake came true. If you ever see him again, give it him back, and tell him I have prayed many a time over it, that God would bless him; I kept it, as he desired me, for his sake, and mayhap he'll keep it for mine. Now go about your business, dears; but do not go from the homestead, Richard, to-day—Annie may have need on ye.' She died that night: and my mother says her son and his wife walk in the way of their parents. I write this down as my mother told me; for I am not much used to letter writing, except on business. The handkerchief I brought away with me, and gave it Mrs. Kirby, to keep for you. She carefully preserves the handsome shawl you sent her in its place. We will take care that it shall be conveyed to you, sir, the first opportunity: for we can see *that* in you which will value a token of love, however humble the hand that offers it.

"I am, sir,

"Your very obedient humble servant,

"JAMES HENDERSON."

Not the horn snuff-box of poor Father Lorenzo was accepted with more tender regard than this simple tribute of remembrance.

"In recollecting the courteous spirit of its last

owner," said Edgar, "may I regulate my own; nor even to any gentle Desdemona will I give it away."

"I am sure if you were to do so," said Fanny, "'there is such magic in its web,' it would never light the flame of discord. But now, brother, what says your Harry Bedford?"

"You shall know this instant," said he, opening the cherished letter.

"All hail to the white cliffs of England!—Here I am, Bonville, bearing up the Channel with a fair west wind, renewing my old vows of prayers, and alms, and pilgrimage, so I may find all well. I wish you were with us at this moment—cutting our way through the waves, and leaving the *dust* behind us. I am on tiptoe to read the whole history of my absence. Eighteen months! in such a space of time, what a folio it may present! But away with forebodings! a sailor must be braced up for all weathers; and, as long as he keeps afloat, endure all things, and hope all things. I shall hasten to see the dear group at Ipswich, and that happy duty performed, shall crowd all sail to Woodfield, shake your honest hand, see my noble captain—his soul's treasure, and, 'as it may be, a sweet little baby;' and then, premising Mr. Bonville's consent, make love to Mrs. B., Mrs. Granville, and the fair Olivia. The purser takes this to Portsmouth; and he is ready to leave the ship. I scarce know what I have [illegible]: it has flown from my heart to my pen,

never stopping by the way to call in upon the head. Joy has an intoxicating power, of which I never put wine to the test. Adieu! your own,

"H. Bedford."

"Oh, there is but one dearer Harry in the world, and he is *my* own," said his auditor. "But where is Mr. St. John? this intelligence must not be withheld a moment from him. Green Hayes will scarcely be large enough to hold these two Harrys."

"Here is a postscript," said Edgar: "will you hear any more?"

"Every word, my brother, if you please."

"P. S. It is said the ladies always reserve the most important information for the postscript; so have I, you will say, when I add that Colonel Manners is married. I left him and his lady, a most amiable young woman, at Penang, Prince of Wales's Island; and, more than that, a fine boy, one month old. I have brought the official despatches for Mr. Manners; and should have been very glad to have delivered them in person, if their settlement had not been in such a northern latitude."

"Excellent news, indeed!" said Fanny; "what joy it will be to Mr. and Mrs. Manners! Now, I think, it is the colonel's duty to come home for the sake of the young heir. When do you think we shall see Bedford?"

"In a month, perhaps; in the intermediate

time I must go into Herefordshire. I have already heard from Mr. Eustace, the curate of Norbury, requesting that he may be continued if I require an assistant. I feel impatient to relieve his anxiety; and some desire to see the orchard country where I am to reside."

"And where, I suppose, Pomona is to be your tutelar goddess," said Mrs. St. John.

"I have nothing to do with goddesses, my dear Fanny; but it is a country almost deified by being that of 'The Man of Ross.' I hope he has left his mantle behind him, which will be more sacred than 'monument inscription-stone.'"

"Well, brother, if you meet with no goddesses, I hope you will with saints!"

"Or if not," said Olivia, timidly, "you may make them."

"A much better conclusion than mine, Olivia," said Mrs. St. John. "But shall I go seek my father, Edgar; and tell him that you are very desirous he should accompany you into Herefordshire?"

"That is just my wish, my dear, intuitive Fanny; and that you should be the bearer will almost ensure the compliance. I will to my mother, and read her Bedford's letter: she loves him, and will rejoice at his return."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Youth is fair Virtue's season,
When op'ning minds are honest as the light,
Lucid as air, as fost'ring breezes kind,
As linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!

It was in September that Mr. Bonville, with the happiest paternal feelings, accompanied his son into Herefordshire. The appearance of the country through which they rode could not fail to awaken gratitude in bosoms even less alive than theirs to all its impulses. The fruits of the year had been gathered in; a golden harvest had crowned its labours; the shorn fields yet bore a glowing aspect, and the woods presented the various hues of a fine warm autumn. As they entered Herefordshire, the richly planted orchards on every side drew their attention. Some of the later fruits, ruddy and streaked with gold, hung in clusters upon the branches, or were dropt upon the soft green-turf beneath. Imagination giving its delights to reality, pictured the beauty of such a country when, in spring, their pink and white blossoms were spread over the scene, bright and lovely as the opening, breaking clouds of the rosy morning. Proceeding towards Ross, the Wye, beautifully gliding along the plains of Herefordshire, struck them with

admiration. That noble river, the pride of South Wales, there resumes its mountain characteristics, and with recovered energy sweeps around the church-yard from whence the celebrated spire of Ross church arises, pursuing its course through the sweet valley it forms for itself, a little below. Amongst green meadows, corn-fields, and orchard grounds, stood the pleasant little hamlet of Norbury.

"What a scene of pastoral beauty," said Edgar, "is here! What do you think of it, dear sir? What would my sister say to this?"

"What can I think, my dear child, but how to be sufficiently grateful to Heaven, and its benevolent agent, Lord Fitz-Erin, for having appointed you to such an heritage! And what would your sister say? why, with that pleasantry which even accompanies her most serious moments, she would thank Heaven for endowing the nobility with grace, wisdom, and understanding, so to dispense the power with which they are invested."

They passed near the church, and an old but handsome house nigh it, and reached the village, where, at a comfortable looking inn, they and their horses were promised "good entertainment." The house they had passed was the rectory, a part of which was inhabited by the curate; the larger part shut up, to save the consequent expenses of being open, as they were informed by their landlord.

"Mr. Eustace is a very worthy gentleman,"

continued he, " rather under in the world on account of his great family, but never demeans himself in any thing. The rector is lately dead; and we shall be very sorry if we are to part with Mr. Eustace from among us."

The note Edgar had been writing during this conversation was to desire the company of Mr. Eustace at the inn; which, when he requested his host to send to the rectory, he said—

" Ah, sir; but you seem to know him: well! I said nothing against him; I was safe there, because there was nothing to be said. I will take the note myself, sir, and wait the answer."

Mr. Eustace himself brought the answer, accepting the invitation; and requesting to show Mr. Bonville the church and rectory before dinner.

His own letter, and the brief eulogium of the landlord, had possessed Edgar with a very favourable opinion of the curate of Norbury, that his appearance ratified: his figure was tall and spare, and his pale forehead was impressed with the deep lines of thought; but his eye beamed with kindness, and his voice and accents were very impressive.

Mr. Eustace repeated—" he should be very glad to show Mr. Bonville the church and rectory," who said—" He wished to pay his respects to Mrs. Eustace as early as possible, and would accompany him with pleasure."

Following the impulse of a virtuous inclination, Mr. Eustace had married an amiable young

woman, for no better reason, or rather no other reason, than because he loved, and was beloved by her. Happy in the goodness, kindness, and affection of her husband, she was most tenderly devoted to him and her children; but the pecuniary circumstances of their life, and the privations she saw Mr. Eustace compelled to make in consideration of his family, gave a pensive expression to her face, not the result of discontent or despondency, but of tenderness and reflection.

Her pretty little figure, surrounded by five children, the youngest an infant in the lap, excited Edgar's regard and respect, which was particularly evinced by his attentions to her and her baby family. The house was spacious and commodious; but one small part only occupied.

After having walked through the church, and accepted Mrs. Eustace's invitation to tea, the gentlemen returned to the inn.

Edgar took an opportunity before dinner to obtain his father's approbation of his intentions towards Mr. Eustace; and, soon after, Mr. Bonville walked out to allow them an uninterrupted conference. Bonville immediately introduced the purport of his visit to Norbury; and, had their situations been reversed, his manners could not have evinced more respect. He felt himself a young man, who, by the favour of his patron, was placed in a situation much superior to the pastor, husband, and father before him: whose

merits might be more than equal, and whose claims were far greater than his.

"The living," said he, "I understand, is near a thousand a year."

"Never less than a thousand," said Mr. Eustace; "sometimes more."

"And pray, sir, what has been your annual stipend?"

"Sixty pounds."

Edgar's fine face became contracted, as it ever did under the sense of injustice or oppression; and, after the temporary expression had receded, its hectic remained upon his cheek.

"But, sir, I have a house and garden rent free: my neighbours are all very kind; they help me in my garden and field, and in every way they can."

"That, sir," said Edgar, "we will put down to your own account, not to your patron's."

Mr. Eustace smiled, and continued:—"With the additional bequest of a lady, who was my godmother, I have an income of one hundred and forty pounds a-year: our children are yet very young, and their simple wants are easily supplied: if you, sir, are not provided with a curate, I hope I may be permitted to remain with my flock, for whom I have a great regard."

"Mr. Eustace," said Bonville, "I do not at present intend residing here: your worthiness makes it less a matter of duty. For a time I will divide the living with you—you, who fulfil its labours, which, though a labour of love, is not

the less entitled to its reward. Whenever circumstances impel me to resume it, you will not think yourself aggrieved: before that time, I trust your merit will be rewarded by more permanent preferment. During my occasional residence here, I will be the guest of Mrs. Eustace; and we shall thus meet upon the terms of mutual accommodation."

Edgar might have spoken till evening before his auditor had recovered from his grateful surprise; his silence expressed his overpowered feelings more than words could have done. Bonville saw it all; and hastened to conclude the subject—

"In so doing I am benefiting my parishioners, as it is my bounden duty: I am enabling you more extensively to assist the poor, protect the helpless, and countenance the worthy. And now, my dear sir, let us seek my father, and join Mrs. Eustace."

Bonville then rang for the landlord, gave some orders for the night; and, by such means, attempted to dissipate the feelings and thanks of Mr. Eustace. When at the rectory, he was no less successful in gaining the affections of its mistress, by the lively interest he took in her children. The eldest, a fine boy of seven years old, attached himself closely to Bonville: he was called Charles, and the name recalled the companion of his childhood, and the days of his early life, that were always remembered with feelings of peculiar tenderness. Happy as his

youth had been, yet their blissful remembrance always passed over his memory with a sweetness of sensation, like the fresh breezes of the morning upon his corporeal senses.

"When I come again to the rectory," said Edgar, "will you be my boy, Charles?"

"Yes, whilst you stay here," replied the child; "but when will you come again?"

"Papa will tell you before I come."

"You remember," said Mrs. Eustace, "that Dr. Barkworth used to come, and stay many days here?"

"Yes, but I was never glad," said Charles: "he always looked so angry; and he once was very angry with little Mary for wanting his fine cane to ride upon. Why will not he come again, mamma?"

"You have forgot yourself, my dear Charles," said his father; "you know Dr. Barkworth is dead."

"Oh yes!—then he is gone to heaven, and that is best; he will find nothing to be angry with there."

"May the feeling that heaven is love," said Mr. Bonville, "grow with thy growth, and expand with thy life, sweet boy!"

And Edgar, who listened to, and looked upon his father with the fondest affection, mentally added—"A heart like thine, my father, carries its own heaven along with it."

Whilst the young rector was playing with the children, and admiring the view from the win-

dows, Mr. Eustace, in the fulness of his gratitude, had imparted to his dear little wife the beneficent intentions of Mr. Bonville; and she, whose whole heart was wrapped up in the welfare of her family, and the happiness of her husband, looked upon him as our first parents did upon the visiting angel in Paradise—the bearer of heaven's high behest.

"There is one thing, Mr. Eustace," said Edgar, as they stood together at the window; "I wish to recommend to you the occupation of the whole house, at least, that the closed windows should be opened: it is but equitable to meet the full demands of that country which has made such ample provision for me."

"I shall have a most grateful pleasure in fulfilling your wishes, sir," said Mr. Eustace; "they entirely accord with my own."

The very agreeable terms on which the rector and curate of Norbury appeared, with the re-illumined countenance of the latter, was tacitly interpreted by the people at the inn, and by them to those in the village, that their new parson and their older one were on very good terms: and as the two Mr. Bonvilles rode homewards through its little street, Mr. Eustace walking by their side, many were the heart-impelled bows and curtesies each received from the rustic inhabitants, pleased to identify themselves with the one, and evince their respect for the other. It was soon understood that it was by the rector's liberality the parsonage assumed

so different an aspect; that the domestic cares of Mrs. Eustace were relieved by an additional and efficient servant; and that the sick and unfortunate might now apply there for that help which had hitherto been dealt out with a restrained, though not a niggard hand.

Two rooms in the rectory were fitted up with neat plain furniture; and, though made useful by the family, could at any time be set apart for their respected and fondly anticipated visitor.

"We must remember, my love," said Mr. Eustace, "to make a provision out of this abundance against the time that we shall be called upon to renounce it. Whenever this excellent young man marries, his just claims must be acknowledged; and, though we will still trust in that kind Providence which has thus disposed his heart towards us, we must remember the admonition of Solomon, and 'go to the ant' for wisdom; it layeth up in the summer for the winter's day."

"To be sure, my dear Charles," replied Mrs. Eustace, "all you say and do is right. God is your law, yours mine."

Not a line in that sublime poem, that has made the name of Milton a national boast, often read to her by her husband, had made so deep an impression upon her affectionate heart as this; and, in the fulness of her heart, her lips spake.

It was not from a transitory impulse of feeling, or careless generosity, that Edgar Bonville had

thus acted towards Mr. Eustace, but the result of principle and reflection: so long as he presided at Ashhurst, he had no desire to quit his paternal roof, of which he was the joy and delight. His sister possessed an elegant sufficiency; Mrs. Granville would not receive pecuniary favours even from his mother; Linwood was making his way to honourable independence; his own personal expenditure could not reach an annual five hundred pounds; and, until he felt justified to himself to receive its increase, he was sure he could not bestow it better than to the tender father of a young family, and the exemplary pastor of his own parish. Those dear friends were so entirely under the influence of the same feelings, that Edgar's arrangement at Norbury met their full and complete approbation.

Bedford was detained in London longer than he had expected; and Captain St. John, whose desire to see him was most earnest, united some occasional business with a journey to town for that purpose; engaging Mrs. Granville and Olivia to reside at Green Hayes, and compensate for his absence. He found his young favourite grown in stature and favour, and promising to become the pride and ornament of his profession. Devoted to its pursuits, Captain St. John approved his intention to delay his journey to Teesdale till the ensuing year, his Christmas visit being due to his own family. Greatly was his affectionate heart gratified by hearing there was another Harry Bedford, dearer than himself, but whose rivalry he dreaded not.

Captain St. John dined one day with Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin; where, in the recital of past events, and the acknowledgment of domestic happiness, hours ran down to minutes.

"When we go to Ireland in the spring," said his lordship, "we mean to take Herefordshire in our way. Bonville must meet us there; and, in his own church, pray for a blessing upon us."

Soon after Captain St. John's return, Mr. Bonville received from Lord Fitz-Erin intelligence respecting Sir Charles Seymour of the most painful nature. He had fallen into the snare that was most likely to allure a young man of reputed fortune, inexperienced in the world, self-presumptuous, and without the resources of a cultivated mind, or the demands of salutary occupation.

The gaming-table, where the profligate, the spendthrift, the bankrupt in honour and in estate, prey upon those who possess money they know not how to dispose of with dignity or reputation, and time of which they can make no account, occupied the midnight hours of Sir Charles Seymour, and that with an intensity to which his juvenile dissipation was comparatively venial.

The vigilant guardianship of Lord Fitz Erin never lost sight of the son of his friend: making himself acquainted with all his pursuits and nocturnal connexions, and most earnest to save him from destruction, he waited upon him, and, in the most solemn appeal to his feelings, his honour, and his reason, pointed to him the pre-

cipice on which he stood, and warned him from the ruin that would ensue, the wreck of happiness and respectability, the misery of his wife, and the grief of his real friends, that would inevitably follow. But, perhaps, more effective than all this, was the recapitulation of his losses, with which Lord Fitz-Erin had made himself acquainted. Frightened at their extent, and recollecting how little real pleasure he had received for the price he had paid, he listened with a sort of dizzy conviction to his lordship's representation. More appalled by its unmasked hideousness than charmed by the voice of wisdom, he promised to be guided by his friends, and submit himself to them.

The late Sir Charles Seymour had provided against the probable folly of dissipation in youth, by investing a very large part of his personal property in the hands of his executors, which his son could not possess till he was thirty years of age. The sources of his present income were now required to extricate him from his present embarrassments, and a system of economy necessarily adopted. The provident father had empowered the trustees to meet any contingency of this nature at their own discretion; therefore Sir Charles and Lady Seymour were entirely dependent upon their consideration for their requisite establishment.

Sir Charles proposed going abroad immediately; but this was very judiciously discouraged by Lord Fitz-Erin, who knew it would inevitably lead to the temptation of the sin

to which he was most exposed. Young men under similar circumstances, professed and expatriated gamesters, would seize upon him as their destined victim, where no watchful friend would be at hand to detect them, or admonish him. Lord Fitz-Erin strongly recommended his residence at Seymour Hall; where his guardians would enable him to live with suitable respectability; where different habits would be formed, and greater advantages gained than recovered fortune.

Leaving this proposal for his consideration, Lord Fitz-Erin was most agreeably surprised to hear his name announced the following day; an earlier period than he had expected from so desultory a young man. The countenance of Sir Charles, when he entered the room where his lordship received him, bore a very different expression from their last parting—a sort of mental satisfaction, to which it was in general a stranger.

"Here is a strange thing happened, my lord," said he, "and I want your advice about it."

Lord Fitz-Erin bowed, but remained silent.

"Wilmot is dead. In getting over a wall, the buckle of his gaiter caught the trigger of his gun: off it went, and lodged the contents in his side."

Sir Charles paused.

"Well, sir," said his lordship, "and what can I do for you in this case? I do not know the person of whom you speak."

"Why, Jack Wilmot, my lord, vicar of Ashhurst," replied Sir Charles, the blush of his

remembered folly flying to his face; "and I wish for your advice, sir, whether I should now offer it Bonville or not."

"Mr. Bonville," said Lord Fitz-Erin, "has already been presented to a living of more value in point of income; whether intrinsically so to him I do not know."

"I behaved very ill to him about Ashhurst living; but I will offer it to him again, if he will have it; and, if he will not, I will leave it to him to find those who will."

The acknowledgment of a fault, contrition for having committed it, and a desire to make reparation, is all that man can require from his fellow mortal: as such, the present conduct of Sir Charles tended to conciliate Lord Fitz-Erin, at whose suggestion he promised to write to Edgar, requesting his answer; adding to his lordship, that, in the mean time, he would consider what to do with himself.

After Mr. Bonville had given his family the abstract of Lord Fitz-Erin's intelligence,

Mrs. St. John said—"And now, my dear Edgar, with more than a woman's curiosity—with a sister's anxiety, I am on tiptoe to know whether you will accept Ashhurst."

"Suppose, my dear anticipating Fanny," said Mrs. Bonville, "your brother should reserve his determination till the offer be made: you do not know what might occur to Sir Charles between Lord Fitz-Erin's house and his own."

"Ah, dear mamma!" said Fanny, "I see how confidence is lost by a deviation from the

right way; whilst your generous and forgiving nature can thus distrust. But, Edgar, tell me, let us suppose it offered, would not you be our very own, and gladden every heart in Ashhurst, which should be your home, and Norbury your occasional residence."

"Where each affords such ample provision, my dear Fanny," he replied, "one only shall be mine. To meet your proposition, we will suppose Ashhurst is offered to me; and, confiding in your belief that the greater value of Norbury does not influence me, I will tell you why I cannot resign it: I cannot evince so much disrespect to Lord Fitz-Erin, by whose extraordinary friendship I am qualified to possess it, or be the cause of depriving Mr. Eustace of those advantages I have been the means to procure him; therefore, I shall acknowledge the offer as the bond of peace Sir Charles wishes it to be considered; and decline Ashhurst—dearly beloved Ashhurst," repeated he, with a faltering but assured repetition.

Within a few hours after this conversation, Edgar was called upon to decide the question. Sir Charles wrote—

"Dear Bonville,

"You will have heard that Jack Wilmot is dead; it was what I expected: he was never right without his gun, and he made as much havoc amongst the birds as a wolf in a sheep-fold. The living shall now be yours, if you will have it. I know what pleasure it will give the

parish; and I hope not the less to yourself and family.

"I am, my dear fellow, yours,

"CHARLES SEYMOUR."

"P. S. I have had some awkward affairs in hand lately. Lord F. looks desperately grave. If you live at Ashhurst, who knows what it may do? perhaps I may settle there sooner than any one thinks. Present every thing proper for me to your family. Pray write immediately."

The answer was predetermined, and the request instantly complied with.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

"There is not an offer in the power of man to make so acceptable to me as that of Ashhurst-church; but, as I cannot conscientiously retain it and Norbury, I must resign the former. Of Norbury, as the gift of my honoured and noble friend Lord Fitz-Erin, I hope I may be innocently proud; but, beyond this feeling, I have been enabled to serve a very excellent man, who, by my resignation, might be exposed to the same inconveniencies I have happily been the means to remove. But, my dear Sir Charles, I am sure you will feel how much I rely upon your friendship, when I not only decline this proof, but venture to ask another. If you have no other in prospect to succeed Mr. Wilmot, in case I do not, permit me to recommend Mr. Eustace; by which you will obtain a very

amiable friend, obtain for the parish a pious and residing clergyman, and give all your friends here an agreeable and valuable associate We are much pleased at your suggested return. Come to us again, dear Sir Charles; the country wants the master of Seymour Hall; return to us, and we will revive the happy days that are gone. That many such are yet in store for you, is the sincere wish of your faithful, affectionate, and obliged

"BONVILLE."

Sir Charles Seymour hastened to show the letter to Lord Fitz-Erin.

"It is as I expected," said his lordship; "but I see his heart is at Ashhurst, and all shall be done to fix it there: I am as anxious for his personal happiness, as I consider myself bound to promote his temporal welfare. You will hear from him again very soon, Sir Charles. If he accepts Ashhurst, will you live at Seymour Hall?"

"That I will; and go to it with more pleasure than ever I did in my life."

"That is enough," said his lordship; "you may rely upon me, and the other gentlemen in trust, to make your return perfectly easy and honourable."

Sir Charles departed; and Lord Fitz-Erin wrote instantly to Woodfield.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

"I have been acquainted by Sir Charles with all that has passed. Accept Ashhurst: I her-

ceive it is your Canaan. My regard and friendship shall accompany you wherever you are. To make your generous heart easy, Mr. Eustace shall have Norbury if you resign it. Write one line to say if the arrangement meets your approbation, and all shall be done to promote the accomplishment.

"Yours,

"FITZ-ERIN."

"MY LORD,

"You, who can so well read my heart, I hope are sensible of its present feelings. If gratitude and reverence such as mine could be expressed by words, I would trespass upon your lordship's commands, and write line upon line. Be pleased to accept my most respectful silence in their testimony. My earthly wishes go no further than the possession of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin's regard, and to live and die at Ashhurst.

"I am, my lord, with the most profound respect and deference, your lordship's much obliged and grateful servant,

"EDGAR BONVILLE."

Lord Fitz-Erin took the open letter in his hand to the dressing-room of his lady. "This young man," said he, presenting it to her ladyship, "will not meet my intentions to pave his way to a bishopric. I really honour and love him so much, that I should rejoice to see him endowed with episcopal dignity."

"Ah!" said Lady Fitz-Erin, "I know he

thinks 'ambition does not become a churchman;' and, unless in a shower of mitres one should alight upon his head, he will remain, what is no less dignified, an upright, pious, and disinterested country clergyman. I must see this Ashhurst; it will be life under a new aspect to me; I am sure its moral atmosphere will be health to my mind, and balm to my spirits; and, as I am recommended not to go to Ireland too early in the spring, I will accept Captain St. John's invitation, and go after the birth-day to see this family of love."

"No moral atmosphere can be more pure than what surrounds your ladyship, but it shall be as you please," said her fondly attached lord. "And now, that Sir Charles Seymour is satisfactorily disposed of, we will return again into Northamptonshire till after the Christmas holidays."

CHAPTER XIX.

Oh! to which path soe'er he bend,
May Heaven on all his steps attend,
Still watch and help him on his way,
His guard by night, his guide by day!
For wheresoe'er that youth shall go,
A spirit of the skies will glow.

GREAT was the joy that prevailed at Ashhurst, when it was known Edgar Bonville was to remain there: that he, the beloved of all hearts, was to live in its parsonage-house, to preach

from its pulpit, was genuine satisfaction to every inhabitant of its parish; to Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, the consummation of all their wishes.

Lord Fitz-Erin deputed his domestic chaplain to inform Mr. Eustace of the change that had occurred, and to whom he was indebted for the favour dispensed by his lordship. A mind less prepared than that of Mr. Eustace's, to meet the ebb and flow of fortune with a steady sail, might have been shifted from its equal way by such an unexpected gale of prosperity. His heart was raised with pious transport to that protecting Being who thus inclined those of his fellow creatures to promote the welfare of himself and his little ones; and to Him his first thanks were given. He then deputed his kind informant to return his most grateful acknowledgments to Lord Fitz-Erin, its generous and benevolent agent; and to his young friend, his first patron, he addressed himself, expressing all the sensibility of his feelings, as husband, father, and friend; requesting that he might be allowed to relinquish from the income of Norbury, what would make Ashhurst of equal value; and adding, there was a fall of wood marked for the axe, which certainly, as the last incumbent, was his due; that Mrs. Eustace must still call the green-chamber Mr. Bonville's room; that Charles repeatedly asked when he would come again to Norbury; and that the country in a few months much, that a full bloom of beauty, when its with episcopal ld appear more bright, if they Ah!" said im at the same season.

If there be felicity on earth, it is when humane and benevolent beings take from the heart of a tender father, from the trembling bosom of a fond and apprehensive mother, the fearful cares of parental solicitude, excited for those dear children, who, possessing every gift of nature, are crushed beneath the frowns of fortune,—hear them bless the hand outstretched to help; see them expanding in the sunshine they have opened to their path!

Such was the happiness of Edgar Bonville; and not one circumstance of his life afforded him more complacent delight than the prosperity of the family of Mr. Eustace. The brevity of his answer was not the soul of wit, but of delicacy; "he accepted the green-room, and loved Herefordshire too well to rob it of a single tree; but if it would be a satisfaction to Mr. Eustace, the copse should be considered his, and if ever he wanted it, he would claim it."

With the new year, the parsonage of Ashhurst, that had so often been the home of the boy, received him; a man in years, but in gentleness, humility, and innocence, yet a boy. The old housekeeper was ostensibly reinstated in her former trust, but her office was now a sinecure. Saturday and Sunday were invariably passed there; the other days of the week were divided amongst the triple claims of Woodfield, Green Hayes, and Ashhurst Cottage. Sweetly affecting were the sensations their united families felt, when meeting together the first time at the Parsonage, its late venerable inhabitant was remembered

with sacred respect. Mrs. Bonville spoke of him as a tender daughter dwells upon the memory of a beloved father; the meek and pious Abbé du Plessis, the kind and gentle Sir Charles Seymour, passed in review before them, upon the very hearth that had so often been the scene of their united intercourse.

"It is a joy in grief," said Mrs. St. John, "to be thus remembered; tears shed upon such an altar are a sweet sacrifice to the dead. The dead, how sacred!"

"Olivia!" said Mrs. Granville, "you are above affectation; you will allow me to read your lines upon this subject. Nay, do not look a denial, that you have not the resolution to speak. You know, my love, you might with as much justice refuse to read aloud, to write, sing, walk, or talk, because others can do all these better than you."

"I am almost a sceptic in that," said Captain St. John; "but you know, Miss Delancey, that love tempers criticisms, as it magnifies beauties, so what can you have to fear?"

"From us, my Olivia, nothing," said Mrs. St. John; "so, dear Mrs. Granville, proceed with your kind intentions; it is the place, it is the hour for the sentiments."

Mrs. Granville took the paper from her pocket-book, and read:—"'There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the mourner.' Thus says Ossian; what says Olivia?

"When peace is in the mourner's breast,
When sorrow's wounds begin to heal,

When heaving bosoms find a rest,
'Tis *then*, 'the joy of grief' we feel.

When by the moon's pale light we tread,
From earth our thoughts will fondly steal,
To muse upon the silent dead;
'Tis then, 'the joy of grief' we feel.

And when within the wild wood's gloom,
Where summer-clouds no lights reveal,
Fond memory animates the tomb,
And then, 'the joy of grief' we feel.

When by the evening's darksome wave,
The tears we seek not to conceal
Fall o'er the hero's watery grave,
'Tis then, 'the joy of grief' we feel.

The parting gift of love, so dear!
Its auburn lock, the sacred seal,
Awakes the conscious tender tear,
Awakes the joy, e'en grief can feel.

Soft tears that fond affections shed,
Soft sighs that from our bosoms steal,
Whilst mem'ry lives, though hope be dead,
Speak the sad joy that grief can feel."

"My sweet Olivia," said Mrs. St. John, ever first to express her glowing approbation, "cultivate your muse, that its flowers may entwine with the many that bloom around us. But, brother, thus *you* used to charm us; why do you allow your Pegasus to halt? I am sure it never limped, that you need let it browse at the foot of Parnassus: but I must give you your reward, Olivia," said she, affectionately kissing her: "one that gold and silver could not buy."

"More prized than either," said the blushing girl; "but Mr. Bonville has not told us why his muse is silent."

"Every man, at one time of his life, my sister, fancies he is, or tries to be a poet; as it is said 'he would be a soldier.' When he reads the strains of his native bards, those who really are poets, and hears of the deeds of his fellow-countrymen who have proved themselves soldiers, no wonder the feelings of poetry and heroism fire his soul, and rouse his fancy; but to be indeed a poet, more is required than fancy, and the power to rhyme. It asks, it demands an eye that can glance through space in heaven and earth, and an imagination that can embody all that eye discerns: an ear that balances in the scales of harmony the breathing subtleties of sound, and a power to penetrate the hidden thoughts of man, and delineate the native loveliness of woman; to analyse the feelings of the human heart, to separate the various passions of the soul, and to possess judgment to temper and correct the phrensy of genius in its most daring flights: this combination, my Fanny, is the possession of few: it is the gift of Heaven, and, like your kisses, is what gold and silver cannot buy; and this consciousness extinguished the rhyming propensities of my boyish muse."

"Ah!" sighed Olivia, "why did I thus expose myself?"

"You have not done so, my love," said Mrs. Bonville. "You have shown your obliging nature by complying with the wishes of your

friends, and have illustrated a compound sensation in very pleasing verse: a violet is no less a flower, a sweet and cherished flower, than is the rose, in all the consummate pride of beauty, bloom, and fragrance."

"Or," added Edgar, "to speak for my sister; 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd!' no less divine music than the sublime, full and glorious chorus of The Lord Omnipotent reigneth."

"Thank you, brother; when the great powers of Handel are to receive their due tribute, may you always speak for me."

"No," said Mr. St. John, "it is through your medium, my Fanny, Handel speaks best for himself."

"There is but one strain of music sweeter than his," she replied, "and that is the praise of those we love."

It was in January Bedford was expected, and the month was now considerably advanced: when the letters and papers of the day were brought, one of the former, to Mr. St. John, announced his intended arrival at Green Hayes, within the ensuing week.

The papers were passed to Edgar, who read them aloud. In detailing the presentations of the birthday, he paused a moment, and then with unaltered voice and eye proceeded with the subject.

Since the marriage of Lady Sophia Cavana, Bonville had never indulged her remembrance as a being once so fondly beloved: the flowers she

had most worn, the airs she had most fondly played, even the books she preferred, had never been cherished by him as ambiguous fuel to a flame, that a sense of duty had commanded should be extinguished. There was *now* a barrier between them stronger than rank or fortune, or all "the conditions of men;" she was the wife of another; an object enshrined by the holy faith and purity of marriage, devoted at the *same time* to her husband and her God, his, and his only. The paragraph that had thus proved Edgar's conquest over himself was this:—

"Amidst the presentations yesterday, that of the young Marchioness of E. was the most attractive; to say she was graciously received is but the common language of the occasion. She was received with the most distinguishing approbation; Her Majesty saying in the hearing of those around her,—'Such marriages are the glory of my court, and the honour of the nobility.' The birth, beauty, and virtues of the bride, and the high character, hereditary honours, and personal qualifications of the bridegroom, brought the recollection Shakespeare's Lady Blanche, and Lewis the Dauphin. 'She a fair divided excellence, whose fulness of perfection lies in him.'

"The appearance of the Earl and Countess Fitz-Erin fully refuted the assertion, that the genuine feelings of nature are chilled or extinguished within the precincts of a court. Maternal pride and affection animated the matron dignity

of her ladyship's fine countenance, whilst the most manly satisfaction glowed in that of his lordship, as they each received the congratulation of their Sovereign and their friends."

"May such satisfaction be perpetuated to generations!" said Mrs. Bonville; and Edgar, happier than Macbeth, could say, "Amen!"

At the appointed time, Bedford arrived, and where he was, sport and gaiety took up their abode. Full of anecdote and narrative, he was the light of the winter's day; his capacious heart taking in the whole family circle; he was the son, the brother of all, but in the nursery of Green Hayes he was like the hero of Burns; there others might be happy, but he was glorious. Le petit Harry Bedford crowed with delight at his approach; and whenever he met Mr. and Mrs. St. John, as he was running over the house and grounds with the child in his arms, he would exclaim, "He *must* be a sailor, he *shall* be a sailor, shall he not, dear Fanny? you see he has thrown aside his coral, and is pulling away at the lion buttons; look how fast his little fingers have hold of my collar!" These dear friends of Bedford's were not more delighted and exhilarated by his gaiety than they were gratified by his intellectual improvements, and the expansion of his mind.

When Edgar first knew him on board the Guildford, he was alone the good humoured, careless ship-boy; taken early from school, to pursue a profession at variance with literary attainments, he had fallen in with the habits of those around him; and excepting Robinson Crusoe, and

"a Collection of Shipwrecks," he seldom opened a book: an affectionate and intimate intercourse with Edgar Bonville could not fail to open a new source of observation, enjoyment, and consequent improvement, to a mind that had no mental incapacity. During his late voyage, in which he had somewhat more leisure, he had sedulously availed himself of the various books that passed amongst the officers and passengers. The elegant preface of Dr. Currie to the Life of Burns, addressed to Captain James Graham, awakened an idea in Bedford's mind, "that Shakespeare, and Milton, and Ossian," were not beneath the attention of a post-captain in a king's ship; and subsequently, poetry, such as tends to exalt and refine the soul, became the object of his studious attention, along with that connected with his profession; and history, ancient and modern, the corner-stone of all literary acquisitions. His personal improvements had kept pace with his intellectual progress; the stripling had risen, and expanded to the fine, erect, and well grown young man. Thus gladdening the hearts of all around him, he passed the early spring in Teesdale. Beneath the roof of the parsonage-house at Ashhurst, many an hour was passed with its beloved master, to which his after-life would bear a happy testimony; the faith he had nominally professed became the vital doctrine of his heart, and the fundamental belief of the Christian the actuating spirit of his [illegible]—The grief of his departure was allayed by the flattering hope, that, even before he sailed, they should all meet again.

Sir Charles and Lady Seymour had returned to their residence at Edinburgh, till arrangements at the Hall were made for their reception; which the anticipated visit of Lady Fitz-Erin to Teesdale was expected to facilitate. A letter from her ladyship confirmed the hopes of its accomplishment. Edgar read it, and passed it to Mrs. Bonville. "Read the former part aloud, my dear mother, but spare me the remainder: what I am my friends have made me; to them the praise her ladyship bestows is due." He left the room, and Mrs. Bonville read aloud the letter.

"London, May 18th.

"Detained in town by strong domestic interests, it was only this morning the Marquis of E., my daughter, and grandson, left me, accompanied by Lord Fitz-Erin, for Ireland. The former was very anxious to show his Hibernian castle to his bride, and his bride and heir to his Hibernian friends. My lord, who possesses an hereditary affection for the green isle, was easily persuaded to accompany them. I too should have been of the party, had I been quite as well as I ought to be, when so much has been done for me, and had not the wish to see you, and all your Woodfield attractions, been very predominant. When Captain St. John was last in town, he told me his house would accommodate the ship's crew of a first-rate, and that its mistress was a richer prize than a Spanish galleon. I shall therefore hoist my flag in the admiral's ship, but bespeak a cabin occasionally at Wood-

field; observe, Bonville, I do not want a *state one*. There I anticipate the calm delights of life, and domestic happiness; delights most congenial to my native character, 'all various nature pressing on the heart,' retirement, friendship, books. You shall read Shakespeare to me, Milton, and the Book of Books, from whence they drew their inspiration; your excellent parents shall show me virtue by the graces drest; your new brother, and his happy wife, love such as the golden age presented. Yourself the man who holds his passions in subjection to his principles, and exercises his faculties for his own honour and the good of others,—shall show how beautiful is the obedience of the son, how graceful the affections of the brother, how amiable the devotions of the friend, and how sublime the character of the Christian, the fountain from whence those sweet waters flow.

"FRANCES SOPHIA FITZ-ERIN."

"P.S. Out of respect for the memory of the late Sir Charles Seymour, I shall pass a few days at Seymour-Hall, previous to visiting Mr. St. John: seniority of acquaintance and years demand this attention."

"Towards a woman who can thus write and feel," said Mrs. Bonville, "I shall have no apprehensions. She condescends to seek us, and we will meet her in our own way; any feeble attempt to rise to hers would render us ridiculous, and counteract the kind intentions of her visit."

Mrs. St. John received her ladyship's intimation

by the same post. In her morning's ride, she called upon Lady Seymour, who evinced great pleasure from seeing her; yet there was a discontented expression in her voice and manner that conveyed the idea of wanting some one to listen to her complaints.

"You are fond of riding on horseback, I suppose, Mrs. St. John," said the querulous lady, "or Captain St. John would keep you a carriage?"

"I love the exercise very much," she replied, "and its association with my horse: I have no use for a carriage; it would be a restraint upon my pleasure, and Mr. St. John's liberty. I should lose much of his company, for we frequently ride where a carriage could not pass. I am always ready by the time my horse is prepared; and I receive such an acceleration of health, cheerfulness, and spirits, from the exercise and air, the unconfined view of the country, and the company of Mr. St. John, that I return home the happiest of the happy. We receive more visits than we pay, and a carriage, at our time of life, would be a superfluous appendage to our cares and expenses."

"You are a very fortunate family, Mrs. St. John; every thing seems to go right with you."

"We are a very happy family, my lady, and, as far as we can, we don't suffer any thing to go wrong with us."

"Oh, but you are lucky; there is a deal in being lucky, and in constitution and disposition, that does not depend upon ourselves."

"But a great deal depends upon ourselves, madam: we may improve the soil, and cultivate

fruits and flowers; we may neglect the ground, and thorns and thistles will over-run it; it is with our minds, as it is with our gardens—pine-apples will not grow there naturally, but we may force them; all that is amiable and good may be increased by being cherished and exercised."

"Your mamma," interrupted Lady Seymour, as though thorns and thistles were fruits and flowers to her; "has both a son and daughter fixed happily, and near to her, whilst I, who have but one son, am left alone."

"Pardon me, madam," said Mrs. St. John, very seriously; "if you would withdraw your resentment from Sir Charles, you might have both son and daughter; a daughter, who would perhaps be child, companion, and friend to you."

"Mrs. St. John, I will not hear her spoken of; I want no such daughters. I have another vexation too just now; my Lady Fitz-Erin writes me word, she shall visit me for a few days this week, and only waits my answer."

Mrs. St. John was silent from surprise, and a feeling more passive, and less agreeable.

"If Sir Charles had been living, it would have been very well; he could have entertained her ladyship, I cannot. I have reduced my domestics, and do not want London servants here, to make those that remain dissatisfied; I cannot receive gay company, and I must be obliged to write, and [illegible] her so, and that is a great trouble, for I am out of practice. I understand her ladyship means to visit Green Hayes; so that I shall see her, whilst she is in the country."

"We shall be very glad to see you, madam, whilst the Countess is with us. My brother purposes meeting her at Doncaster."

"Oh, he is attentive to every one; pray tell him I think it long since he was at Seymour-Hall."

"I will remind him, and now will wish your ladyship a good morning."

"I will walk with you to the Hall-door," said Lady Seymour; "I have not been out of the house this fortnight: I have never seen your little boy, Mrs. St. John, but I hear it is a fine child."

"It is well that the horses are at the door, and I so near it," she replied; "for my boy is an inexhaustible subject."

Mrs. St. John mounted her horse, spoke to it in a language it seemed perfectly to understand, and by mutual consent, they cantered over the turf: her servant hearing Lady Seymour say as he rode past, "it is a fine thing to have health and strength;" whilst he, who was not ignorant of the infirmities of her ladyship's temper, thought it was a finer thing to have cheerfulness and good humour.

The day before Lady Fitz-Erin left London for the North, passing along Oxford-street, she discerned amongst the throng Bedford; and putting up her hand to him, arrested the quick step with which the London pedestrians vie with the motion of carriages and horses. Her ladyship had met with him a few weeks before, at a public exhibition, where he was immediately recognized by Lord Dunmeath, to whom he spake of his late visit to Teesdale, his little namesake, and other

circumstances, that proved how much he was regarded there; and that he was in hopes to renew his visit before he left England. The coachman drew up to the pavement, and he was in a moment at the carriage.

"Are you under sailing orders, Mr. Bedford?" said her ladyship."

"No, madam."

"Are you at present under any orders?"

"I should be very glad to receive any from your ladyship."

"Then will you," said she, gaily, "can you," said she, more seriously, "go down into the North with me? I leave London to-morrow, and I shall be very glad of your company vis-a-vis in the landau."

"I shall have the greatest pleasure," said he, his face glowing with its anticipation, "to accept the honour your ladyship offers me. I am now going after letters, that will determine whether I sail this month or in September; may I be permitted to inform you of their result?"

"At two o'clock to-morrow, I leave Grosvenor Square; in the intermediate time, send me word of your decision: Good morning."

The arrangements were favourable to the present wishes of Bedford, and he informed Lady Fitz-Erin that he would not fail being in Grosvenor Square at the appointed hour.

Lady Fitz-Erin travelled with four post horses, one male, and two female servants, in an after carriage; two of her own horses, which were to remain with her in the country, were led by a

postilion, and waited for her at the last stage. They posted with the utmost expedition, dining at the close of each day's journey; and were most agreeably surprised at Ferry Bridge, to be met by Edgar Bonville, who was waiting to hand her ladyship from the carriage.

"This," said Lady Fitz-Erin, as they entered the apartment of the inn, "is indeed anticipating my wishes; and to see you thus," looking upon him with the sweetest approbation, "is a consummation of my present happiness."

And never since God created man in his own image had any human being approached nearer his divine original: nature had given him all her primal attributes; his childhood had been physically and morally happy; its beauty unspoiled by injudicious restraints, and severe prohibitions, or the innocence of his youth degraded by violent passions, or unworthy pursuits; they had expanded into the perfection of all that was "express and admirable" in man. With "form and moving" most graceful, he was just so tall as to unite his height with the idea of one to whom "the dominion of every thing upon the earth was given;" his beautiful dark brown hair waved, and parted over his open brow, defining the fine contour of his head; whilst "his eye sublime" declared the infinitude of his faculties, its sweetness tempering its absolute rule: over all his features was diffused that irresistible beauty, that flows from the habitual practice and possession of every good gift, sense, gentleness, compassion, benevolence, and piety, those affec-

tions of the soul, that impress the features with their own celestial beauty and characteristics.

"To see you thus," repeated her ladyship, "confirms all that my sainted mother predestined you to be; all that my lord and I felt assured you would become."

The deep mourning that Lady Fitz-Erin yet wore, infolding her fine tall figure, accorded with the deference to her departed parent, which she saw was felt by Edgar. "These customary signs of woe," said her ladyship, "it is a solace to me to prolong; I feel them as the last external association with the death of Lady C——, but the remembrance of her excellence will remain for ever within." Bedford now entered, and the carriages were announced.

CHAPTER XX.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of nature
That reign in th' air from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowers, and fruits of glorious feature,
To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy she to taste of wretchedness.

SPENSER.

AT the desire of Lady Fitz-Erin, Edgar gave up his horse to her attendant, and took his seat by the side of Bedford.

"And now," said her ladyship, "I am greatly ported, the church, and the wooden walls. I

only want the sword, and Lord Fitz-Erin's motto would be verified, 'My God, my king, and my sword.'"

"Oh!" said Bedford, "a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to defend your ladyship, if such aid was required."

"Alas!" said she, "it was not so in behalf of that unfortunate and noble minded princess, whose fate elicited the energetic language of Mr. Burke; she was left for the murderous guillotine, to fill the measure of French iniquity, by shedding the blood of its legitimate sovereigns."

"The extent of revolutionary atrocity could not have been perceived," said Edgar, "or all Europe would have risen, and cried 'hold.'"

"What follows the letting out of strife, my dear young friend, as the letting out of water," she replied, "may be easily foreseen; and surely all nations will be warned by France how they open its floodgates."

"They brought forward an English precedent," said Bedford, "and retorted upon us the death of the first Charles."

"A bad deed," said her ladyship, "can never be sanctioned by a bad precedent: take the opinion of all the good and the moderate men of the opposite party at that time, and you will find they thought the death of the king wanton and barbarous; by no means necessary to the accomplishment of the measures they had in view, and sincerely deplored that so much power had been placed in the hands of a sanguinary and ambitious faction. It is the opinion of many, that one nation has no right to interfere with the in

ternal affairs of another. If so, we have no right to enforce the abolition of a lucrative, though horrid, traffic upon the French; for though it may be said, that humanity impels it, it may be also said, that humanity prompted to the assistance of so many excellent and exalted beings, who suffered during the reign of terror and of licensed murder in France: there is great dignity in consistency of word and action; it might be more prudent to stand by, or go on to the other side, an unconcerned spectator of the scene: but surely it is not so generous; and what is noble in individuals must be still more so in nations, upon whom the eyes of the earth are fixed."

"It agrees more with the creed of the sailor," said Bedford; "but they are no politicians."

"Neither are we," said her ladyship; "I believe we form the trio that are excluded from politics; women, sailors, and churchmen. The two former have only to obey commands, and the latter to pray that the sword may be sheathed, and peace reign amongst men."

"But we are all human beings," said Edgar, "and humanity prompts and authorises the powerful to protect the weak, redress the injured, and defend the right; in such a cause, England has drawn her righteous sword for the Lord, and for Gideon."

At the close of the following day, they entered the avenue of Green Hayes; and Edgar, who had remarked that Lady Fitz-Erin rather sought than shunned the mention of her mother, observed, "that he had heard Lady C. express her partiality for an avenue,"

" All her partialities," said her ladyship, " were founded upon the best affections; an avenue was produced both by the taste and the hand of our ancestors, as such is venerable in sentiment and effect; it brings the mind more home than a boundless range of prospect; it exalts the past over the present, which you know raises us in the scale of thinking beings, and it certainly inspires those solemn feelings that lead to reflections, by which the heart is softened and amended: that it leads to Green Hayes," continued her ladyship, with the sweetest expression, " is sufficient to give it favour with me."

Lady Fitz-Erin's reception was most agreeable to her sense of propriety: a very respectful, but easy and unaffected manner, with the most refined hospitality, marked Mr. and Mrs. St. John's sense of the favour she was conferring. To them and Mr. Bonville she was not a personal stranger, therefore her attentions were more particularly directed to Mrs. Bonville, with whom she appeared much pleased; and when Mrs. St. John introduced Mrs. Granville and Olivia, as " dear friends of the family," she very graciously said, " then friends of mine also."

A suite of apartments was appropriated for her ladyship's accommodation, and so orderly were her servants, and with such genuine good-breeding she met the habits of the family, that her visit, whilst it afforded the highest pleasure, occasioned little interruption to their domestic arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, Edgar, and Bedford, always joined the dinner party; and the succeeding evenings presented the feast of reason and the flow of soul. They were the happy few who sat apart with elevated thoughts, and discourse sweet, charming the soul with eloquence— "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Lady Fitz-Erin spoke with understanding upon the prominent subjects of the day, considering that, as history is but the politics of the past, so shall the politics of the present be history for posterity; and that, to be ignorant of the history of England in its various periods, was to be deficient in the fundamental sources of colloquial pleasure. The charm of Mrs. Granville's character was felt and understood by Lady Fitz-Erin: her gentleness marked the gentlewoman, and her firm and decided sentiments, in all opinions of right and wrong, proved her the woman of sound judgment and steady mind: her memory was stored by reading with extensive information; in the most clear and concise language, without apparent study or effect, she possessed the power to impart to others what she had herself attained, and, though appearing the least obtrusive, always bearing the most brilliant part in conversation. In the plain and unvaried dress, and easy and elegant manners, Lady Fitz-Erin saw "the Castilian every where*;" and, as

* "At four o'clock we embarked in a large passage-boat, and sailed down the Tagus for Lisbon. There were about fifty passengers on board, divided into two classes: the

approbation is generally mutual, for there must be a sympathy with those who approve and those by whom the pleasing sentiment is excited. Mrs. Granville as immediately distinguished the accomplished and high-born woman of quality, as the tender, affectionate, and gracious being, who cherished all the domestic virtues and endearments of an Englishwoman's heart.

> Worship and birth to her were known
> By look, by bearing, and by tone,
> Not by furr'd robe, and broider'd zone.

The sweet and timid graces of Olivia Delancy received the condescending favour of Lady Fitz-Erin, who told Mrs. St. John she was like those delicate flowers, whose pencilled shades and re-

common people occupied the hold, the rest took their seats at the stern. Amongst those was a man who apparently had mistaken his rank, if one might judge by his dress: he was bare-foot, wore a long beard, and pilgrim's scapulet; he was about thirty years of age, of good stature, well proportioned, and swarthy complexion. I found by his conversation that he was a Spaniard. There was something in his manner that interested me very much: his conversation was placid, and bespoke a firmness of mind, such as we admire in a virtuous man struggling with misfortunes. When we arrived at Lisbon, I requested he would permit me to pay his passage. He thanked me, by saying—"I have sufficient for this purpose. It is true, my apparel bespeaks my poverty (looking at his naked feet), therefore you may be surprised that I took my seat in your company; but the true Castilian thinks himself honoured or disgraced not by his garb, but in his actions."

VIDE MURPHY'S TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL.

ceding colours extort no public admiration till drawn close to the eye, or viewed through a microscope, when all their beauty is displayed and acknowledged; that she was a flower more fitted for the bosom than the parterre. Thus approved and invited, she frequently passed her mornings in her ladyship's dressing-room, arranging her flower-stands, reading aloud, or assisting her in disposing the indigenous plants of the country.

Visits of ceremony had passed between the Countess Fitz-Erin and Lady Seymour; but this morning the former was gone up to the Hall to try her powers of reconciliation betwixt Sir Charles and his mother.

Edgar and Bedford were walking between Woodfield and Green Hayes, when the latter said—"That is a sweet little girl, Bonville, that Olivia; I feel like a brother towards her."

"Any thing more, Bedford?"

"No, upon my honour, I must not think further than brotherly love. I must be a sailor for years to come, and my heart must be where my treasure is; therefore all my loves must be divided amongst the favourite ladies of the Honourable Company and ship-owners; nothing less than Marchionesses and Countesses for me till I lay by, and then a British sailor can always find some kind-hearted girl who will share his land-cabin with him. No, Bonville, I am determined not to be in love till I am in luck; my heart is free as the breeze, and open as the ocean. The time, I hope,

will come when independence will make my actions as free as my heart.

Independence—
Heaven's next best gift to that of
Life, and an immortal soul; the
Life of life, that to the banquet high,
And sober meal gives taste, to the bow'd
Roof fair dream'd repose, and to the
Cottage charms.

In your absence, my dear Bonville, the taste that you awakened has not been without application; and I know more verse than the 'sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.' But yonder is the little Harry; he is going for his morning's walk; I must be one of his bearers."

Away went the affectionate creature; at whose sight the infant could scarcely be withheld in the arms of his nurse.

Edgar took a circuitous path to the house: reflecting upon the conversation that had passed, he asked himself whether he should have rejoiced in the acknowledged affection of Bedford for Olivia? his heart answered No. And his feelings when thus proved, convinced him that he at least felt more than a brotherly love for her. Imperceptible had been the commencement and progress of his attachment: he had often thought she resembled the fair vision that had trod with him the ocean path, and disappeared at Madeira; but, whether he loved her because she did, or fancied the resemblance because he loved her, he knew not. So true is it that the power and

influence of a first attachment is never wholly obliterated; and that, like the impression of a delightful dream, it gives a tone of tenderness to the feelings of the ensuing day: the heart, even when reposing on the more stable satisfactions of life, still acknowledges that, when "such things were they were most dear." Possessed of every feminine grace and virtue, who was so worthy to succeed one that had been so beloved as Olivia? that Olivia, who was the darling of his parents and friends, and who so largely contributed to the happiness of his family.

"No, dear Bedford!" he mentally exclaimed; "soon may your spirit and enterprise contribute to your wished-for independence; soon may some black-eyed Susan requite your love; but Olivia must be mine."

As a blessed omen, she just then appeared—a messenger of kindness to a pensioner of Mrs. Granville's.

"I will accompany you," said Edgar, drawing her arm within his, "and Peggy may return. I am thrown out this morning: Bedford is with his boy, Lady Fitz-Erin gone up to Seymour Hall, Fanny is intent on household duties, Mrs. Granville is copying papers of importance for Mr. St. John, and I am quite glad to meet with some one whose occupation I can join."

"How beautifully she writes!" said Olivia. "Does it not remind you, Mr. Bonville, of those lines of Mrs. Barbauld's, on a lady's writing?"

"I am ashamed to say I do not know them; for which I ask that very superior woman's

pardon. Will you repeat them to me, Olivia? and then I am sure I shall never forget them."

The timid girl, who could not deny her acquaintance with them, almost trembled at the sound of her own voice when reciting from memory. In accents soft and low she repeated—

> "Her even lines her steady temper show;
> Neat as her dress, and polish'd as her brow;
> Strong as her judgment, easy as her air;
> Correct though free, and regular though fair;
> And the same graces o'er her pen preside
> That form her manners, and her footsteps guide."

"They are excellent," said Edgar, "and possess all the requisites of comparative description; every word tells its purport, and all are most admirably adapted to Mrs. Granville: she, by whom your manners have been formed, and your footsteps guided."

"Yes, indeed," said Olivia, "I am very happy in such a friend. But, Mr. Bonville, though not at all apropos, did you ever see Lady Sophia Cavana?"

"Yes, I accompanied her to Madeira," replied he, struck by the abruptness of the question.

"I never heard you speak of her," continued Olivia; "and what a lovely creature she must have been!"

"How does that appear to you, Olivia?"

"When I was this morning in Lady Fitz-Erin's dressing-room, I saw a miniature picture lying upon the table. Though I did not seek to look, I could not help to see. Her ladyship

drew the picture nigher to me, and said—'It is the resemblance of my daughter; but less lovely than the original.' Oh, Mr. Bonville, what a captivating creature she must have been! the light brown hair so wavy and luxuriant, the forehead so fair, and the deep blue eye so tenderly expressive, yet possessing such retiring sweetness. Till I saw that picture, I thought no eyes could be handsome that were not so large, and clear, and penetrating, as those of Mrs. St. John."

Edgar attended in silence; but Olivia had ceased speaking.

"Do you know," said he, seriously, "that you have been delineating yourself? had you not first called the original to my recollection, I should have thought it was the picture of Olivia."

"Flattery from you, Mr. Bonville! I must have mistaken you, or you must have mistaken yourself."

He continued silent, and apparently thoughtful; and Olivia, who had never heard the accents of reproach addressed to him, trembled at the idea of having offended one so good, and whom every friend she had on earth loved so well. Rousing himself with animation from the abstraction that had alarmed her, he said—

"Olivia, you greatly resemble Lady Sophia Cavana, the loveliest being my eyes ever contemplated: in you I see similar virtues and similar beauties, without any obstacles of fortune or condition to forbid my aspiring hopes

that you may be mine, the sister of your Fanny —the daughter of Mrs. Bonville! Will you receive my affections, which were never *offered* to any other woman; but I will have no disguise with you, my open-hearted Olivia, once excited by her who resembles yourself. You do not answer me: if I have offended you, I will never speak upon the subject more."

"Offended!" said she, "No obstacles of fortune! Mr. Bonville, I have no fortune. What would Mr. and Mrs. Bonville—"

She paused, unable to proceed.

"My father's and mother's opinion upon this subject is well known to me: they will not control me in what is so important to my happiness, that no one but myself can judge what will promote it. They know that every man, when he becomes a man, independent of their care and support, is entitled by nature and by law, as he is qualified by feeling, to know what will make him happy; but they also know that respect and affection for their opinions will guide my choice. Will you then be mine, Olivia; to live for ever with me at Ashhurst; still to be your Mrs. Granville's Olivia?"

Her bounding heart choked her speech; but, with suffused cheeks and stealing tears, she put out her little hand, which spoke a language Edgar could readily interpret. He seized the tacit consent; and, pressing it between his, said—

"I accept the precious pledge; my heart asks no more on earth: you and Ashhurst are mine.

We are now in sight of Mrs. Granville's house: I will call upon you there in an hour, when we shall reach Green Hayes by dinner-time. Remember," said he, pressing the hand he had fondly retained, "this is my own; soon, very soon, I hope to be claimed in the sight of men and angels."

No woman could be more calculated to contribute to the happiness of Edgar Bonville than Olivia Delancy. Upon the pure soil of her own virtues, Mrs. Granville had transplanted her talents; and the graces of Mrs. Bonville and her Fanny were reflected in the mind and manners of their little friend. She had known sorrow, and endured adversity; and her grateful heart glowed with tender affection to those friends, and pious thanks to that Heaven, who had led her steps to the happiness she enjoyed. Her dress, partaking of the simplicity that marked Mrs. Granville's, was elegant, and well calculated to please all persons of correct taste, whilst its propriety and neatness were perfectly consistent for the wife of a clergyman; who, though unrequired to affect or assume any singularity of appearance, is bound to set an example of moderation in all things that becomes her sex.

Had Olivia been taxed with loving Bonville, she would have said—"She loved all that bore his name;" unaware, even to herself, that he was an exclusive object; and that to see him, and listen to his praise from all the villagers, was the delight of her existence: but when she was

assured from himself that she was the choice of his heart, and the woman of his affections, happiness pure as angels feel filled her bosom.

Bonville arrived at the cottage within the hour, and proposed taking Meadow Field on their return, if it would not weary Olivia. He had heard in the village that his presence was required there. Olivia, who felt not "any mixture of earth's mould," could not admit the idea of weariness, and readily complied.

In every habitation content, comfort, and thankful hearts resided. The houses were so clean within and so pretty without, the gardens so neat, and the verdure so abundant, that they were alike beautiful to the eye and to the heart, adorning the face of the earth, and delighting the bosom of the benevolent: nor was it in the power of Olivia to restrain the thanks of its inmates, for the various attentions she was in the constant practice of paying them.

"It is a blessed charity," said Edgar; "a noble monument of the goodness of two of the best of men. And happy shall we be, Olivia, to live within the daily contemplation of its effects."

He received no answer.

"From such happiness as ours," said he, "the tumults of the world, tost by ungenerous passions, sink away. You are silent, my beloved Olivia: does not your heart accord with mine?"

"An hour ago," said she, "I thought there was happiness on earth without alloy; but—"

"But what?" asked Edgar; "can time, so short a time, have made a difference?"

"Oh! then I forgot I had a father; one who, though unworthy your esteem, is still my father: how can I make an engagement that will forbid my reunion with him for ever?"

"Heaven forbid you should do that, Olivia! Your father shall be my father, in all that duty exacts: we will love him when he wishes it, and serve him when we can benefit him; and, should it please Heaven to turn his heart, ours shall be open to him. Now, then, speak to me; is there any other alloy?"

"None, but to be assured that possessing your affections will not deprive me of Mr. and Mrs. Bonville's."

"I can give you that assurance, and very soon they will make it doubly sure. I shall not see you again, Olivia," said he, as they arrived at the termination of the avenue, "from this evening till Sunday; a long absence in my calendar. But, I trust, the time is not far distant, when wherever I am, you will be there also. I see Lady Fitz-Erin's carriage returning from Seymour Hall. I hope she has been a successful mediator; for, even with you, my happiness will not be perfected, without seeing the companion of my childhood, and the son of its early friend, properly reinstated in his own mansion."

He then saw Olivia to the house; and, returning down the avenue, met the carriage of Lady Fitz-Erin. The servants stopped at his

approach, and he seated himself, by her desire, at her side.

"I have failed in the express purport of my visit. Lady Seymour is inexorable. I informed her that it was the intention of Sir Charles to reside at the Hall; which met the entire approbation of Lord Fitz-Erin, Mr. Manners, and Mr. Bonville; but that a house would be prepared for her at York, Durham, or more immediately in this neighbourhood, if more agreeable.—'I will not live at any of them,' was her ungracious reply. 'If I am to be turned out, I will choose my own place; and I will thank your ladyship to inform Lord Fitz-Erin I shall live at Bath, and go there directly. All that belongs to me has been packed up long.' I left the obdurate woman," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "really nursing her wrath. But, as I know my lord is very anxious to conciliate her, and to fix the son of his late friend respectably in his own house, you must try *your* powers, Bonville; and, if that effort fails, she must be left to the consequences of her obstinacy. The greatest calamity that can be inflicted upon man or woman is to be abandoned to their own wilfulness: they then become the agents of their own punishment, and have cast off the help that might have saved them. I think we shall have time for another turn down the avenue; and I wish to speak to you upon a far more agreeable subject—to say to you how much pleasure your whole family have afforded me. It is delightful to look upon life under such a phasis: then there is that

sweet little Olivia. I could not take away the pet-lamb of Mrs. Granville; or, deprived as I now am of my dear companion, I would gladly replace her with Miss Delancy. You look very significantly, Bonville: I have been used to read your mind in your face; how am I to interpret its present expression?"

"Your ladyship may say to me as Nathan did to David, for I have not been so scrupulous. I have begged Olivia of herself, and have the confidence to ask Mrs. Granville to ratify the gift. Your ladyship's approbation confirms my happiness; and I only have to hope that, as my wife, she may retain it, and possess your future regard."

Lady Fitz-Erin's countenance was radiant with joy.—"Oh, my young friend!" she energetically exclaimed, "to be assured of your happiness will be the security of mine; for I have never lost the sense of your noble and self-denying sacrifice—your upright and disinterested candour. The marchioness will rejoice to hear of your felicity; and in the choice you have made, I trust it will be established. I have frequently thought there was a strong resemblance betwixt my Sophia and Mrs. Granville's Olivia. I refrained from remarking this to you, Bonville; which, I trust, you will understand. I did not doubt your strength of mind to meet the subject; but, that I would not have it thought I had any sinister motive, or that I should presume to direct or lead your affections; mine has been attracted towards Miss Delancy with somewhat

of maternal feelings; as your wife, the tie will be sweeter and more closely drawn.' I propose remaining here another week, and shall then proceed to Derwent Priory: when my visit is paid there, my lord will fetch me to Ireland, where I shall continue the summer and autumn. Your confidence this morning has materially contributed to the tranquillity of my mind. I shall leave you under the impression of the happiest feelings; all of which I am sure Lord Fitz-Erin will sympathise with."

Bonville delayed not a moment to inform his father and mother of the events of the morning, which met their full and most delighted approbation.

The steady mind of Mrs. Granville was almost overcome by such a blessed prospect for her adopted child. "Now, my Olivia!" she ejaculated, "shall the sorrows and the sufferings of thy mother be expiated in thy felicity."

When the ladies were alone in the drawing-room, Mrs. Bonville took the hand of Olivia, and, leading her to Lady Fitz-Erin, said, "Will your ladyship permit me to present the dear being to you, who is to form and consummate the happiness of my son? This day Olivia has consented to be my daughter; and, in our family joy, I am sure your ladyship will participate."

"With my whole heart, Mrs. Bonville. Was it in my power to add to their happiness, it would be my greatest pleasure: but, in the possession

of each other, and every thing that can make life honourable and happy, they will be independent of adventitious aid: but what I know they will truly value will be theirs, the unchangeable friendship of Lord Fitz-Erin and myself."

"But who," said Mrs. St. John, as she fondly kissed the almost overpowered Olivia, "can rejoice like me? Who but I have gained a sister?"

Mr. St. John expressed his ardent and sincere congratulations at receiving similar information; and Bedford exclaimed—"Ah, Edgar, what a rogue you have been! Suppose, now, I had loved Olivia with more than a brother's love, and persuaded her to have loved me with more than a sister's, what would you have done then?"

"The former I believe very possible, the latter I am romantic enough to hope was impossible; but had it been indeed the case, I would have buried my hopes and feelings in my own bosom, and sought my happiness in the contemplation of yours: I thank Heaven, it was not so."

"I thank Heaven, too!" exclaimed Bedford. "No no, Edgar, no woman, or goddess, or demigoddess, not even Amphytrite herself, with all the hidden gems of the ocean in her sea-green hair, shall divide our friendship. But, now that you have secured your share in Olivia's heart, you will let a sister's part be mine."

"She shall love you as much as she pleases,

and that will be as much as you can desire, my dear Bedford; and, with this happy conclusion, we will join her in the drawing-room."

"Come, away then. I wish the fleet was near sailing; I am becoming too happy here; beware how you spoil a sailor, and run counter upon Captain Bedford."

"We need only bring you within sight of the sea again," said Mr. St. John, "and the view of your dominion will revive all the sovereign in your soul."

On the following day Lady Fitz-Erin proposed that Bonville should wait on Lady Seymour.—"You must be the peace-maker there, my young friend; and may all its blessings here—its scriptural inheritance hereafter, be yours. I understand we shall not see you here again to-day: but you will send me a line from Ashhurst of your success. I propose attending your church to-morrow, dining with you in primitive simplicity at your parsonage, and at parsonage hours; and we will think and talk of that noble woman, my departed mother, who always passed her sabbath as though she indeed thought one day in the courts of her God was worth a thousand elsewhere."

Edgar rode up in the morning to the Hall; and, upon sending in his name, was immediately admitted.

The irritation Lady Fitz-Erin's visit had occasioned was not yet allayed, and Lady Seymour entered directly upon the subject, repeating her

determination never to acknowledge her daughter-in-law.

"Excuse me, madam, in saying that I hope Sir Charles's offence is not so unpardonable. He has offended no moral duty, though he has omitted a filial one: he has done prematurely what a few years would have legally authorised. He asks for reconciliation; and the lady he has chosen, (Edgar as carefully avoided calling her Lady Seymour, as the courtiers of Elizabeth would have spoken of *James the First of England* in the royal ear,) the lady he has chosen is amiable, acts with propriety, is well-born, and appears to make him happy. Mr. and Mrs. Manners gave a striking proof of their regard for her;" (Alas, thought Edgar, how dear it cost them!) "and the present visit of Lady Fitz-Erin to Teesdale has been in a great measure to promote your ladyship's reunion with Sir Charles. I am sure, madam, you do not always mean to be at variance with your only child; and you would not wish him to be so mean as to accept your returning favour to the exclusion of her, whose dignity is now become his own. For the sake of the late Sir Charles, and that reverend man, whose place, by the friendship of the present, I possess, be prevailed upon to receive your children!"

She drew up with evident pride, but did not interrupt him.

"We shall all rejoice to see it."

Edgar would have added, the whole village

would rejoice; but he knew there was no chord in her bosom that, tuned by benevolence, would vibrate to its gentle touch; that, as there are those who possess so unfavourable a construction of the ear, as to be incapable of receiving pleasure from music, so some bosoms are insensible to the tender feelings of humanity. They do not see its beauty, or know its power, or feel its charm; and Edgar could almost have said with Lear—"Is there any cause in nature for these hard hearts?" But leaving feeling and reasoning, to which Lady Seymour shut her heart and ear, he attacked her selfishness, and proved the melancholy truth, that weak and faulty minds can only be governed by their own weaknesses, and their own faults. "I wish," said he, rising to depart, "that I had been more successful. I know the disposition of Sir Charles so well, that his conciliatory offers will be made no more; and, if he becomes implacable, no after concessions will be received. He will now consider himself the injured person; and the transferred offence becomes aggravated in his own wounded pride. He is a man by the laws of the land, and he will seek his friends amongst other connexions."

Whilst Lady Seymour thought the power of reconciliation rested with herself, she was proud and implacable; but when reversed, she shrunk from the picture of its consequences—she recollected how liberally the trustees had added to the ample provision to which her widowhood was entitled, and by which she had been enabled to accumulate money that

she was accountable to no one for; her avarice was alarmed, and she said—"He may do as he pleases for that; but as Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin wish it so much, and as you, Mr. Edgar, have been at so much pains at one time or other for him, you may tell them I will not leave the house before they arrive, but that I mean to live at Bath. I don't think I shall be well enough to dine with them; but if I see one, I must see the other; so you may inform him this, if you please."

"Thank you, my dear lady; most happy shall I be to convey such intelligence to Sir Charles: and now permit me to speak a few words for myself, and to thank your ladyship for the many proofs of your regard I have received. In a few months I hope to be fixed at the parsonage; and, with the approbation of all my friends, Miss Delancy will be its mistress, and my wife. I hope your ladyship will approve the choice of your minister; whose happiness will be complete, when he sees his friend as happily situated at his family House, and reunited with his only parent."

"A very pretty modest young lady Miss Delancy is, and I wish you much happiness. She has no fortune, I suppose; but you say your friends approve her, and that is enough. I shall be glad to see you whilst I stay here; but that, you may suppose, will not be long."

Edgar retired satisfied with the result, but discontented with the means of attainment. It was true he had not done evil that good might come of it, but he had made the failings of hu-

manity the stimuli of its action; and it left that unpleasing consciousness upon his mind, that so many of those actions the world approves, our own hearts, if we would read them aright, would condemn. Edgar was met at his own door by the old housekeeper.

"Ah, sir," said she, "when my dear master was living, I used to look for Sunday above all days; but now, I verily believe, I think more of Saturday."

"Thank you, my good friend," said Edgar; "it will not be long before I shall be with you every day."

CHAPTER XXI.

She must be elegant, or I could not love her; sensible, or I could not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; pious, or I should not be happy with her; because the prime comfort in a companion for life is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity.

Mrs. H. More.

On the succeeding morning the churchyard of Ashhurst presented a sight as pleasing as it was new to Lady Fitz-Erin. The sweet-toned bells sounded melodiously down the dale, their triple tones softly re-echoed from the opposing hills. The farmers and the peasantry, with their families, were seen approaching through the open meadows and shaded lanes from their respective

habitations, nearly assembling at the same time upon that bright expanse, so ornamental to every hamlet, that bears the name of the "Village Green," and which was parted from the church-yard by its low inclosing wall. It is a sort of rustic possession, that evinces the benevolence and undefined good taste of its appropriation: it is the spot of ground where the tree of liberty may best be planted that shall bless the soil: it is general property; and, as it excites no separate interest, it affords general enjoyment. There the state of the weather is discussed, kind greetings interchanged, domestic occurrences briefly reviewed, and distant neighbours identified with each other: it is a sort of consecrated circle; where, on the week days, childhood finds its innocent recreation, and on the sabbath, manhood; the chords of humanity closer drawn; it is associated with the dawnings of infancy, the endearments of youth, and the repose of old age. Upon this space, so dear to the social and benevolent feelings, the parsonage-house fronted—the guardian of its liberty, and the check upon its abuse; and, as their beloved and youthful pastor was seen passing from thence towards the church, the assembled rustic group, that had a few moments before diversified its verdant surface, silently dispersed, and were all in their respective places, beneath the sacred roof where their fathers had met before them, listening to the solemn invocation of the church; with humble and contrite hearts joining in its prayers, and with well-disposed minds attending to its admonitions.

The most aged and infirm dined at the parsonage with the old housekeeper, who rejoiced in the restoration of those customs her late master had observed. Many that came from a distance brought their own refreshments, of which they partook in the house of Samuel Cuthbert.

"It was so in Mr. Conyers's time," said he, "and shall be so whilst I am parish-clerk of Ashhurst."

It was, indeed, a novel scene to the Countess Fitz-Erin; but she, who was alike "fitted to shine in courts with unaffected grace, or walk the plain, with innocence and meditation joined," contemplated it with tenderness and pleasure; it was congenial to the native feelings of her heart and the unsophisticated character of her mind. Lady Fitz-Erin not only passed the entire day at the parsonage, but extended her visit till evening threw its soft shade upon the surrounding scenery.

The glimmerings of departing day yet showed the beauty of the flowers, that appeared to revive and exhale richer fragrance, and display brighter colours: the rose, in particular, that in the absence of the sun admitted the eye more deeply into its silken recesses. The house was a long low-roofed building, of an amber-coloured stucco, fronting the south. You might imagine it was the family abode of an American patriarch. It was certainly like the mind of its present master, capacious and well arranged, but unaspiring. It had undergone no alteration during the time of the indifferent Mr. Trevaire, the venerable Mr. Conyers, or the non-residing Mr. Wilmot;

and those which Bonville was now projecting would perfectly unite with its original character, that he always admired. A rustic colonnade at its west end was formed by the boles of trees, upon which the native mosses continued to grow; it was roofed with straw, the colour of the building, upon which the verdant creepers and climbing flowers intersected themselves, and partially covered, and amidst which the bee buzzed, and the butterfly wantoned, with living beauty. The room that opened beneath this rustic portico was designed for Olivia.

"I have had so much happiness," said he to his noble visitor, "in the idea of mamma's room—mamma's own room, when a child, a boy, even until now—that the mistress of my house shall always have her distinct apartment, from which, though I trust I shall never be excluded, I am sure I shall always feel sacred to her presence."

"I approve all," said Lady Fitz-Erin; "the sentiment that leads us to embellish our home is the source of its happiness. But I desire I may be permitted to present Mrs. Bonville with her library, and all the other appurtenances of her room. Do not be afraid, Bonville, that I shall depart from the simplicity of its design, or the good taste of its owners; without keeping there can be no symmetry or beauty. I interpret your silence both as acknowledgmentand consent, so now be so good as to order the carriage, and accompany me to Green Hayes."

During this drive Bonville observed, "That when the honour of her ladyship's presence had

passed away, he should become an habitual resident at Ashhurst."

"In London, and upon your cards, say the honour, my dear Bonville; at Ashhurst Parsonage, the pleasure;" said her ladyship, with that winning condescension that was so captivating in her.

"If I change the word at all," replied Edgar, "it must be for happiness—pleasure and it are not always synonymous."

"Better still," said her ladyship; "and now proceed to tell me what you will do at Ashhurst."

"What I hope to do is to live amongst my people; to be the deposit of their hopes and cares; the witness of their temporal comforts and prosperity; the participator of their spiritual improvements and enjoyments; and the possessor of all my heart holds dear in love and friendship."

"Thus it is, and thus it shall be," said Lady Fitz-Erin. "Love makes man's heaven on earth, and his paradise in heaven! See how the moon is rising over the hill—in all her splendour. 'Moonlight always brings to my remembrance all those who were dear to me, and who are no more; and I think upon death and a future state,' said a writer, who, though he misapplied his great talents when he attempted to palliate the crime of self-murder, wrote with unequalled simplicity and pathos." As poor Maria thought more of her father than her lover or her dog, so did Lady Fitz-Erin think upon her mother more than of Goethe,

or the scenery now lighted up by the full-orbed moon.

The same bright beam brought to the recollection of Edgar the lines of Olivia, and he almost involuntarily repeated—

When by the moon's pale light we tread
From earth, our silent thoughts will steal
To muse upon the honour'd dead;
'Tis then "the joy of grief" we feel.

"They are Olivia's lines," said he, "and therefore I hope your ladyship will pardon their interruption. My heart has never asked permission of criticism to adopt them."

"May Heaven," said her ladyship, "who has attuned your hearts to harmony, bless and protect you! I shall say good night in the Hall, Bonville; give my *bon soir* to all *les chers amies*. I do not mean to see them this evening; and shall go direct from the carriage to my room. Tell Olivia I hope she will breakfast with me there at ten."

Olivia was punctual to the invitation, and found Lady Fitz-Erin reading.

"I have gained an hour of life every day since I came here," said her ladyship. "As time draws nearer its close, we become more anxious to accumulate its stores: with me this is a great triumph over habit; but I know of no exertion that is so well rewarded. Health, cheerfulness, and active existence, are surely worth the sacrifice of mere corporeal indulgence; the time will come, when an hour—one hour, would gladly be purchased at a higher price! I hope

Mrs. Granville is well this morning; I am sure *she* is one who can 'give for every day a good account at last.'"

"She did not return here yesterday," said Olivia; "I believe she expects the favour of a visit from your ladyship to-day."

"Oh yes, she will kindly receive me, a self-invited guest; I am to see the asylum first, that the benevolence of Sir Charles Seymour has founded—one whom I highly regarded when living, and whose memory I reverence. To-morrow and Wednesday I pass at Woodfield; where Bonville is to give me the natural history of that sweet place, and every shrub and tree that grew with his growth. On Thursday I remain with Mrs. St. John, and her friends; and on Friday depart for Cumberland."

Olivia sighed at the finale her ladyship had presented; which observing, she said—

"Occasional separations from those we love prepare us for that longer farewell that awaits us all. Happily the religion we profess does not forbid, but rather encourages us to hope that our virtuous affections will be revived in heaven, and contribute to our happiness there. To alleviate a separation, which I shall sincerely regret, I hope you, Miss Delancy, will write to me whilst I am in Cumberland; and, as the military despatches say, 'elsewhere.' Bonville, my original acquaintance, will be fully employed; his sensibility of the duties he has undertaken will extend beyond their Sunday exercises. You will kindly perform the duties of epistolary intercourse; for

Ashhurst, and its vicinity, have now become a principal division in the map of my enjoyments."

Olivia bowed in acquiescence, without advancing one out of place apology, or intimation of inability; conscious that compliance was the most respectful acknowledgment of her ladyship's condescension.

Lady Fitz-Erin, accompanied by Mrs. St. John, paid her promised visit to Meadow Field; spoke and looked benignantly upon its humble pensioners, and approved all she saw. She then set Mrs. St. John down at the gates of Woodfield, and drove to the house of Mrs. Granville, upon the precincts of Ashhurst Green.

Truly noble minds have a sympathy with each other, that it is not in the power of situation to counteract. The lowly cottage of Mrs. Granville appeared dignified to Lady Fitz-Erin, by the superiority of its inhabitant: she saw it as the independent home of one, who, though the kindest, mildest, gentlest of her kind, bore a lofty mind, that elevated her above those external distinctions by which the world is influenced.

"My dear madam," said her ladyship, as they were taking coffee, "what is this secret charm that pervades these happy families? Essayists are eloquent upon the advantages of mediocrity, and its superiority over the restraint that is imposed by rank, the restlessness of its ambition, the aspirations of its pride; but I know that goodness, genius, and talents, frequently unite to give real dignity to its distinctions; and I have an intuitive opinion, that there is as much pride

and discontent in more humble stations; but here all is happiness, and propriety, and sweet complacency."

"Your ladyship is well aware that religion is the foundation of all their virtues,—the column which supports the superstructure of all their enjoyments. These consist in the intercourse of mutual affections; habitual attention to the minutest wishes of each other; the cultivation of literature and taste; the admission of fancy and elegance in their various pursuits and avocations; and in seizing all the innocent enjoyments of life as they are presented; condemning nothing as trifling by which they are promoted, but never suffering them to interfere with more important duties. Upon that column all these minor virtues rest; and which, like the foliage of the acanthus, most gracefully adorn. Without wealth, they possess competence that places them above every mean avocation or servile idea; and they cultivate that *bienfaisance*, that courtesy, and uniform politeness, that is the grace of higher stations,—thus seizing and securing what may be termed its bloom and essence, whilst they are unfettered by its restraints and ceremonies."

"You have analysed this subtle compound, our being's end and aim, very satisfactorily," said Lady Fitz-Erin; "but you must now allow me to observe, I will not say pardon me, for I perceive you are not afraid of calling things by their right names, or looking circumstances in the face, that you are happy, noble in sentiment, dignified in

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life, cheerful in all things, yet Mrs. St. John tells me your heart has known sorrow in its saddest forms: you have no mean avocation, or servile ideas, yet your income is but a grain of sand in the balance, and Mrs. Bonville assures me she has never presumed to offer any addition to it."

A shade of tender feeling passed over the fine open brow of Mrs. Granville: with unfaltering, but impressive voice, she answered, "The kind interest your ladyship expresses, invites me to speak of an obsolete subject,—of my own life. In my infancy I lost my parents; in the prime of youth, and bloom of love, my husband died; my boy, whom since the first-born Cain, a lovelier creature never did suspire, shared the premature grave of his father; my friend, to whom, as a sister, my heart was united, was most unhappily married to a worthless man; and I witnessed her virtues disregarded, her talents wasted, her health destroyed, me and her country deserted; a complicated misery, that no human power could alleviate; part of my little fortune was lost by abused confidence; but health and strength of resolution, inestimable blessings, remained; enabled by the one, and invigorated by the other, I collected all the powers of a mind designed by its gracious Maker for better purposes than despair; I was resolved not to be subdued by sorrow and misfortune. If I had lingered amidst the society, to which my residence in a populous town exposed me, vainly striving to keep pace with those to whom fortune

had been more lavish, I should have become their mean appendage; commuting my independence, my free-born spirit, and my lapsing time, for a life of sufferance, have become a mere satellite, that glimmered with borrowed light, even from those who shone not by their own, and weighed down with the consciousness of this self-imposed insignificance. To have yielded to this I should have ceased to have been myself: but I knew that in a rural life, a frugal meal, a simple garment, and in books, there was much enjoyment in store for me. Protecting Heaven guided my widowed, childless, friendless footsteps here. I came for peace; I have found happiness: I have leisure and opportunity to reflect upon the time that is past, to enjoy the present, and to prepare for the future. The union of my orphaned Olivia with Bonville is the consummation of every wish my heart could form, of every hope that Heaven could grant."

"Mrs. Granville," said Lady Fitz-Erin, with strong emotion, "I ask your friendship. Amidst the distinction that is attached to the wife and the daughter of an Earl, who calls her lord a Fitz-Erin, and when surrounded by even courtly splendour, my heart and recollection will recur to the shades of Ashhurst, where true grandeur is to be found. The happiness of our young friends secured; and my excursive flight over, I shall hope to receive you at Weston in Northamptonshire, or London, wherever we first rest our returning pinion."

"At all times," said Mrs. Granville, "I shall attend your ladyship's wishes with grateful respect."

Lady Fitz-Erin's politeness was not taxed, or her sincerity sacrificed, by the animated pleasure she expressed at Woodfield: it was distinct from Green Hayes, the castellated house of the fifteenth century; from Seymour-Hall, the spacious mansion of the seventeenth; from the Parsonage, the pastoral abode of primitive English plenty, undecorated and unassuming: it was the compact and elegant home of a country gentleman. Every thing without and within was in the most perfect order; its walls, its walks, its hedges and gates, were all firm, neat, close, and handsome, and without analysing the combination, its perfect whole struck the observing eye of her ladyship. From the window of Mrs. Bonville's room, fronting westward, the loveliest view in Teesdale was presented; the view that had elicited such animated praise from Sir Charles Seymour, when Edgar was but ten years old: he was now more than twice that age, and the river ran as it then did, "with a young man's strength." The same rocks and trees impended over it, unspoiled by the improving hand of man, and the sun, whose years never waxeth old, shone upon the same lovely prospect. The beautiful grove of elms through which his parting beams shot living lines of golden splendor, particularly attracted the notice of Lady Fitz-Erin.

"They," said Edgar, "are my sister's property; planted in her infancy to enrich her maturity;

but both she and Mr. St. John disclaim them: long may they flourish, to gladden his eye by whose hand they were planted!"

The museum that first originated in youthful pastime, had proceeded to that degree of importance, to afford gratification to the scientific acquirements of Lady Fitz-Erin; the native minerals of Derbyshire and Cumberland were selected with judgment, and arranged with skill; and the various mosses of Teesdale, classed and preserved with the utmost delicacy. The book that was the mimic repository of the geranium tribe, attracted her ladyship's particular notice; and the exquisite niceness, and accurate delineation of the plants and flowers, received the tribute of her approbation; but when she read the lines on its frontispiece, her susceptible and discriminating feelings were evinced by the tears that filled her eyes; she saw and felt the truth of Mrs. Granville's assurance, "that religion was the foundation of all."

"Mrs. Bonville," she said, "I am not only pleased, and happier for my visit to Teesdale, but I trust better, in the best sense of the word. In the pride of life, I may have thought that my own station in it was not alone elevated in all the externals of pomp and circumstance, but that the very atmosphere of enjoyment, in all its varieties, was distinct from the world below. I may have believed, that the labourer in his cottage, and the mechanic in his ingenuity, had their comforts and rewards, and that in the intermediate conditions, there might be com-

petency and security that rendered life acceptable to all men; but that there could not be that refined enjoyment, that elegant susceptibility of all various nature pressing on the heart; that munificence of spirit, and that nobility of soul, that I conceived to be the hereditary possessions of hereditary distinctions; but here I see all the works of God justified, that next to His omnipotence, the omnipotence of mind is the most powerful, and that in the dispensations of his best gifts, He is no respecter of persons."

The evening preceding Lady Fitz-Erin's departure arrived; all felt the deprivation they should experience; all appeared to collect their best powers to testify their sense of the honour she had conferred, and they had received.

Mrs. St. John sat before her organ, and brought forth its soul-exalting tones; as though inspired by the very spirit that dictated the finest compositions of Handel.

Bonville and Olivia seemed to have forgot each other in their devotion to their noble friend.

Mrs. Granville evinced the inexhaustible powers of her well stored mind, and Bedford "called up spirits from the vasty deep," transported his hearers across the Indian ocean, and dazzled them with scenes of Asiatic luxury, and deeds of British heroism; whilst his pétit namesake, seated upon a cushion at the feet of his mother, echoed the sounds of hilarity and happiness by which he was surrounded, as though it impressed even his infant senses with sympathetic pleasure. Whilst the visible enjoyment that was reflected

from the countenances of Mr. and Mrs. Bonville ratified the felicity of the scene, the gay and munificent nature of Mr. St. John participated in all, and was diffused over all.

"I will only say good night," said Lady Fitz-Erin; "I cannot say farewell." Then fondly and repeatedly kissing the lovely baby, she added, "I shall see no one in the morning; I will not display my weakness: Bonville accompanies me the first stage; by him I will send back my tenderest adieus."

As Lady Fitz-Erin's carriage drove out of the court-yard at Green Hayes, her eye glanced over its front, and she saw at its different windows the friends she was leaving, prepared to wave their hands, as their hearts glowed with ardent wishes for her health and preservation. During the journey many plans were discussed for a future reunion.

"I expect Linwood in the autumn," said Edgar, "with the abstract of whose history your ladyship is acquainted. He is now enabled to fix his beloved parent at Cambridge in ease and independence. If Lord Fitz-Erin and your ladyship would allow him to bring his dear pupil with him for the vacation, I shall esteem it a very great favour."

"It will be of great advantage to Dunmeath," replied her ladyship; "it will be no vacation, though it may be a holiday. The education of both head and heart will proceed at Ashhurst; and if Lord Fitz-Erin has not disposed of him otherwise, he shall be *l'homme d'honneur* to the bride. Long, very long, my dear young friend,

may you experience 'how much the wife is dearer than the bride:' happy will be the woman who is given to your guidance, your protection, and your love."

Bonville accompanied Lady Fitz-Erin the first day's journey; at the termination of which they found Mr. Henderson, the steward of Mr. Manners, waiting their arrival. He was the bearer of a letter from his master; signifying, that an accidental injury of his foot prevented his attendance upon Lady Fitz-Erin, but requesting she would allow the services of Henderson the remainder of the journey.

"And as I thought, Mr. Bonville," said the *thinking* man, "you might probably come so far with my lady, I brought this handkerchief from Mr. Kirby." He left the room, and Edgar opened its silken folds with pensive recollections, that ten years had not obliterated.

Lady Fitz-Erin who was looking upon him, said, "Oh for the history of that handkerchief, or rather the history of your life, Bonville!"

"My life, madam! The Life of a Boy! it could only please a grand-dame at a winter's fire-side."

"I am a grand-dame," said she, "and love to collect interest for a winter's fire-side, the Englishman's boast, the Englishwoman's empire."

As Edgar turned from the handkerchief to contemplate the graces of her mature beauty, the unspoiled loveliness of her face, the flow of her brown hair, with which no sober gray had intruded, he thought youth in all its bloom could

not present more attraction than the consummate graces of such a grand-dame. On the morrow, Bonville parted from Lady Fitz-Erin, with the respect and tenderness of a son. The grooms were all assembled to take their leave of the fine animal, which, as they travelled, they had proudly appropriated to their own train; but when Bonville was seated upon L'Orient, there was such a sympathy between him and his master that each appeared to receive distinction from the other.

When Lady Fitz-Erin saw him from the windows of her apartment, vault upon the saddle, and spring forward impulsively a few paces, she exclaimed, "He looks as though every god had set his seal upon him."

When little Viper, who was the constant companion of L'Orient, and who had been all bustle till Edgar mounted, saw the retrograde way he took, he barked violently, and ran off on the north-road, stopping, looking back, and whining most piteously to his fellow-travellers, in vain; appearing to return with reluctance, and follow them on their way.

Mr. Henderson, patting him fondly as he passed, said, "Poor honest fellow! I will tell them at Deep-clough, thou art of the true Cumberland breed, and dost not forget the road to thy first friends. Oh!" said he, as Edgar was passing out of sight, "that *my master* had such a son!"

The presence of Edgar was never more welcome to his family. The departure of Lady Fitz-Erin had left a vacuum in enjoyment he could

alone supply. By her ladyship's desire, he had informed Sir Charles of the disposition of Lady Seymour towards him; and, on his return, he found a letter from his old acquaintance, and occasional friend.

"DEAR BONVILLE,

"We are preparing to return to Seymour Hall. How did you manage the dowager? but I remember she always regarded you. Lady Seymour affects to be afraid of the rencontre, but I tell her, you will be there to soothe all differences, if any happen; as for myself, I am quite easy, I know who is master there. I do not feel sorry at the thoughts of returning to the old place; but what are we to do? I am tied off the turf, and have signed an embargo laid upon the dice; and since the death of that Wilmot, have forsworn a gun, so I think I shall turn cattle-feeder, and try to invent a machine for planting turnips in drill. These sort of things give a man a name in the country, and I am told are profitable concerns; though Lord Fitz-Erin, who is always putting a bar in my way, says, they are only so to graziers, and do not become a gentleman, except to promote them by his sanction, or assist them by his fortune. Remember me to all your family, whom I shall be very glad to meet. We take Harrowgate in our way home, but hope to be with you in a few weeks. I hear Green Hayes is very much improved, and suppose you will live at the Par-

sonage; so pray let us make a coterie, that I and Lady Seymour may not die of the country, which I dread, in spite of fattening sheep, and drilling of turnips. Yours,

"CHARLES SEYMOUR."

"Oh! the misfortune," said Mrs. St. John, "of being young, rich, and our own masters!"

"Rather," said Mrs. Bonville, "of not having riches and youth properly directed. The inanity of Sir Charles Seymour arises from not having had the powers of observation awakened and extended. His perceptions of rational enjoyments, and intellectual pursuits, became blunted, from his parents unfortunately believing that his wealth would supply every deficiency. Its dazzling properties may do this with the multitude, who love it so much as to pay homage to its possessors, though they themselves are unbenefited, but it will not make up for the defects of education to the man himself."

"Yet," said Mr. St. John, "I understand Sir Charles had a preceptor at home, and attended at college; the world will call that education."

"But it will not make it so," replied Mr. Bonville. "It is from the nursery, through the periods of early life, when every object, every circumstance breaks upon the opening mind of a child, and awakens the spirit of inquiry and observation within him, that the foundation is laid for his future improvement, and that will form his character: what follows may make the scholar, but it is what has preceded, that will make the man."

"This cannot be controverted," said Edgar: "but we will hope both the fortune and the heart of Sir Charles may be yet led into that direction which will promote his happiness, and ensure his respectability."

"Charity," said Olivia, "hopeth all things."

"And love," whispered Mrs. St. John in her ear, "believeth all things; but the future Sir Charles *will* be what the present is."

The appointments of the fleet in which Bedford was to sail were now made out, and he received orders to join his ship in a fortnight; leaving that time to pass with his family in Suffolk. To part with one so dear, for a destination so distant, and a profession exposed to so much danger, was a serious grief to all at Ashhurst. Even the gay and joyous Bedford was overcome; and, after the last embrace he received from his encircled friends, the last kiss he gave the dear child of his beloved chief, as it was held out to him by the arms of its mother, he ran to the chaise that waited to take him away; and flinging himself into it, hid the burst of sorrow that succeeded, and which he, mistakenly, thought disgraced his profession and his manhood.

In the preparation of his house at Ashhurst, Bonville was guided by excellent sense and propriety; it possessed every accommodation for comfort and respectability, nothing superfluous, nothing for parade. Its different rooms were all appropriated to the life he intended to lead. His own study, a spacious dining-room, and Olivia's library, were all that were destined for their own use, and the

accommodation of their friends; with a spacious and commodious servants-hall, for the reception of his Sunday pensioners, and the relaxation of his domestics; the kitchens were as ample as their stores. Every room, of every dimension, above stairs was fitted up with excellent beds; possessing episcopal qualifications, if not its dignities, for "he was given to hospitality."

Ashhurst had no inn to accommodate an accidental traveller; but that he should not depart from such a cause, there was a bed to be had at the Parsonage; or if the visit of a distantly disposed child, or the furlough of a brave soldier, encroached upon the limited bounds of the cottage, there was a suitable bed to be had at the Parsonage, where there was every thing to admire by those who saw at a glance the union of neatness, sufficiency, and consistency. It presented a sort of pastoral prospectus of life, that every lover of piety, simplicity, and benevolence, would pronounce beautiful.

As no foreign aid was necessary to facilitate the marriage of Edgar Bonville and Olivia, its period was soon determined. Edgar remembered the remark of Mrs. Manners, that he might marry a woman with a thousand charms and virtues, and not a hundred guineas; and that the douceur presented to him by Lord Fitz-Erin, yet in the possession of Mr. Manners, would give her that small independency, which, small as it may be, every woman loves. It was the delicate suggestion of a woman, and it met the generous feeling of a man.

Edgar desired his father to secure it upon the most advantageous terms to the present and entire control of Olivia's life, who was wholly ignorant of the kind transaction. Upon the cottage table of Mrs. Granville, Edgar left his written request that she would make his house her future home, and this he pressed with all the energy of affection, and all the force of argument. Olivia Delancy's name was written beneath his own, and sealed with the seal Mrs. Granville had given her; the motto, "till death do us part."

As they were seated together in the arbour at Woodfield, "the milk-white thorn scenting the evening gale," her answer was given to them by her faithful, but no longer her little Peggy.

"Your wishes, my dear children, are as amiable as your lives; they are the first, as I trust they will be the last, I shall steadily refuse. My mind is quite at rest respecting the destination of my future life. Should similar circumstances to what I have experienced deprive me of my present resources, Woodfield, Green Hayes, the Parsonage, would each receive me: to doubt this would be ingratitude, would be heresy, to the best and kindest friends that ever healed a wounded heart; but till then, this cottage must be my home. The bird that has the whole skiey region for its wing, fixes upon one spot for its little nest, dearer than all the aerial space. The beast of the forest, whose range exceeds limitation, finds one cave or thicket amidst the boundless maze, that forms

its shelter and repose; and man, when he has travelled through all countries, seen all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them, finds his heart drawn to that little speck he calls his home; a word at which that travelled heart bounds in his bosom, and leaps over time and space to reach. Shall not I then cherish this blessed asylum, where my widowed heart can retire, even from what it best loves on earth, to contemplate on those who are gone to heaven; to feel that the most sacred possession of humanity is mine, a beloved and independent home? Conscious of this inestimable privilege, I shall join all your pursuits, participate in all your happiness, be morning and evening, and all the day with you; and even as you will be to each other, Yours, till death do us part,

"LYDIA GRANVILLE."

"We can press it no further," said Edgar: "she is right, and shall not be importuned."

"We can see the roof of her cottage amongst the trees from the Parsonage," said Olivia, as if consoling herself, "and it is happiness to look upon the roof that shelters such a being."

This evening the day was fixed, when together they might look from the windows of their mutual home, upon the many endeared objects by which it was surrounded; the tower of the church, gray with the moss of ages, and shaded by its venerable trees; the village green; the roof of Mrs. Granville's cottage; in the more distant view, the rising wood that shelters and

gives its name to the paternal fields of Bonville: the varied park, with its mottled inhabitants, of Seymour-Hall; and the further off turrets of Green Hayes, over which higher hills arose, and closed the view.

Edgar wrote to Mrs. Manners and to Norbury; that Norbury, which was once for a short period his own, and which, in the sanguine hopes of his partial friends, would lead to deaneries and dignitaries, but voluntarily resigned for the home of his heart. From Mrs. Manners, he asked the distinction of her friendship for his Olivia. Of Mr. Eustace, he asked Olivia herself.

"MY DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

"My perfect confidence in the sincerity of your affectionate assurances towards myself, impels me to hope the favour I ask will not be refused. It is, that you and Mrs. Eustace will become my guests at Ashhurst, as soon as you can conveniently leave home; and, for as long a period as you will think proper to be absent from it. When here, my dear sir, I will receive from you the richest gift that Heaven can dispense, and man ratify. Your solemnization and benediction is only wanting to make my home as blessed as yours; myself, and my dearer self, as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Eustace. Come then to your truly attached friend,

"EDGAR BONVILLE."

"N. B. As I have not kept my word with my young friend Charles, 'to visit him soon again,' I

hope he will show how magnanimously he can forgive, and visit *me.* I shall expect the dear boy will accompany you."

"Mary," said Mr. Eustace, as soon as he had read the letter, "we will go directly, that is as soon as we possibly can: I will send an express to young Aprice; I know he has no church just now. He shall live here; and make his own terms, and you will prepare yourself and Charles immediately."

"But, my dear Eustace!"

"Oh! no buts, or ifs, my love; you know our servants are trusty, and that good young man Aprice will keep all right. Only think, Mary, *for* what, and *by* whom we are called upon; surely you will make no delay." And no delay there was.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace arrived a few days afterwards at Ashhurst; and before the door of the carriage was opened, little Charles exclaimed to Bonville, who hastened to receive them, "Oh! Mr. Bonville, why did not you come to have me for your little boy?"

A letter from Mrs. Manners had previously arrived; it was like herself, all ardent, generous enthusiasm; and under its impulses, she dispensed her blessings and her wishes; leaving nothing for Mr. Manners and Lady Fitz-Erin to say, upon an event equally dear and interesting to them both.

"The expected return of Colonel Manners under such very happy circumstances, and the prospect that awaits you, wipes away the tears that

have never ceased to flow, for the loss of him, 'my beautiful, my brave;' but his remembrance, his life and death, is embalmed for ever in my memory."

"The memory of such," said Edgar, with a faltering voice, "rises like perfume from the earth, mingling with the breath of heaven."

Lady Fitz-Erin informed Bonville, at the same time, that Lord Dunmeath had received the willing permission of Lord Fitz-Erin to accompany Mr. Linwood to Ashhurst, and to remain there with him the ensuing autumn. There was not any secret made of the event that was soon to take place at Ashhurst. The very day was known to the villagers; but the respect they uniformly evinced prevented any intrusion. The oldest persons living declared they had never seen so fine a day; and, as the sun shone brightly through a cloudless sky, the affectionate hyperbole may surely be forgiven. Poor old Catherine, who could not look upon it, was led by the joyous villagers, and seated by her kind patrons near the altar; the only person, excepting the united families, admitted within the church.

Since the death of her mother, Olivia had worn deep mourning, but in white robes, pure, and spotless, such as we read angels wear, she appeared in the church of Ashhurst. From the hand of his father Bonville received the gentle being who was to bless his future life. At the altar of Ashhurst church, his own Ashhurst, and his own church, Mr. Eustace conferred upon him Heaven's last best gift, confirmed the institution

that it ordained for the happiness of its creatures, and which only the frailties of mortality, that too often turns the gracious dispensations of God to the misery of erring man, can prevent.

But as we have shown the Life of a Boy from its early dawn, we may anticipate the brighter and fuller day that shall succeed; that the fruits of its spirit will be love, joy, and peace.

Mrs. Bonville, and Mrs. Granville, Mr. St. John, Fanny, and Mrs. Eustace, stood in the small chancel, and the old grey-headed Samuel Cuthbert was most happy that *his* voice should conclude the blessed ceremony. When Edgar and Olivia turned from the altar, Mrs. Bonville stepped forward; she pressed them in her arms, she called them her children, her dear children; she gave them her fondest, her tenderest blessing, a mother's blessing; and sanctified with tears, such as tender parents shed, their happy union. Can The Life of a Boy be closed under a fonder, sweeter, more sacred influence!

THE END.